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ADAM AND EVE IN THE GALAPAGOS

BY FRIEDRICH RITTER

ON July 4, 1929, Dore Ritter and I, Friedrich Ritter, sailed from Amsterdam on board the freighter *Boskop* bound for the Galapagos Islands. To those who could not know or understand our motives, the journey upon which we had embarked must have seemed the strangest ever undertaken. Leaving behind me a lucrative practice of medicine in Berlin, I and my comrade were in fact turning our backs forever upon civilization and the society of our fellow men. Of our own free will and choice we were going into exile to seek in the solitude of an almost desert island in the far Pacific the independence, the peace of mind, the opportunity to cultivate our reflective powers to the fullest, which are denied to man by the complexities of modern life.

My decision to go into solitude was not a rash inspiration; for twenty years the idea had been maturing in my mind. But I had early perceived that one must learn to wait, even though patience, as Nietzsche says, is the most difficult of virtues. Now, at the age of forty-three, my time had come, and I did not hesitate to take the bold step which I had so long foreseen as an inevitable one for me. Every human life follows natural laws in its development, and if I am to make my 'unnatural' decision to forsake society seem natural to others, as it unquestionably was to me, I shall have to sketch a few facts of my childhood and youth which will be enough to explain me as the *Homo solitarius*. One does not have to be a psychoanalyst to read between the lines of my brief history and see why I am I.

I

My father was a farmer's son, a landowner of Wollbach in the Black Forest. Ambitious, economical, industrious, he became in the course of time a storekeeper and bought the goods for the whole community. He was also a carpenter and contracted for the construction of houses. My mother was from the southwestern part of the forest. She was a good wife, a patient mother, and in every way comple-

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mented the good qualities of my father. I was always a small and sickly child, frequently tormented with colds, headaches, earaches, and other minor ailments. For this reason my parents wanted to defer my enrollment at school, but upon my urgent insistence I was allowed to enter. Our schoolmaster was exceedingly strict. He was a firm believer in the virtues of a hazel switch, which he never let out of his hand. He would keep us attentive and awake by brandishing it threateningly over our heads. When I was eight or nine years old we had for a teacher an even greater tyrant. His method of instilling wisdom into us was to thrash our bottoms. The harshness of this discipline by which the world of my childhood was ruled made a lasting impression upon me.

I learned, however, that I could find release from his rigid system by escaping into the bosom of nature. The forest lay all about us, and at every opportunity I would go off alone to ramble through the woods. I loved the beauty of the age-old trees, the majestic silence of those shaded paths where I could be myself and think my own thoughts more freely than anywhere else. It fascinated me to observe the birds and animals and to learn their habits. In the depths of the forest there was a deep, clear pool full of trout which I visited frequently, spending hours on end just watching them. One large fellow was there year after year and I always knew where to find him. In these expeditions I discovered that my greatest pleasure lay in following my own whims wherever they might lead, without having to accommodate my wishes to the will of others. Though I had a sister, she was twelve years older than I and rarely interfered with my solitary games, as older children are wont to do, for she was away at school most of the time. I might as well have been an only child.

My father used to take me hunting with him and instructed me in the careful use of firearms. He tried to awaken in me an interest in this sport, but without success. I could never find any enjoyment in the wanton killing of harmless animals. It always made me sad even to see wild things held captive in cages. One day my father caught in a box trap a red-tailed bird that had been eating our bees. He gave me the box and told me to carry the bird home. On the way I peeped in and saw the poor thing huddled in the far corner, frightened and cowering. Without debating the consequences of my disobedience, I opened the door wide and let it fly away. I was ashamed that I had betrayed my father's trust, but I was also glad that the bird had escaped.

Since my father was a carpenter as well as a storekeeper, I received a thorough training in the use of hammer and saw. All of my playthings were handmade; either I made them myself or my father helped me. I also developed an early interest in machinery. The pride of my mother's life was a sewing machine which my father had bought for her. As soon as it entered our house I felt an irresistible desire to take it apart. One day when the coast was clear I did take it apart. Fortunately for me, when I put it together again it ran better than before. After that it was always entrusted to my fixing when something went wrong. I was not so lucky, however, with a telephone, for I almost burned down the house by tampering with it.

As my schooling progressed I began to read intensively. Among the books which made the strongest impression on my imagination were *Robinson Crusoe* and Cooper's Leatherstocking tales. Growing older, I began to devote all my energies to serious studies. I attended a *Realschule* as well as a

Gymnasium, and then went on to the University of Freiburg, where I studied chemistry, physics, philosophy, and later, medicine. At twenty I married. Soon after the outbreak of the war I became a soldier and went through the 'steel bath' in the artillery corps. At the conclusion of hostilities I returned once more to my studies, passed my medical examination, and began the practice of my profession in Berlin.

During all this time the one fixed idea with which I seemed to have been born was maturing in my brain, and my contacts with the world had only served to strengthen it. Organized society appeared to me a huge, impersonal monster forging ever-new chains with which to shackle the free development of its members. Moreover, I saw that the world was chasing madly after the ephemeral and valueless things of life. Civilized man works for money and his labor is rarely requited according to its importance or usefulness; on the contrary, the most superfluous and luxurious positions are usually the most lucrative. Instinctively I rebelled against the necessity of fitting my own life to this mould which other men had cast. The mysticism of the Chinese revealed to me one alternative, the philosophy of Tolstoy another. Out of all my studies there gradually emerged a philosophy of my own, and with this to guide me I saw that my only course lay in following the road leading to a purely subjective existence. I would flee the beaten paths of man, put aside all the irrelevant trappings of civilization, and seek a solitude where I could at last live wholly and completely in contemplation and communion with nature.

Fortunately, I had in Dore a companion who fully shared my point of view, and who was not appalled by the prospect of the physical hardships which a woman would have to endure in the wilderness. When the time came to broach a definite plan, she was ready to embrace it — not in submission to my wishes, but with enthusiasm equal to mine. So, to the consternation of all our friends and relatives, we settled our affairs, got together a store of such provisions as we thought we should need, and set forth upon our great adventure. That July morning two years ago when we stepped aboard the *Boskop* at Amsterdam, we realized without regret that we had severed the last tie which bound us to the common lot.

II

I shall not bother to give an account of our voyage, which must have been very much like any other. It will be more to the point to explain why we selected the Galapagos — of all places in the world — for our unique experiment.

These islands, some fifty in number, form an archipelago off the western coast of South America and belong to the Republic of Ecuador. They lie directly on the equator. The larger islands are inhabited; some of the smaller ones remain without human intruders. Charles Darwin, when he sailed as naturalist on the *Beagle,* touched at the islands, and in his journal of the voyage gave the first full account of their many striking peculiarities. He noted that they were volcanic in origin and only partly given over to vegetation. Very little rain falls, but the clouds generally hang low, so that on the higher slopes of the extinct volcanoes there is enough moisture to promote a lush growth of tropical plants, while the lower parts of the islands are extremely arid. The climate is astonishingly mild for the torrid zone, for a cool trade wind blows over the islands the year round and the Humboldt current, flowing northward from the Antarctic, gives the surrounding waters of the Pacific a singularly low temperature.

'The natural history of this archipelago,' wrote Darwin, 'is very remarkable. It seems to be a little world within itself; the greater number of its inhabitants, both vegetable and animal, being found nowhere else.' He had a great deal to say about the giant tortoises for which the islands have since become famous, and concluded with this remark about one member of the group: 'I should think it would be difficult to find in any other part of the world an island situated within the tropics . . . so sterile and incapable of supporting life.'

The description is forbidding enough, yet, strange to say, this was the exact spot on which we had set our hopes. And not without reason. We were fleeing from the world; it would never do for our settlement to become so attractive that the world would flock to us. From all I could learn, the conditions of soil and climate were such that we could raise enough food for two people — and little more. That was just what we wanted; only enough for two meant no neighbors. Moreover, I had decided that we must go to the tropics, because in my German home the winter extends through three quarters of the year and it rains during half of the summer. Such a climate is in no wise suited to solitude. I needed uniformity of day and season, a climate as unchangeable as possible; no confusion, but eternal regularity. The Galapagos Islands satisfied this condition perfectly. Then, too, they promised us the advantages of the tropics without their disadvantages. As Darwin had pointed out, they lie on the equator, but are much cooler than their position would seem to warrant.

We had selected for our experiment the island of Floreana, one of the smallest of the group, and upon its desolate beach we were at length put ashore, together with our baggage and supplies, comprising in all some eight hundredweight of freight. Before we left Germany we had taken great pains to draw up a list of the many things we should need upon such a venture. We eliminated every luxury, but took careful precautions not to omit any necessity. Once we found ourselves in that distant part of the world, the chance of supplementing our stores would be very remote. Unlike Robinson Crusoe, we should not have a wrecked ship to plunder at our leisure.

We had brought along, then, a sufficient assortment of clothes, cooking utensils, and such building materials as nails, wire, and rope. We had laid in a supply of woolen goods, cotton stuffs, and canvas. I had purchased every conceivable tool that I thought would be needed, not only for construction work, but for agriculture, and had collected the seeds of all vegetables and fruits which might be made to grow in that climate. Among our other stores were guns and ammunition, books (most of them philosophical), writing materials, and a small collection of live stock consisting of a crate of chickens and two cats. Last but not least, my teeth were in a deplorable condition, so before leaving Germany I had a set of false teeth made of rust-proof steel.

With these provisions we were now to subdue the wilderness and make a home for ourselves.

III

The first thing we had to do was to find a shelter until we could build a house of our own, and we were overjoyed to discover that nature had generously anticipated our wants. Behind the long, sloping beach the land rose gradually in a series of irregular hills overgrown with thorn bushes; beyond towered the volcanic mountains, the backbone of the island — monuments to the violent passions of Mother Earth in an age long past. A short search among the foothills revealed to us a number of rough caves in the black lava rock, formed, no doubt, by the hardening of the lava into successive ridges which were later bridged over by new flows that overhung the older ones and left air pockets in the hills. In these caves we could take refuge from both rain and sun until, by our own labor, we should be able to erect a more commodious and comfortable dwelling place. We selected for our temporary home the largest cave we could find and made storehouses of some of the smaller ones, to which we dragged up from the beach such of our provisions as would be likely to suffer damage from the weather.

The task of transporting our supplies even so short a distance was extremely difficult work. The lava surface was rough beyond description, broken as it was by endless contortions and sharp edges which made mere walking a laborious process. To pick our way over such treacherous ground when we were laden with heavy boxes and crates was precarious indeed — any misstep might mean a sprained ankle or a broken leg. Moreover, the thicket of thorn bushes, the only plants which could find nourishment in this barren soil, was almost impenetrable, and I had first to hew out a path with my axe.

The direct rays of the tropical sun soon converted our rocky pass into an inferno of dancing heat waves. For relief we were forced to discard all our clothing except high hip boots, which we thought it advisable to put on to protect our feet and legs against the jagged rocks. Henceforth this was to be our conventional garb. On those first few days we must have presented a curious spectacle, had there been any other human eyes to spy upon us: our bodies beet-red from the sun, we were a toiling Adam and Eve — in boots.

After we had spent several days in the caves and had given our too-civilized muscles an opportunity to relax, we set out to explore our island and look for a permanent home site. The shape of the island, we learned, was roughly that of a peanut in which one kernel has failed to mature to normal size. To the north lay the atrophied kernel, to the south the full kernel, the two joined by a narrow isthmus. Across this isthmus ran the range of old volcanoes which extended the full length of the island, the higher peaks hidden in banks of fleecy clouds. The point at which we had been put ashore was a bay on the western coast where the two kernels of the nut come together. The open harbor is deep enough to afford a sheltered anchorage for occasional ships that put in there for fresh water and fruits. These ships, which come only at rare intervals, give us our only contact with civilization and are obliging enough to take whatever letters we wish to send to the outside world. For this reason we have since named the spot Post Office Bay.

Upon one of our early journeys of exploration we turned eastward to cross the isthmus and see what lay upon the other side. The ubiquitous thorn bushes and the rough lava slopes made our progress both slow and tortuous, but at length we topped the divide. From this vantage point we could look back upon Post Office Bay and the desolate expanse of black and brown hills up which we had toiled. On the other side the Pacific again met our gaze, stretching away in a waveless blue expanse to the far horizon. As we descended we emerged upon an overhanging shelf of rock that commanded a view of the whole eastern side of the island, and suddenly there opened up beneath us a scene of ravishing beauty. On the crest of one of the lower peaks there lay, like a huge horseshoe carved in basalt, the crater of an extinct volcano, its rim a solid wall on three sides but worn down to form an opening at one end. Up to this moment we had encountered only a dead and thorny waste, but here our tired eyes feasted upon a leafy sea of verdant greenness. This natural amphitheatre was a veritable paradise of tropical vegetation.

We made our way down into the crater with all possible haste, plunging at once into a jungle of trees, vines, tall weeds and grasses. All about grew tropical fruits in abundance, including bananas, oranges, pineapples, lemons, guavas, papayas, and many others which I could not identify. In the centre of the fertile basin welled up a clear spring, the source of a tiny brook which wound its way toward the open end of the crater wall and thence tumbled down to the sea. The secret of this sudden burst of verdure in the midst of the surrounding waste land lies in the mountains themselves. As I have already pointed out, very little rain falls in the Galapagos, but the volcanic peaks are high enough to bathe themselves in the low-lying clouds, from which the thirsty earth draws moisture to support a lush growth of vegetable life. It is one of the many paradoxes of this strange land.

IV

Our preliminary survey satisfied us that we had found the ideal spot for our future home. The little valley which forms this natural garden lies almost five hundred feet up on the side of a mountain, and through the open end of the horseshoe rim it affords an unobstructed view of the ocean two miles away. It would be a superb site for a house. The soil was a rich black; once we had cleared it of weeds, rocks, and superfluous trees, we could make it yield us a plentiful supply of food.

I suggested to Dore that we abandon our caves at once and take possession here, and playfully added that to make it legal we ought to serve notice of our occupancy with fitting ceremony. 'Splendid!' laughed Dore. 'We'll christen the valley and I'll honor the occasion with a ceremonial dance. That ought to make it legal enough.' Immediately she fitted action to word. Just as she used to dance to music at home, so now she danced to the music of nature's silent melodies. Infected by her joyousness, I stooped to the spring and, sprinkling a few drops on the earth, pronounced the land ours: 'In the name of the Ritters I take possession of thee, O lovely valley, against all comers, and with thine own pure waters I christen thee Friedo, our Garden of Peace.'

Hardly had the words issued from my mouth when, casting an appreciative glance about our new domain, my eye was suddenly arrested by the dark forms of several large animals outlined against the sky upon the crater rim. They appeared to resemble nothing so much as cattle, and they seemed to be quietly grazing, unaware of our presence so near them. Were they some unknown species of Galapagos buffalo? We could not imagine what they might be, and our misgivings were natural enough under the circumstances. So far as we knew, the island sheltered no dangerous animals, yet the huge beasts there above us might prove that all the books were wrong. It was far from pleasant at that moment to realize that we were two weak human beings utterly alone in a land of strange surprises, naked and defenseless except for my low-calibre rifle which I had been wise enough to bring along.

Determined to put an end to the uncertainty of our situation, I bid Dore take refuge in a clump of small trees while I crept cautiously up to the higher ground to investigate. Imagine my immense relief and almost equal amazement when I came close enough to the beasts to see that they were indeed cattle — a bull and three cows — and as much at home in this wild country as if they were grazing in some farmer's pasture. With this reassuring discovery I stood up in plain view of them; whereupon they gave evidence of as much surprise at seeing me as I had first felt at seeing them. They wheeled about, bellowing frantically, and bounded over the rocks with remarkable nimbleness for such heavy creatures; then disappeared beyond the rim of the crater.

This comic performance put to flight all our fears, but left us with a mystery on our hands. What were cows doing here? It was another Galapagos paradox. Then I recalled a bit of the history of the island which I had forgotten in my moment of panic. Some years ago a group of hardy pioneers had attempted to make a settlement on Floreana, but after a futile struggle they gave up the project and departed. They must have brought live stock with them, and it now occurred to me that they must also have abandoned some of their animals to shift for themselves when they left.

Our subsequent experiences have confirmed this conjecture as the true explanation. We were not long in learning that there were not only cows upon the island, but also most of the other beasts which man has learned to tame. These, the descendants of the domesticated animals brought in by the pioneers, had, in the long absence of human beings, reverted to their original state in nature. Had we but known it, there was good reason after all for our first misgivings. We had fled from the society of overcivilized man, but now we had for neighbors a vagrant colony of wild cattle, wild hogs, wild asses, wild dogs, and wild tabby cats. They ranged over the whole island and seemed to resent our intrusion upon their preserve. As my narrative progresses I shall have a great deal more to say about these perverted creatures and their almost devilish attempts to thwart our plans.

V

We wanted eventually to build a solid house that would harmonize with the Galapagos landscape and endure permanently the ravages of the tropical climate. With such materials as we had at hand this would require months, perhaps years, of labor. Meanwhile we could not continue to live in the caves and exhaust our strength climbing back and forth over the mountain. So I set about clearing the ground for a more or less temporary shelter.

Inexperienced as I then was, the work of breaking out this first open space in the jungle was the hardest I had ever undertaken. It gave me a foretaste of what was in store for me when the time came to lay out our garden. But although my hands were blistered and my muscles ached, I could not think of it as drudgery. With each tree that fell as I advanced with my axe I experienced the joy of achievement. The dream of my life was at last becoming a reality. And in the process Dore and I were learning what it means to grow in harmonious accord with nature. Each object in Friedo was gradually becoming a part of us: each stone, each tree, each foot of soil took on a personality as the embodiment of a bit of toil, a conscious thought, a benediction, or a curse.

At first my heartiest curses were reserved for this Galapagos wood, which is as ill-suited for building purposes as one could well imagine. There were only two kinds of trees from which to choose my lumber for construction work — one a heartwood which is so hard that I have never been able to drive a nail straight into it, the other a species of acacia which grows only in curves. The heartwood was impossible, so I had to adapt my plans to the nature of the sinuous acacia — I built a circular house. When the walls were finished, I covered the structure with some roofing felt which I had brought from Germany, and the result was pleasing enough. At any rate it stood the test of the first rainfall.

Later, however, the sun aided the obstinate acacia in its wrath against us for putting it to such arbitrary uses. As the house dried out, the wood began to curl anew, great cracks appearing between the boards until our shelter looked like the skeleton of some prehistoric monster. We were afraid it would keep on curling until the whole thing fell apart, but at this juncture a Norwegian ship put into Post Office Bay and we secured from it thirty-six corrugated iron plates, which I laid on the roof to help hold the boards in place by their added weight. But by this time the acacia sprang another trick on us even more surprising. The rainy season was over and the moisture brought the dead wood to life again. It began to send forth shoots; green leaves appeared on the jambs and rafters; in fact, fine sprouting took place everywhere out of the sweet bast wood. We found ourselves dwelling in a 'living' house.

Fortunately, it did n't matter how many cracks and fissures developed in the sides of our dwelling so long as the roof stayed on, for the climate is uniformly mild in all seasons. It is warm enough to permit complete nakedness even in the early morning. A roof on poles, with mosquito netting for protection against the insects, would be shelter enough. The wind is hardly ever squally, never strong, and even if it blew a gale it would n't bother us, enclosed as we are by the rim of the crater. Nevertheless, our gentle wind makes its influence felt in Friedo in a striking feature of the landscape: since it always blows from one point of the compass, all the trees and plants grow obliquely.

At the equator it is meaningless to divide the year into spring, summer, fall, and winter, but Europeans find it difficult to break this verbal habit. In the Galapagos we have only rainy seasons and dry seasons — two of each. The year begins with a rainy season. For days on end the higher mountain tops disappear in heavy clouds and we have regular morning showers, usually light and of short duration. Then it is that Friedo begins to don its robe of most luxuriant green. Afterward we have a period of great drought, accompanied by a remarkable cessation of vegetable growth. The sun shines brilliantly for weeks together, and some of the tropical trees lose all their leaves just as if it were winter. The sea lies blue and calm with hardly a ripple upon its surface. Then comes a second rainy season with the September equinox. Many fruits now begin to ripen, but there are numerous exceptions to the rule. Oranges and lemons, for example, stay ripe through half the year. Finally, in November, another dry period begins.

VI

In the olden days, before the advent of man upon these shores, the giant tortoises used to come out of the ocean and clamber up into these hills and mountains to drink the fresh spring water. They came in such numbers that they beat out hard paths through the woods and thorn thickets, forming an intricate system of natural highways that wind and interlace over the whole island. Recently the wild dogs abandoned here by the first settlers have killed off great numbers of the tortoises, as their shells and skeletons in every part of the island prove only too well. The others have evidently been frightened away by this wholesale butchery of their friends and relatives and now they rarely come ashore here, although they may still be seen swimming about in the surrounding waters.

Nevertheless, their ancient paths remain and are now used by all the other animals in their ceaseless wanderings. Our valley had evidently been a favorite rendezvous for them; at night they descended upon us from all directions, the wild asses announcing their approach by the thunder of their hoofs upon the stones, the others by their cries. If we were to have a garden, it soon became apparent to us that we should first have to build a fence about our domain to keep off these marauding herds. After weeks of toil the fence became a reality, but it was not a complete success. The smaller animals scaled it or came through the cracks; the larger ones crashed through it in the darkness, and almost every morning it was necessary to make repairs.

Our daylight hours are never dull; there is always work to do and on no two successive days are our labors quite the same. The nights, however, are all alike — an endless round of wild and savage noises. When the sun sets blood-red into the sea, darkness comes on rapidly. Blossoms close for the night and for a brief space all nature is hushed. The only sound is the hum of myriad insects' wings. Then, as at a given signal, pandemonium breaks loose. The full moon of the tropics brings all the wild things forth from their hiding places, and those that are tortured by the pangs of hunger or love carry on their raucous struggle for existence just beyond our door. In our light shelter we might as well be sleeping in the open, so little does it cut us off from the bedlam outside. All night the air is rent by the cries of these animals.

The asses bray to each other, and their braying is a curious blend of melancholy and defiance which seems to express their pent-up sense of the injustice their race has suffered through centuries of abuse. Many times during those first nights I rushed from my pallet, waving my arms and shouting to frighten them away, but it was a useless waste of energy. They always returned to take up their concert where they had left off. After we built our fence they thought up a new game: they seemed to consider it the greatest sport in the world to gallop round and round the enclosure, hurling their shrill challenges to us to come forth and chase them off. The cows lowed and bellowed, the pigs grunted and squealed, the hounds bayed at the moon and yelped in pursuit of the cats, while the cats made savage love and fought each other as is their immemorial habit.

All this was orchestrated as a devils' chorus. We had to learn to accustom ourselves to it before we could lie down to rest with any assurance that we should sleep.

VII

Everybody who has ever dreamed of an experiment such as ours — and many more there are who have toyed with the idea than will ever dare to think seriously of putting it into execution — paints in his fancy a particular picture of an idyllic life for two. There is always implicit in this picture something of Adam, Eve, and Paradise, but it is always a special Adam, a special Eve, and a special Paradise. Hence it is destined to remain only a picture, more beautiful, more celestial than can ever be realized. All human desires and longings take into account only the positive and agreeable aspect of things. Indeed, it would hardly seem worth the effort to strive for any goal if the disagreeable obstacles to its attainment were focused too clearly in our thoughts. Thus it is that the imaginative optimism of the human mind gives us the power, unconscious but dynamic, to move mountains.

'This is the best of all possible worlds,' affirms Nietzsche with his characteristic optimism, 'for if it were still better it would no longer be earth, but heaven.' To this the pessimism of Schopenhauer replies, 'This is the worst of all possible worlds, for if it were any worse it could no longer exist as earth — it would be hell.' Who shall say which of these judgments is the right one? To me it seems that both are right; each is necessary to explain the other. Heaven and hell are states of mind. How could we even imagine a heaven if we had not already experienced a hell to give it meaning?

So with us at Friedo. The heaven on earth for which we are working is not some silly theologian's dream of a golden city where all the creature comforts denied us in practical life shall be offered us for the taking. Our heaven is a pure state of mind, a sense of mental peace to be achieved through self-knowledge, and to this end our work contributes in the fullest degree. It may seem to others that we who have come so far in search of this heaven have only succeeded in discovering a very special kind of hell. True, we toil and moil against greater odds and bear daily a far heavier burden of labor than is required of most men and women in civilized society. Still, we regard our lot as the preferable one for us. We two are the absolute masters of our destiny as you who remain in Europe and America can never hope to be. Here in the desolate solitude of the Galapagos our lives are entirely submissive to a purely personal and inward sense of duty. We were able, therefore, to proceed with the immensely difficult job of clearing the ground for our garden without being discouraged or overwhelmed by the peculiar hardships involved.

That, however, is a story in itself. Next month I shall send you another article describing how, like the real Adam and Eve, we actually turned this wilderness into a flourishing garden by the sweat of our brows, and how nature herself tried to thwart our plans at every point. I shall tell you about our most fiendish neighbors, the devil pigs. Later I shall hope to have you as my guest in Friedo for one day (I doubt if either of us would appreciate a longer visit), so that you may see for yourself just how we live and spend our time.

Until then — *Auf Wiedersehen!*

(*Dr. Ritter's next chapter will be* '*Satan Walks in the Garden*')

A GREAT SHAKESPEARE DISCOVERY

BY LESLIE HOTSON

I

If one wishes to feed a secret hope of discovering new facts about Shakespeare's life, one is not well advised to turn for nourishment to the standard biographies. It is the business of standard biographies not to stimulate research, but to capitalize its results; and ever about such books hangs an air of regretful finality dampening to the spirits.

Not so with the occasional observations of the pioneering record searcher. His account of good hunting, and his description of promising territory to be explored, are not only fascinating but heartening.

Encouragement of this expert sort was thrown out by one who was perhaps the greatest of all discoverers of Shakespeare material — Halliwell-Phillipps. In 1884, toward the close of his active career, he published 'for strictly private circulation' a suggestive paper in which he said: —

> That there are undiscovered notices of Shakespeare amidst the millions of papers in our national Record Office may be fairly accepted as certain. Some, unfortunately, may remain concealed for many generations, but others, it is hoped, may be unearthed by inductive methods of research, that is to say, by carefully bearing in mind the names of his friends and professional associates, his dealings with property, &c., and in that way to trace out accounts of legal proceedings in which it is likely that he was interested.

He went on to suggest that the rolls of the Court of Queen's Bench should be sifted, both Coram Regina and Controlment Rolls.

On the strength of this hint I embarked recently on a careful search through the rolls of the Queen's Bench for the period covered by Shakespeare's lifetime. In the course of examining the Controlment Rolls, I was arrested by a special set of entries described as 'petitions for sureties of the peace.' These are brief records of proceedings on the peculiarly English plan of preventing crimes of violence — a method which obliges the person alleged to have threatened the petitioner to enter bond, which he will forfeit if he breaks the peace. Jacob's *Law Dictionary* (1729) outlines the procedure as follows: —

> He that demands security for the peace, must make oath before the justice of blows given [him], or that he stands in fear of his life, or some bodily hurt, or that he fears the party will burn his house, &c., and that he doth not demand the peace of him for any malice or revenge, but for his own safety.

If such sworn information were laid before a judge of the Queen's Bench, he would thereupon command the sheriff of the appropriate county to attach and bring up the person complained of. On his appearance, the latter was required to enter, with two bondsmen or sureties, into sufficient bonds, conditioned on his keeping the peace 'towards all her Majesty's subjects and especially towards' the person complaining. If he should break the peace within the period specified (usually a year), he and his friends would forfeit their bonds.

It is easy to see that fascinating quarrels may lie behind judicial records such as these. 'For fear of death and mutilation of his limbs' is the phrase used in the Elizabethan records; hence the entries on the Controlment Rolls, brief as they were, laid hold on my imagination. At first glance it might seem a hopeless business to search among such violent quarrels for traces of Ben Jonson's 'gentle Shakespeare' and Anthony Scoloker's 'friendly Shakespeare.' But we must remember that the gentle, friendly Shakespeare, like everyone else in those days, 'at his side wore steel'; and an Elizabethan gentleman of wit and courage had no need to be as violent in temper as Kit Marlowe to find himself at some time or other with an unsought quarrel on his hands. If Shakespeare was at some time in his life involved in a quarrel, the possible record of it in these Controlment Rolls might prove to be the outcrop of a vein which, if followed closely, might yield rich ore. I confess that the chance was slim, but it was sufficient to set me off on an extended search.

II

Pursuing my quest down through the years of Shakespeare's early life, I came to 1596. Here, in the roll of entries for the Michaelmas term, the good angel of record searchers must have favored my rummaging in his haystack, for at length I was guided to the precious needle: —

> *Anglia ss Willelmus Wayte petit securitates pacis versus Willelmum Shakspere, Franciscum Langley, Dorotheam Soer uxorem Johannis Soer, & Annam Lee, ob metum mortis &c.*
>
> *Attachiamentum vicecomiti Surreie retornabile xviii Martini.*

The legal Latin may be Englished thus: —

> England Be it known that William Wayte craves sureties of the peace against William Shakspere, Francis Langley, Dorothy Soer, wife of John Soer, and Anne Lee, for fear of death, and so forth.
>
> Writ of attachment issued to the sheriff of Surrey, returnable on the eighteenth of St. Martin [*i.e.* November 29, 1596, the last day of Michaelmas term].

Here was strange treasure-trove. Shakespeare, hitherto known only as a poet and player, affable and unobtrusive, now for the first time steps out from the dusty records of the past as protagonist in a turbulent scene of raw Elizabethan life. To be sure, there is here no actual fight to the death, as in the cases of his fellow playwrights, Watson, Marlowe, Jonson, Day, and Porter; nevertheless this man Wayte swears that Shakespeare and these three other persons have threatened him with death. Who is William Wayte? What made Shakespeare threaten him? Who are these three persons who were attached with Shakespeare? The two women are unknown, but in Francis Langley, the other man, we recognize a figure familiar to students of the Elizabethan stage.

Shakespeare's senior by fourteen years, Langley was a member of the Drapers' Company, and dealt in trade as a goldsmith. (By Elizabeth's time the London livery companies had relaxed the strictness of the earlier rules of the craft guilds, and many a citizen of London dealt in a trade other than that of the company to which he belonged.) Langley had purchased the manor of Paris Garden in the parish of St. Saviour's, Southwark, in 1589, planning no doubt to add to his sources of income by letting houses which he intended to build on his new property. In the winter of 1594–1595, as we know, he had set about building in his grounds a handsome playhouse which he named 'the Swan.' Langley would naturally seek to let his splendid new theatre, as soon as it was ready, to a good troupe of actors. It has not, however, been known what company or companies of players made use of the Swan before Pembroke's Men came to it in February 1597.

After this brief introduction to Francis Langley, let us return to our newly discovered document, in which he is associated with Shakespeare, and see what we can deduce from the date and place mentioned in this astonishing petition for sureties of the peace.

The writ of attachment, or order for the appearance of Shakespeare and the others in court, reveals the interesting new fact that Shakespeare, as well as Langley, was living in the bailiwick of the sheriff of Surrey in November 1596. Langley's manor of Paris Garden adjoined the Southwark Bankside, or Liberty of the Clink, with its Bear-Garden and Henslowe's playhouse, the Rose. For Shakespeare's residence in Southwark this document is new evidence of prime importance, confirming as it does the uncorroborated statement made in 1796 by Edmund Malone, based on a source which no other scholar has seen: 'From a paper now before me, which formerly belonged to Edward Alleyn, the player, our poet appears to have lived in Southwark, near the Bear-Garden, in 1596.'

With this new certainty in hand, we are now in a position to ask why Shakespeare migrated from the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate (where in October 1596 we know that he had been assessed five shillings on goods appraised for taxation at a value of five pounds), across the Thames to the Bankside in or before November of the same year. It was not, of course, to be near the famous Globe, his later headquarters, since that theatre was not built and ready for plays until the spring or summer of 1599. Hitherto it has been supposed that Shakespeare's company used Burbage's playhouse called 'the Theatre' in Shoreditch into the year 1597. But of this there is no proof; and if it were so, why did Shakespeare move from Bishopsgate, a district within easy reach of Burbage's Theatre, to the Bankside in or before November 1596, and give himself a gratuitous daily journey of more than two miles each way over the water and through London to the playing place in Shoreditch?

I wish to suggest that Shakespeare went to the Bankside because he and his fellow actors had shifted their chief centre of operations from the Theatre in the autumn of 1596, and established themselves for a time in Langley's new playhouse, the Swan, in Paris Garden.

III

We shall see that the reasons for this move were urgent. At the period of our document the inveterate opposition of the puritanical authorities of the City had been growing to a strength which threatened the livelihood of even the best-protected companies of players. In November 1594, when Langley was preparing to build the Swan, the Lord Mayor, outraged by the construction of another playhouse, had seized the opportunity to urge Elizabeth's chief minister, Lord Burghley, not only to forbid Langley to proceed, but also to put down 'all other places' of acting in and near London. In September 1595, the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen followed up their attack with a letter to the Privy Council, pressing for the final abolition of stage playing. In the deliberations of the Privy Council, Henry Lord Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlain, who was of course at this time the patron of Shakespeare's company, must have had no easy task to protect the interests of his players against such assaults as these.

Unhappily for Shakespeare and his fellows, on July 22, 1596, Lord Hunsdon died. On the very day that death robbed Hunsdon's company of their powerful protector, plays were prohibited throughout London and the suburbs, 'for that by drawing of much people together increase of sickness is feared.' Though this was the reason given, we can find no evidence of plague. In addition to the temporary prohibition of acting in the theatres, which were all in the suburbs or in Southwark, this order meant the closing of the inn-yard playing places in the City proper, which had been important sources of revenue to the players. Once the inn yards were closed to the actors, the new balance of power in the Privy Council gave the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen the means to prevent their reopening, for Hunsdon's successor as Lord Chamberlain, William Brooke, Lord Cobham, did not look with favor on the players.

Cut off definitively from the lucrative inn yards even when acting in the theatres was once more allowed, the troupes of players were restricted to the four playhouses in the suburbs — the Theatre and the Curtain in Shoreditch, and the Rose and the new Swan on the Surrey side. By this time two companies had risen to a dominant position in London: the Admiral's Men, with Edward Alleyn, acting at Henslowe's Rose, and their rivals, the late Chamberlain's Men, with Richard Burbage and William Shakespeare, who, as we have seen, had been using the Theatre. There were difficulties, however, with this house, for it had long borne the brunt of Puritan attack; and now James Burbage, its owner (father of Richard Burbage, the actor), was involved in a dispute with his ground landlord over a renewal of the lease. Burbage was nearly two years behind with his rent. Moreover, the Theatre was an old building, found to be considerably decayed when it was pulled down two years later. Altogether, in 1596 it must have been a disadvantageous and uninviting place. As for the other possible house, the Curtain in Shoreditch, there is no evidence that Shakespeare and his fellows used it in the autumn of 1596, the date of Shakespeare's quarrel in Surrey.

On the other hand, Langley's Swan in Paris Garden was new, well built, and was described as the largest and fairest of all the playhouses. It had the added advantage of being situated in a manor outside the limits of the borough of Southwark; and even Southwark, though attached to London, was never so strictly under the municipal control as the City proper. Southwark's notorious contempt for the City authorities is referred to by John Donne in his first Elegy: —

There we will scorn his household policies . . .
As the inhabitants of Thames' right side
Do London's Mayor.

To players who had tasted the bitter hostility of the City, the advantages of the Swan were obvious. Shakespeare's fellows might well resolve to leave the older houses with their drawbacks to less important companies, such as the Queen's Men, who had passed their prime, and seek to establish themselves in the impressive new theatre in Paris Garden.

As we have seen, although the Swan must have been finished by the middle of 1595, it has not been known what company or companies of players used it before 1597. Professor Wallace discovered that in February of the latter year a newly formed group of actors, 'servants of the right honorable the Earl of Pembroke,' contracted with Langley to play at the Swan for one year following. But we also learned from this discovery that these were not the first actors at the Swan, for they later testified in a suit against Langley that the house had been used for plays 'lately afore' February 1597. Our new document now points to Shakespeare's fellows, the late Chamberlain's Men, as the earlier users in question, for it indicates that Shakespeare had moved to the Bankside late in 1596 and was associated with Francis Langley, the owner of the new playhouse. The reasonable inference is that his company was then acting at the Swan.

So much of what our new document reveals is clear enough; but the mystery of the threats of violence and death remains. What was the irritating cause of them? And who was William Wayte?

IV

Before seeking light elsewhere, I thought that the Controlment Rolls, which had already given me this document, might yield something more. It was not uncommon, as I had learned, to find that the petitioner for sureties of the peace was retaliating on the person complained of for having previously sworn the peace against *him*. I might possibly find, therefore, that one of these persons complained of in my new document had at some previous time sworn the peace against the present complainant — that is to say, that Langley or Shakespeare might have already sworn the peace against Wayte. Other persons might be found involved, and their names be used as further clues.

Again fortune was on my side, for I now discovered that Langley had indeed previously asked for sureties of the peace against Wayte. Among the earlier entries for Michaelmas term, 1596, I turned up the following: —

> *Anglia ss Franciscus Langley petit securitates pacis versus Willelmum Gardener & Willelmum Wayte ob metum mortis &c.*
>
> *Attachiamentum vicecomiti Surreie retornabile Crastino animarum.*

> England Be it known that Francis Langley craves sureties of the peace against William Gardener and William Wayte for fear of death, and so forth.
>
> Writ of attachment issued to the sheriff of Surrey, returnable on the Morrow of All Souls [November 3, 1596].

In our first document we had found Wayte testifying to his fear of Shakespeare and Langley. Now we discover that Langley, more than three weeks earlier, had already sworn that not only Wayte, but also a certain William Gardener, had first threatened *him* with death.

This new name, William Gardener, was another possible source of light; and, as it proved, light which was to grow in power until it illuminated the dark region of the unknown. The problem now set itself thus: I must find out the identity of these men, Gardener and Wayte, and, with this new knowledge, re-create a hitherto unknown episode in Shakespeare's life.

I began my search with Gardener's name as a key. Turning to the rich and conveniently indexed series of State Papers for Elizabeth's reign, I found his name under the date 1584–1585, connected with the report of a search in a certain suspected house for 'papists and papistical books.' The search had been made by the constable and bailiff of Paris Garden, and the report was taken and signed by 'William Gardiner, Esquire.' Evidently this Gardiner was my man; and I suspected from this document that he was a Surrey justice of the peace, with jurisdiction over the Bankside and Paris Garden.

My suspicion was confirmed by a glance at the *Acts of the Privy Council.* Here was the minute of the well-known letters dated July 28, 1597 (sent by the Privy Council to the justices of the peace for Middlesex and Surrey): orders elicited by the 'lewd matters' contained in Tom Nashe's *Isle of Dogs,* a play recently acted by Pembroke's Men at Langley's theatre, the Swan. And among the Surrey justices who are hereby ordered to take harsh steps to suppress the playhouses on the Bankside we read the name of 'William Gardyner.' Not only, therefore, is our William Gardener here proved a justice, but we find him ordered to cause the stage of the Swan to be torn down by its owner, Langley: Langley, with whom, as our second document shows, Justice Gardiner had had a violent quarrel in the autumn preceding.

Our business at present is not with the brush between Justice Gardiner and Francis Langley in 1597 over the *Isle of Dogs* and the Privy Council's order, but with their quarrel in 1596 involving Wayte and Shakespeare. Thus far I had shed more light on Langley, and established the identity of Gardiner, but Wayte remained a *tertium quid.* It seemed from the document that he should be connected somehow with Justice Gardiner.

In search of evidence in this direction I had recourse to the records of the equity side of the Exchequer, which in due time gratified me by yielding a suit dated 1591, brought by Thomas Heron, gentleman, an under-marshal of the Court of Exchequer, against William Gardiner of Southwark, Surrey, and William Wayte. Gardiner is described in Heron's bill of complaint as 'a justice of the peace,' and Wayte is slightingly set down as 'a certain loose person of no reckoning or value, being wholly under the rule and commandment of the said Gardiner.' This unflattering description of Wayte simplified the situation for me. As a hanger-on and tool of Gardiner's, Wayte now took a properly subordinate position in the picture. Evidently the central figures in the quarrel were Gardiner on the one side and Langley and Shakespeare on the other: local justice of the peace against theatre owner and player. Thus defined, the problem emerged not only absorbing but challenging. I should have no rest until it was solved.

V

At this point the proper move seemed to be to go through the chief series of judicial records for 1596 in search of some clue to the quarrel. The courts of Queen's Bench and Common Pleas, because of the richness of their materials, commended themselves for this purpose, and I plunged hopefully into their docket rolls. Once more I was not disappointed, for they led me to no less than three separate suits, all of which Justice Gardiner brought against Francis Langley, for slander.

All three suits were recorded in Michaelmas term, 1596, the very term of the already-discovered petitions for sureties of the peace. Two of these actions were entered in the Queen's Bench and one in the Common Pleas. In the Queen's Bench suits Gardiner alleges that on two separate occasions in the preceding spring, May 21 and May 22, at Croydon, Surrey, Langley publicly and slanderously said of him, 'He is a false knave, and a false perjured knave; and I will prove him so.' Gardiner asserts that his reputation has been damaged by these remarks to the value of a thousand pounds each.

In the suit in the Common Pleas, Langley is alleged to have said of Gardiner, again at Croydon, but on June 1, 'He is a false knave; a false, forsworn knave, and a perjured knave.' For this Gardiner demands two hundred pounds damages.

Langley's defense to each of the three charges is the same. He maintains, adducing records to prove his statement, that in a suit in the Court of Wards, a few years before, Gardiner, in giving false testimony under oath, has committed willful and corrupt perjury. Consequently it is no slander to call him a false, perjured knave, and Gardiner's action will not lie — that is to say, be valid in a court of judicature. In reply Gardiner insists that Langley's words were not occasioned by this alleged perjury, but by 'his own wrong'; and that he should therefore have his action for slander. It is to be noted, however, that none of these three suits was prosecuted to a trial. Evidently Gardiner was 'slandered with matter of truth.' No doubt when Langley brought forward his evidence of Gardiner's perjury on record his angry opponent felt less confident of the strength of his suits for slander, and did not care to risk a jury trial, with its public airing of the evidence as to his character. He abandoned his claims for £2200 damages.

We are not told what made Langley so incensed with Justice Gardiner in the spring of 1596 as to stigmatize him publicly and repeatedly as a false perjured knave. But we do know that he successfully roused Gardiner's spleen against him. By the autumn, irritation had mounted to such a pitch, as we have seen by our new documents, that threats of violence were bandied between Gardiner, joined with his henchman Wayte, and Langley and Shakespeare.

Whatever may have started the quarrel, it is fair to infer that in the autumn of 1596 Gardiner, to get some satisfaction for the vile name he had been given, was doing his best to revenge himself on Langley. The City's attack on the playhouses was at its height. Langley's most vulnerable point was therefore his position as owner of a theatre. Using his power as justice of the peace in Southwark, and seconded by the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen, Gardiner could pitilessly persecute Langley and Shakespeare and his fellow actors at the Swan. The latter, however, though deprived of their strong support in the Privy Council, had nevertheless a present protector in their new patron, Sir George Carey, now Lord Hunsdon after his father's death. As for the wealthy and energetic Langley, he was far from defenseless. Whenever, therefore, Justice Gardiner may have descended on them in person, or through the medium of his man Wayte, in an attempt to put the Swan out of business, they were prepared to resist him.

The 'false knave,' Justice Gardiner, and the 'loose person,' William Wayte, by their assault on the embattled Langley and Shakespeare, took on an absorbing interest. I set out eagerly to learn everything I could about these fascinating enemies of our men of the theatre; and with every new-found fact their interest grew.

VI

The life of Justice Gardiner, as I have woven it together from new documents, stands forth as a tissue of greed, usury, fraud, cruelty, and perjury — of crime, in short, enough to make him a marked man even in the Elizabethan age. To grow rich rapidly was his only concern. He lent money at ten in the hundred, defrauded his wife's family, his son-in-law, and his stepson, oppressed his neighbors, and rack-rented his poor tenants. By these and similar means he amassed great wealth, and in the end died detested by all who knew him.

By reckoning his years as given in his funeral certificate, we learn that he was born about 1531, the younger son of William Gardiner, a yeoman who farmed Bermondsey Grange on the borders of Southwark. Our first document brings him into view in 1555, on the wrong side of a lawsuit; for he was convicted and heavily fined in that year for breaking a fence and pasturing his cattle on a neighbor's land. Shortly after this, on the death of his brother Richard, William Gardiner succeeded to his father's very substantial estate in Bermondsey, a property which he promptly increased by marriage in 1558.

His wife was Frances, widow of the late Edmund Wayte, a prosperous leatherseller of Bermondsey, and eldest daughter of another rich leatherseller, Robert Luce or Lucy, gentleman, of London. By this marriage Gardiner secured to himself the estates of these two wealthy citizens, for on her mother's death Frances (Luce) Wayte administered her father's property. By her first husband, Edmund Wayte, she had had two sons, the elder of whom in 1558 was fourteen years old, and his father's heir. This son must have died, for we learn by a later document that his rights passed to William Wayte (now discovered as Shakespeare's adversary), a younger brother, born about 1555.

Space does not permit me to give here a detailed account of Gardiner's sharp practices or to set forth a complete record of the fraudulent lawsuits in which he seems to have been almost continuously engaged. Suffice it to say that he bent all his energies on the gainful activity of scraping riches to himself. The list of his acquisitions of large pieces of landed property, as I find it in the records, grows steadily with the years. He went back and forth between the city and his suburban Bermondsey, and it is clear that to his predatory activity among his business associates he added raids on the pocketbooks of his neighbors and tenants in Bermondsey. In the course of time his knavish tricks drew down upon him the execrations of all with whom he had dealings, and his name became a byword of ill repute.

In spite of his local reputation, the money with which Gardiner was gilded covered his glaring vices, and in the summer of 1580 we find that he rose from gentleman to esquire on being included in the royal commission for Surrey as a justice of the peace. His district was Brixton Hundred, which comprised Southwark, Paris Garden, Bermondsey, Camberwell, and neighboring places. The following year saw his name pricked or chosen as one of the quorum — the select body of justices 'eminent for learning or prudence,' the presence of two or more of whom was necessary before felonies and other misdemeanors could be inquired of and determined. From the records we learn that Gardiner continued in the quorum until his death in 1597. An examination of the files of the Surrey clerk of the peace reveals him as by far the busiest justice in the county. Judicial duties, however, were never suffered to stand in the way of our crooked justice's lease-mongering and money-mongering; exacting the full penalty of bonds if payments were delayed a day beyond their date, he frequently 'fatted his fingers with many rich forfeitures.'

Some of Gardiner's most foul and unchristian enterprises were reserved, I have found, for his own relatives. In his cormorant-like fishing for fools, family ties were no obstacle: those nearest to him were, without any compunction, expeditiously devoured. His treatment of his stepson, William Wayte, was a characteristic example of his predatory methods. Wayte was systematically swindled throughout his whole association with Gardiner — almost forty years — and apparently was kept dangling in continued hope of better days.

By the death of his elder brother, as we have seen, William Wayte had fallen heir to his father's estate. This occurred not long after his mother's marriage to Gardiner in 1558. It is now clear from later documents that, though the father had died wealthy, Gardiner kept young William out of his inheritance and even employed him as a servant to further his own ends; further, we find that the justice married his kinsman to an heiress about the year 1580, only to gull him of the property she brought with her.

After such experiences as these at Gardiner's hands, there is something pitiful in Wayte's hanging on in the belief that his stepfather would perhaps keep a promise and some day do him some sort of right. Gardiner must have assured the long-suffering gull that by his will he would restore something of what he had stolen. He even went so far, we find, as to put his stepson into his will for a modest bequest of £66:13:4, together with a lease of some land that should have come to Wayte from his father, adding legacies of £50 apiece for Wayte's young children. Before he died, however, the crafty old churl made a new will which excluded Wayte entirely and reduced the children's portions to £40 apiece.

To be cut off without a farthing — this was William Wayte's reward after long years spent in subserving the covetous ends of his stepfather, in whose thankless service in 1596, as our newly discovered Shakespeare document shows, he may have earned a blow or two from Francis Langley or William Shakespeare, or both. And yet at Gardiner's funeral, a fortnight after the will had been proved and the disinherited Wayte had learned how he had been cheated of every last penny, we meet him walking in solemn black, bearing with pathetic pomp the pennon of Gardiner's arms. No doubt his mind had been so completely subjected to Gardiner's that, even if he knew his kinsman for a scamp and a cheat, the justice would always be for his weak stepson a great rich scamp and a worshipful cheat.

VII

I have found that Gardiner's brother-in-law, John Luce, and his sisters-in-law, Sara (Luce) Manley and Elizabeth (Luce) Bullard, also fell a prey to his rapacity. It will be recalled that his wife was Frances, the daughter of Robert Luce or Lucy, and that on her mother's death she took administration of her father's estate. From the records it is clear that Gardiner persuaded her to attempt to defraud her father's creditors; and it is also evident that Gardiner managed to hold Luce's money even after his wife Frances Gardiner's death in 1576, thereby excluding the above-named surviving children of Luce from their rightful inheritance. That Gardiner had robbed the heirs of Robert Luce is corroborated by a Bermondsey grocer, Richard Ryther, who later deposed in another connection that he had heard by report that Gardiner owed Luce's children 'of their own right, three times £1100,' and also that Gardiner 'by shameful falsehood defeated the said children of great sums of money,' and had troubled them 'in lands, body, or goods, by one subtle device or another.'

It would take far too much space to detail here all the devious dealings of Justice Gardiner's that I have found. It is only too evident that he had richly earned the reputation of being 'the subtlest knave in all the country where he dwelleth.' We may be sure that in 1596, the year of our newly discovered Shakespeare document, the theatre owner, Francis Langley, felt himself on firm ground in reiterating these words about old Gardiner: 'He is a false knave, a false, forsworn knave, and a perjured knave.'

In the year of his violent quarrel with Langley and Shakespeare, Gardiner was sixty-five. Remarkable only for the number and variety of his misdeeds, he was growing old in sin. Yet right up to his death we find him showing no weariness in ill-doing. On November 26, 1597, to the general relief, he died, having amassed through his evil ways a hoard sufficient to leave his four children, and the grandson who was his heir, wealthy.

His will makes extraordinary reading, disposing as it does of the goods 'wherewith it has pleased God to bless me.' There are pious bequests to the poor of the Southwark parishes, the hospitals, and the prisoners in the Southwark Compter, the White Lion, Marshalsea, and King's Bench prisons. Gardiner even leaves ten marks to the churchwardens of his parish church, St. Mary Magdalen's, Bermondsey, 'to buy a communion cup,' and the same amount to 'John Luce my brother in law,' whom, with the other children of Robert Luce, he had cheated of hundreds of pounds.

Gardiner's body lay in his house from November 26 to December 22, while the pomp of the funeral was being prepared under the direction of Ben Jonson's friend, William Camden. The certificate prepared by Camden gives us the details of the funeral: —

> The said William Gardiner, being of the age of three score years and six, departed this transitory life at his house at Bermondsey Street in the county of Surrey aforesaid, on Saturday the 26th of November 1597, from whence he was very worshipfully accompanied unto the parish church of Bermondsey the 22th of December following. The preacher was Doctor Mountfort. The pennon of his arms was borne by William Wayte, his kinsman. The helm and crest, by Thomas Lant, Windsor Herald. The coat of arms by William Camden, Clarenceux King of Arms, who directed the said funeral. The body borne by six of his own servants. The chief mourner, Thomas Gardiner, his second son. The two assistants, William Gardiner, third son, and Nicholas Smyth.

So passed William Gardiner, esquire, justice of the peace and of the quorum; but his execrable memory hung on in the minds of those whom he had oppressed and ruined. Time will no doubt shed still more light upon him; enough has already been thrown to show that his neighbors in London, Bermondsey, and Southwark had good reason for considering him a notorious knave. It was this avaricious cheat, liar, and heartless toady who had jurisdiction over the Bankside, and who came, in the autumn of 1596, into violent collision with Francis Langley and William Shakespeare.

Langley, as we have seen, put his opinion of Gardiner into words, and promptly found himself with three suits for slander on his hands. Did Shakespeare perhaps have something less actionable to say of William Gardiner, esquire, in the county of Surrey, justice of peace and quorum?

VIII

Some scholars have supposed that Shakespeare's figure of Justice Shallow, in the first scene of *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* contains a satirical hit at Sir

Thomas Lucy, the dramatist's much respected neighbor in Warwickshire. Accepting the late tradition that Shakespeare as a youth had poached Lucy's deer and was punished by the knight, they believe that the poet took his revenge in the *Merry Wives*, a dozen years or more after the date of the legendary deer-stealing. Their ground for seeing such a tardy hit at Sir Thomas Lucy is Slender's flattering reference to the 'white luces,' or heraldic fishes, blazoned in Justice Shallow's coat of arms. It is common knowledge that Sir Thomas bore as his arms 'Gules, semée of crosscrosslets Or, three luces haurient Argent': in language less technical, 'on a red field strewn with small golden crosses, three silver [white] luces [large fish of the pike family] placed perpendicularly.' Because of the presence of the luces in the two coats, the identification of Shallow with Lucy has been held to be inevitable.

So firmly has this notion been planted in some minds that it has become the central prop of the belief in the deer-stealing tradition. In his admirable edition of the play (Arden, 1904), H. C. Hart sums up the matter as follows: 'The probability of the truth of the tradition appears to me to hinge upon the passages in *Merry Wives*.' And although he is loath to swallow the tradition whole, Hart justly observes: 'If we had no tradition, what should we make of the coat of arms passage? It would be utterly unmeaning.' There is the case in a nutshell. Those of us who reject both the tradition and the Shallow-Lucy equation have never been able to supply a satisfactory meaning for the passage in question.

It suddenly occurred to me that the newly reconstituted life of Shakespeare's enemy, Justice Gardiner, held the essential clue. Gardiner's first wife, I had found, was Frances, the widow of Edmund Wayte. But we remember that she was born Frances Luce or Lucy, the daughter of Robert Luce or Lucy, gentleman. Lucy! Here was the clue. If Robert Luce had a coat of arms, his daughter would have a right to bear his arms, and her husband could impale them — that is to say, marshal them with his own on one shield. A tremendous possibility opened before me. What if Robert Luce's arms had contained the white luces, and Justice Gardiner perhaps bore them side by side with his own? Could this be the true significance of the coat-of-arms passage in the *Merry Wives?* Was the Justice Shallow of the play a caricature of Justice Gardiner?

No time was to be lost in speculation. The question demanded an answer at once, and I 'made sudden speed' to the Manuscript Room of the British Museum. Once there, I called for the formidable collections of Elizabethan heraldry, — the grants, alphabets, trickings, and blazons of arms, — a gorgeous gallery, through which I dashed at an undignified rate.

For a long time I met little but disappointment. I ran upon several sketches or trickings of the Gardiner coat: 'Azure, a griffin passant Or,' to which was sometimes added his crest, 'a lion passant guardant Argent.' It satisfied one's sense of fitness to find the griffin, that twi-formed monster in nature, as the armorial bearings of the raptorial Gardiner. Thomas Lodge's description of the character of the griffin is in point: —

> This bird is like unto an Eagle both in head and wings, and in all other parts of his body he is like unto a Lion. . . . He slayeth and destroyeth all men that dwell about him, neither is his insatiable covetousness ever satisfied.

Though very suitable for Gardiner, griffins were not precisely what I was after. I pursued my search.

At last, and suddenly, came the reward. In a volume of quarterings of arms, Harley Manuscript 5849, — for me easily the greatest treasure of the Museum, — wild surmise was turned into certainty. Here was the proof before my eyes: 'Gardiner impaling Lucy' — a sketch of the golden griffin side by side with the three white luces; and beneath, the legend 'William Gardener.' I drew a long breath. Shakespeare seemed to stand at my very elbow, unlocking the age-old mystery of the scene in the *Merry Wives*.

Yet even as I sat in a daze of realization, something told me that I must not rest here. This quarry held out the promise of more corroborative material. Casting about for a fresh scent, I thought of the heraldic notes of funerals of important persons, often kept by the officers of the College of Arms who directed the ceremonies. We had seen that William Camden, Clarenceux king-of-arms, had been in charge of Gardiner's funeral at Bermondsey. A search under the word 'Funerals' in the catalogue of manuscripts guided me to several volumes of such notes; and on the first leaf of one of them — Stowe Manuscript 587 — I ran down my quarry: a record of Justice Gardiner's funeral, with the impaled arms in trick as before, — the golden griffin beside the three white luces, — but with the memorandum 'Lucy' written above the impalement of the three white luces.[1]

Here was rich finding. Then of a sudden came another thought. I recalled the clause in Gardiner's will by which he left ten marks to the wardens of his parish church, St. Mary Magdalen's, Bermondsey, 'to buy a communion cup.'

What of this cup? Did it still exist? And if it did, might it be ornamented, by any chance, with Gardiner's arms? And would the white luces be there? I found myself forging a chain of shadowy but fascinating possibilities.

Before leaving the Museum, I went to the Reading Room, and taking the Surrey volumes of the *Victoria County History* from the shelf, I opened to the description of the Bermondsey church as it stands to-day. My excitement grew, for among the plate of the church there was said to be an ancient cup, given by 'William Gardner,' and engraved with his arms. A letter dispatched to the Reverend Arthur Sinker, rector of Bermondsey, brought a kind invitation to view the cup. Hastening to the scene of Justice Gardiner's ancient tyrannies, I entered the church; and there in the vestry Mr. Sinker put the silver cup into my trembling hands. He must have wondered at my visible emotion, for on the side of the cup I beheld the engraving of the achievement of Gardiner's arms, quartering the three white luces. Below ran the inscription: 'The gifte of William Gardner Esquier.'

From this chalice the parishioners of Bermondsey still take Holy Communion every Sunday. The cup has no doubt been in regular use for more than three centuries. After all these years of service and continual polishings, the coat of arms still stands out distinctly. The Elizabethan engraver did his work well.

IX

Equipped as we now are with a knowledge which, though common property in Shakespeare's time, has lain lost for three hundred years, let us turn to the first scene of *The Merry Wives of Windsor:* —

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[1] Robert Luce's coat, except for one small difference, is identical with that of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote. Robert Luce's father was of Kynver, Staffordshire, and I have not succeeded in tracing his grant of arms. Nor can I learn whether there was any connection between the Luces of Staffordshire and London and the Lucys of Charlecote. — AUTHOR

> *Shallow.* Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.
>
> *Slender.* In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace and 'Coram.'
>
> *Shallow.* Ay, cousin Slender, and 'Custalorum.'
>
> *Slender.* Ay, and 'Ratolorum' too; and a gentleman born, master parson, who writes himself 'Armigero' in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation — 'Armigero.'
>
> *Shallow.* Ay, that I do, and have done any time these three hundred years.
>
> *Slender.* All his successors gone before him hath done't: and all his ancestors that come after him may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

On the assumption that Shakespeare was here taking enough material from the life about him to make a series of humorous hits at the men who had annoyed him, let us ask what the London audience of his day might see in this scene.

Nothing could be closer, to begin with, than the parallel between the description of Robert Shallow and that of William Gardiner, esquire (Latin, *armiger*), justice of peace and of the quorum for the county of Surrey. The next bit, 'Custalorum and Ratolorum,' with its intentional scrambling of the words *Custos Rotulorum*, is, of course, satire: the county office of *Custos Rotulorum*, or Keeper of the Records, was a high one to which few men of Gardiner's or Shallow's rank could aspire. Proceeding to boast of his uncle's heraldic honors, Slender avers that Shallow's 'ancestors that come after him' may display the luces on their shield. Gardiner had added the luces to his arms by marriage: his descendants by Frances Luce could therefore quarter the Lucy arms.

Coincidences can be remarkable; but it seems to me that there are here too many of them to be set down as accidents. Esquire, justice of peace and of the quorum, a coat with heraldic luces — it all fits the enemy of Langley and Shakespeare like a glove.

Meanwhile the scene in the *Merry Wives* continues with Shallow's plan for marrying kinsman Slender advantageously: —

> *Evans.* . . . there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it: — there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity.
>
> *Slender.* Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.
>
> *Evans.* It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire, and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's bed — Got deliver to a joyful resurrections! — give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.
>
> *Shallow.* Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?
>
> *Evans.* Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.
>
> *Shallow.* I know the young gentlewoman. She has good gifts.
>
> *Evans.* Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.
>
> *Shallow.* Well, let us see honest Master Page.

An important episode in the lives of Justice Gardiner and his stepson Wayte discloses a startling commentary on this passage. We have it from the complaint, already mentioned, of Thomas Heron, an under-marshal of the Court of Exchequer, which alleges that Gardiner, by means of spurious bonds, was dishonestly attempting to make him pay money he never owed. In the course of his complaint, Heron informs the judge, Lord Burghley, that in 1574 Robert Mote, a wealthy Southwark gentleman, died, leaving his property to his next of kin, a young girl named Joan Tayler. During Joan's minority the estate was administered by William Wilson, one of the overseers of Mote's will. Having thus control over Joan and her property, Wilson conspired with Justice Gardiner 'between them both to enjoy the goods and lands of the said Joan Tayler.' And to this end Heron's complaint continues: —

> By compact between them, they married the said Joan to one William Wayte, a certain loose person of no reckoning or value, being wholly under the rule and commandment of the said Gardiner. After which marriage being performed, the said Gardiner (having the said Wayte at his commandment) procured the said William Wayte, and the said Joan his wife by the hard dealing of the said Wayte, for small or no consideration to convey the lands of the said Joan unto the children of the said Gardiner. Whereupon the said Joan Tayler, seeing her goods and lands to be gotten from her, consumed and wasted, not long after died; after whose death the said Gardiner procured a letter of administration of the goods and debts of the said Robert Mote unadministered, to be committed unto the said William Wayte, as an instrument by whom he hoped to make some profit.

I have found this letter of administration; it is dated 1590 — six years before Shakespeare's quarrel with Wayte.

X

When the question of marrying the youthful heiress, Anne Page, who will come into her property 'when she is able to overtake seventeen years old,' is broached to Slender, he exhibits a complete subjection to his Uncle Shallow's wishes in the matter.

> *Shallow.* Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?
>
> *Slender.* I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.
>
> *Shallow.* Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do is to pleasure you, coz: can you love the maid?
>
> *Slender.* I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another; I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt; but if you say 'marry her' I will marry her — that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

According to Thomas Heron, when Joan Tayler had been married to William Wayte at Gardiner's suggestion, and had more occasion to know him and his rascally stepfather, her love of life decreased so much that she died not many years after.

When confronted, the similarities between the figures of Justice Shallow and his foolish nephew Slender, and those of Shakespeare's adversaries in Southwark, Justice Gardiner and his stepson, the 'loose person' Wayte, are in the last degree striking. Robert Shallow, esquire, in the county of Gloucester justice of peace and *coram* (quorum), bears a coat of arms in which white luces 'agree well, *passant.*' He owns a park with a keeper's lodge. He boasts of his youthful prowess with the sword. He endeavors to marry his nephew Slender to a young heiress, Anne Page. William Gardiner, esquire, in the county of Surrey justice of peace and quorum, bears a coat of arms in which white luces are blazoned beside a griffin *passant.* He owns a park with a gatehouse. In his youth he was fined for drawing blood in a fight. He married his stepson Wayte to a young heiress, Joan Tayler.

In the *Merry Wives*, little is actually made of the character of Justice Shallow. But Shakespeare had already drawn him in delightful detail in *Henry IV, Part Two.* We have there the humorous portrait of a wealthy and niggardly old pagan, sufficiently corrupt in administering his office to countenance the arrant knave Visor against the honest Clement Perkes of the hill. He makes much of Falstaff, hoping to benefit by Sir John's supposed influence with the Prince. The fat knight improves the occasion to extract a loan of a thousand pounds from him; yet it is almost beyond Falstaff's endurance to listen to the old reprobate's gilded lies.

In their cumulative force these parallels are overwhelming. It is impossible to escape the conclusion that in these two Falstaff plays Shakespeare drew material from the contemporary scene in Southwark. Justice Gardiner and his inconsiderable stepson had willy-nilly forced themselves on his attention; and, as an economical artist, he used what he saw. What is more, Gardiner and Wayte had put him to trouble and expense at law. Why not make them pay for themselves with a contribution toward the stuff for a couple of plays? Poetic justice!

It was not very clever of Langley to call the justice a perjured knave, and throw himself open to actions for slander. Shakespeare was wiser. He saw that Gardiner throve on execration: the chorus of curses was a sincere acknowledgment of his successes as a cheat. To beknave him was to compliment him. But to stage the cunning justice as an imbecile fit only for inextinguishable laughter would flick him on the raw. And in safety, too; for to call a man a fool is held no slander, since the term implies no crime. In *Henry IV, Part Two,* Shakespeare therefore aggravated the old knave's style with the outrageous addition of fool. In the *Merry Wives* he played upon the weaker vessel Wayte. Retaining enough of their peculiar features to give a Southwark audience supreme delight, he led the precious pair gently by the nose to a permanent place on the great stage of fools.

XI

The foregoing discoveries, and the conclusions to which they lead, at once raise the question: When did Shakespeare write the *Merry Wives?* Recent scholarship has offered conjectural dates ranging from 1598 to 1601. The new light now at hand should help us to a delimitation more precise.

If Shakespeare, as we have seen, introduced unmistakable hits at William Gardiner into his plays, *Henry IV, Part Two,* and the *Merry Wives,* he did it during the justice's lifetime. The cream of the jest would pass with the disappearance of the butt. Justice Gardiner died on November 26, 1597. This date, therefore, gives us our later limit for the composition of the *Merry Wives.* For the earlier, we can hardly place it before Shakespeare's removal to Southwark and the quarrel of Gardiner and Wayte with Shakespeare and Langley, in October and November, 1596. In the year which lies between these two Novembers, then, Shakespeare wrote his two plays introducing Justice Shallow.

In the case of the *Merry Wives* it will be seen from what follows that we may be able to fix limits more narrow still. According to a plausible and well-accepted tradition, Shakespeare wrote the *Merry Wives* in obedience to what amounted to a royal command. Queen Elizabeth, it is said, was so pleased with the fat knight in the two parts of *Henry IV* that she desired a sequel, to show Falstaff in love. We are further told that the piece was written in a hurry — fourteen days only being allowed for its composition. Whether or not we can believe that the fluent Shakespeare actually finished this jolly farce in a fortnight's time, it is certain that the play bears the earmarks of hasty writing.

For what occasion in 1596–1597, we may now ask, was the *Merry Wives* ordered to be prepared in such post-haste? Let us look to the play for a suggestion. Although Shallow is a Gloucestershire justice and Falstaff a denizen of London, we see them both brought by the author to Windsor. Now Windsor was of course the headquarters of the Order of the Garter and the scene of the brilliant ceremonies of installing the new Knights of the Garter; Master Doctor Caius is represented as hastening to *la grande affaire* at Court; and in the last scene of the play a graceful and appropriate compliment is paid to Queen Elizabeth in her quality as Sovereign of the Order. These indications lead us to suspect, with Sir Edmund Chambers and other scholars, that the play was written for some Feast of the Order of the Garter. The natural question, for which particular Feast, has, however, received no satisfactory answer; and I think I can now point to the very occasion which satisfies all the conditions.

XII

The Garter Feast celebrated at the palace of Westminster on St. George's Day, April 23, 1597, was of exceptional splendor and solemnity. Four years had elapsed since the last election of Knights to the Order; and St. George's Day, 1597, witnessed the creation of five new Knights: Frederick, Duke of Württemberg; Thomas Lord Howard de Walden; George Carey, Lord Hunsdon; Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy; and Sir Henry Lee.

A well-known and amusing story lies behind the election of Frederick, Duke of Württemberg. Five years earlier, as Count of Mömpelgart, and just before he succeeded to the dukedom, Frederick had come on a visit to England. Elizabeth, who had her political reasons for securing his future support in the German States, made him welcome. He failed, however, to gain the general good will, and there was an unmistakable disposition to laugh at him. During his stay he nevertheless conceived a great desire to be made a Knight of the Garter, and before leaving England he extracted from Elizabeth an assurance that he might expect the honor.

From Stuttgart he wrote at intervals, reminding the Queen of her promise. With characteristic subtlety, in her replies to 'Our Cousin Mumpellgart,' Elizabeth kept him hoping for several years, and thus cheaply retained his devotion to her interests. By 1597, however, she thought it best to humor his wish, and therefore had him elected to the Order *in absentia;* but she did not inform him of the fact until later, and put off the expense of sending him the insignia to an indefinite future. Elizabeth's methods were well understood by her Court. The German duke was to be used, and not taken too seriously. His election was a necessary nuisance.

'Our Cousin Mumpellgart's' unpopular and somewhat comic character would make a small hit at the absent duke's expense relished at the Garter Feast in 1597. The *Merry Wives* contains such a sly reference, detected by Charles Knight in 1840. As part of the plan of Evans and Caius to be revenged on mine Host of the Garter for the scurvy trick he has played them, they encourage some rogues to pose as followers of an imaginary German duke, and so make off with three of mine Host's horses. And further to point up the amusing absence of Frederick from the pomp of the Garter election for which he had labored and longed, Doctor Caius puts his head in at mine Host's door with the brisk announcement: —

> . . . it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jarmany: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de court is know to come: I tell you for good vill: adieu.

The Duke of Württemberg being thus cheerfully allowed to be absent, the four Englishmen remained to be invested with their golden Garters and 'massy gold' collars, or Georges, by their Sovereign's own hands.

As we have seen, the election of Lord Hunsdon and the rest took place at the Court at Westminster on St. George's Day, April 23, the Feast of the Garter. The final ceremony of installing the four new Knights at Windsor was set for a month later, May 24. Following her general custom, Elizabeth did not attend this latter ceremony, but appointed the Lord Admiral to act for her. I discover that in the month which intervened Lord Hunsdon's preparations for a brilliant following in the great riding to Windsor were carried forward with the most lavish expenditure, outdoing his fellow Knights in a competition of extravagance. On May 14, Rowland Whyte wrote to Sir Robert Sidney: —

> Upon Monday come sennight the four new Knights are to be installed. It was agreed upon between themselves that they would have but fifty men apiece; but now I hear that my Lord Chamberlain [Lord Hunsdon] will have three hundred, and Sir Henry Lee two hundred. The other two hold their first purpose, but they shall all be gentlemen.

No one seems to have recognized the illuminating fact that Shakespeare and his fellows, as the Lord Chamberlain's servants, were a part of the gallant cavalcade of three hundred that escorted Lord Hunsdon from the Court — which had by this time moved to Greenwich — down to Windsor.

If his play of the *Merry Wives* was written to be acted before the Queen, as tradition has it, the question now puts itself: Did Lord Hunsdon order it to be acted on April 23 before the Queen at Westminster, on the occasion of the Garter election and Feast, or at Greenwich just before his cavalcade set off on Monday, May 23, for the installation at Windsor?

The earlier date seems far more probable. Hunsdon must have known well before April 23 that his election was assured, and, being master of the company which played most frequently before Elizabeth, could pass on to his servant Shakespeare the Queen's wishes for a play to make them merry after the Feast. The reasonable conclusion to which these pieces of evidence point is therefore that Lord Hunsdon's servants presented the hastily prepared *Merry Wives* before the Queen at Westminster at the Feast of the Garter on April 23, 1597.[2]

XIII

As a result of the investigations detailed in these pages, a number of interesting additions have been made to the sum of our knowledge of Shakespeare's life, of the dates of his works, and of his dramatic methods.

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[2] I find it difficult to understand why someone before this (even without the help of the discovery concerning Justice Gardiner, which points to 1597) has not seen the Feast of the Garter on April 23, 1597, as the obvious occasion for the production of the *Merry Wives*. All the facts have long been either known or readily accessible: that the play was evidently written for a Garter celebration; that Frederick, the 'duke de Jarmany,' was elected to the Order in 1597; that his absence and unpopularity would make this election a juncture most apt for the satirical hits in the play; and that Lord Hunsdon, the master of Shakespeare's company, was also elected on the same occasion. Yet in the presence of all this consenting evidence for the Garter Feast of 1597, the keenest and ablest commentators have variously suggested such dates as 1598, 1599, 1600, and 1601. As guides for dating the *Merry Wives*, æsthetic criticism, verbal echoes, bibliographical refinements, and the absence of the play from Francis Meres's list in 1598 have all proved, it seems to me, inadequate or misleading. — AUTHOR

We learn, first, that by the end of October or the beginning of November, 1596, he had moved across the Thames to Southwark. And finding him in close association with Francis Langley, the owner of the Swan in Paris Garden, we conclude that his company was acting in Langley's playhouse. We see the actor, Shakespeare, and his associate, the theatre owner, seriously annoyed by the notoriously corrupt local justice, William Gardiner, and that unconsidered trifle, his stepson Wayte — so seriously annoyed that Wayte swears that the gentle Shakespeare put him in terror of his life.

Next, we recognize this pair of vexatious interlopers by a series of unmistakable hits in *Henry IV*, *Part Two*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. This disclosure gives the *coup de grâce* to the moribund notion that Shakespeare, in drawing the figure of Justice Shallow, was thinking of his worthy neighbor in Warwickshire, Sir Thomas Lucy.

By combining our discoveries with the annals of Queen Elizabeth's Court and with the internal evidence of the comedy itself, we have been enabled to fix the date of production of the *Merry Wives* on April 23, 1597 — a date earlier than recent scholarship has suspected. And since it is generally agreed that *Henry IV*, *Part Two*, preceded the *Merry Wives*, the two parts of *Henry IV* must now be pushed back into the season of 1596–1597. Except for the touching account of Falstaff's death in *Henry V*, it is now clear that Shakespeare had completed his portraiture of the fat knight by the spring of the year 1597.

More important, however, than the fresh light on the external life of Shakespeare, more significant than the alteration in the dates of his plays, is the ocular demonstration now given us of his dramatic use of some of the life he knew: unique evidence of his use of persons, to quote Ben Jonson,

> . . . such as Comedy would choose
> When she would show an image of the times.

When we consider the true history of Justice Gardiner, and the local world's opinion of him, the figure of Justice Shallow appears as a new triumph of the dramatist. Shakespeare is here revealed for the first time as a master of personal satire, taking with devastating humor a satisfactory revenge for himself, his associates of the theatre, and Gardiner's victims in Southwark. A few months after the production of the *Merry Wives*, exit Gardiner from the Elizabethan scene into a well-merited oblivion, carrying with him the bitter sting of the contemporary caricature.

As children see nothing more in *Gulliver* than the fascinating story, so the playgoing world to-day sees in the Justice Shallow scenes no more than inoffensive folly in a care-free atmosphere of perennial comedy. Shakespeare's magic has transmuted a sordid Southwark into a rural Gloucestershire or an ideal Windsor, set in a pleasant England where knaves are fools, and to live is to laugh them out of countenance. We can forgive Gardiner his crimes: did he not give us Justice Shallow? And as for Wayte, it was an act of sublime inspiration in him to pick a quarrel with Shakespeare; for out of it was born that most exquisite of ninnies, Abraham Slender.

TOAST TO MASTER WILL

I

GENTLES, I pledge us to a mystery:
No riddle of dead bones, hid in a grave
For any rogue that mocks at destiny
To spoil; no mummery of passion's slave
Masking in sonnets; neither cryptogram
Nor claim preferred of them bemused, that follow
The arch-enigma, — my Lord Verulam;
No empty secrets; no pretensions hollow.
I pledge the eternal stranger, him we call,
So fond and so familiar, Master Will;
That Essence unexplained and prodigal,
Poured out unstinted, yet withholden still;
Revealed but never known: The Poet's Sprite!
I pledge Imagination — at the height!

II

A mystery! And to himself no less,
Who is aware of a creating spirit
That moves within upon high busynesse;
That calls him, calls him, calls him, till he hear it;
That mocks at him, and drives him hither-and-yon;
Confounds his appetite, and murders sleep:
A Puck, that comes, and hovers, and is gone;
A Prospero, that leans with him to peep
Within the fiery crucible and see
Romeo, Hamlet, Rosalind, Falstaff, Lear,
Come bubbling up, — a golden alchemy!
Drink to the dæmon, Gentles, give good cheer!
Up, to your feet, and drink: The Poet's Sprite!
I pledge Imagination — at the height!

FLORENCE CONVERSE

EARLY HOLIDAY

BY GERTRUDE CARVER

I

After a meeting in Berlin of an International Medical Conference at which Dr. X had given a paper, one of our great neurologists congratulated him and said that although he was going to London for a month he hoped to see the doctor on his return. Dr. X explained that he would not be in Berlin at that time. 'Oh,' said the neurologist, 'you're taking an early holiday?'

'Yes,' quietly answered the German surgeon, 'I am taking an early holiday. I have cancer and can be sure of only another ten days.' When the neurologist returned to Berlin at the end of the month, Dr. X had been dead two weeks and six days.

As a probable sharer in Dr. X's early holiday, death has recently become to me as personal a reality as life, and the unescapable recognition of the nature of death to a human being still closely allied to life has brought an experience so immediate and so deeply compensating that I am impelled to record it.

Happily or unhappily, when the time comes for most of us to face death the harshness of its impact has been mitigated by drugs, delirium, or by the various and, for the most part, distorting inroads of illness itself. Consequently we are denied full awareness of the experience through which we are passing.

For me this is apparently not to be true. A year ago I was living what is called a normal life, my present fulfilled, my future an accepted certainty toward which my crowded days confidently directed themselves. To-day I am invalided out by one of the few diseases which are still described by that almost obsolete adjective, 'incurable.' The fact that it is a form of paralysis that will in all likelihood leave my mind unimpaired, but may at any time affect my heart, or may, by a more fragmentary mortality, deprive me of vision, voice, hearing, or any of those other exquisitely mechanized functions which we accept as commonplace, endows my present existence with an almost intolerable value — as every thought, sight, sound, touch, and emotion becomes burdened with potential finality.

As the nature of my illness leaves me free from the necessity of isolation which danger of contagion would impose, and from the fear of having transmitted it to my children, the circumstance in which I find myself is an essentially personal one involving only those responsibilities inherent in my individual reaction to life and to death. I am neither psychologist, scientist, nor philosopher enough to discover the factors that have evolved the self which seeks as its great necessity a swift and complete adaptation to the kaleidoscopic shifting of the external pattern, and which finds adequate and esoteric reward in facing uncompromisingly that pattern, no matter how unacceptable its presentation may be. Nevertheless, the primary reaction to the intrusion of death into a design that had heretofore included only the vibrant and familiar colors of life was an almost violent effort to adapt the inner identity, which was I, to the momentarily alien situation. As I hurriedly projected into the future what small protection and wisdom of planning were possible for my two children, as I rather frantically attempted to minimize for them the inevitable distress of the sheer business of dying, I was reminded of the theatre programme notes which warn us not to run but to walk to the nearest exit.

II

It may have been this incongruous orderliness that postponed the actual impact of the knowledge that I was fatally ill. When, after deciding such important questions as the choice of boarding schools for my children, and whether cremation adds to or subtracts from the painfulness of actual bodily death to young minds, I was faced with the more personal effect of my own death upon myself, the question had already retreated into the realm of the abstract. I was either spared or deprived of the conflict occasioned by the practical and individual acceptance of the universal experience.

If the familiar became a phantom thrusting itself at me with a force that made me feel again and again like the old woman in Mother Goose who cried, 'Oh mercy, mercy, do this be I?' it was only for a while. If occasionally I was threatened with the obvious danger of seeing myself as one set apart under a peculiarly imminent doom, it was not long possible to claim so egocentric a rôle. The self-pity that prompted me to sadness as I looked at a dawn, a sunset, or my children's faces — perhaps for the last time — soon spent itself and I remembered to recognize my special privilege of so consciously sharing the command that every living creature shall be dependent on a mortal body for a mortal life.

It was revealing, however, to discover how utterly I had committed myself to the civilized convention that disciplines us to ignore death in loyalty to life; how furtively in health I had, in common with my race, dealt with the whole question of dying.

For generations most of us have been sheltered by the comforting orthodoxy of immortality, and our refusal to accept the reality of death has become a precept of our religious teaching. In proportion to our emphasis on the spiritual, our reluctance to consider the fact of death in any other light than that of an illusion has increased. For some of us to-day such orthodoxy remains a possibility. For many of us, committed to a more stark creed, immortality no longer finds a place in our consideration of probabilities. It is not that we arbitrarily presume to claim that there is no survival after death; rather, the question of that survival becomes immaterial to the practical philosophy we are struggling to evolve. It is a problem toward whose solution we are disinclined to direct our effort — a problem, consequently, which holds for many of us a purely academic, artificial, and atavistic interest. Our attitude of almost irreverent *laissez faire* may also be an unconscious result of a habit of efficiency which hesitates to take energy from immediate living to apply toward a question whose answer is immutable and independent of our control.

Personally, I have had little curiosity as to whether a mystic and intangible part of my self will survive. Even when death is most imminent, I know no groping cry toward survival. Bewildered, as all my life I have been, at my own and other people's inadequacy in approximating a realization of the richness of this life, I am doubly bewildered at the suggestion of an eternal experience not unlike it.

III

Even those of us who deny ourselves faith in immortality continue, however, to evade the reality of death by veiling it in that greatest of all evasions — mystery. If I dispense with immortality, it is the sheerest nonsense to call death a mystery, for if I accept mortality and its full implications, I accept the process of death as I know it. I accept provable, finite destruction; the outbreathing of the last breath; the permanent interruption of the rhythm of the body; the ephemeral moment during which light illumines the face — the moment for the taking of death masks. I accept the subsequent swift and almost imperceptible invasion of unreality that substitutes for identity and sex the unique humility of dramatic alteration into 'it — the body.' I accept the fact that even the most translucent flesh rots from the bones, leaving them triumphantly clean, architecturally and persistently beautiful. I accept the fact that the cells, which an hour before housed thought, have betrayed it. I accept the fact that the body, the thought, the spirit, whose coördination was a self, are soon to be no more.

In this literal acceptance of death I now find the only authentic preface to living — in my case a preface whose tardiness I regret with such conviction that I would introduce its understanding into the curriculum of kindergartens, and consider a child unprepared for life until the simplicity of death had been well learned. So much that needlessly complicates life would then not have to be learned. A plan would be laid for heroic living in which there would be no need for courage.

Recognizing that we are born pregnant with death, we should be released from our pitiful stubborn attempts at aborting the uncheatable conception. We should know that no man dies as reluctantly as he is born; that life is the shadow of death as surely as death is the shadow of life; that the two shadows and the two realities merge and become inseparable components of experience; that to deny one is to deny the other, to accept one is to accept the full implication and inherent reality of the other; that their mutuality is greater than their difference; that there are as many gradations of dying as of living, but that in their respective crescendos they inevitably meet.

IV

With the knowledge that my familiar flesh would so soon experience destruction, I became blindingly conscious of its minute and untiringly effective functioning. The sheer physiology of a rhythm that year after year had closed and unclosed, raised and lowered eyes that would soon stare unblinking and unseeing excited me beyond any miracle. The simple sequence of thought and impulse involved in an inarticulated desire, whether it be to rise from a chair and walk across the room or to express romance in a bodily symbol, seemed to me intolerably glorious.

I knew suddenly that it was right that upon myself I should place an incalculable value, that it was right that every human being should know an intimate pride. I saw for the first time that I stood on feet exquisitely adapted to curve over the larger arch of earth. I knew that if all the earth were cut close around those feet and lifted away, or magically dissolved, and if the sky were taken away, if everything, everything except myself were taken away, a fragment of everything would be left — as long as I remained. The sky, the sunset, the meadow, the clover, even the scent of the clover, the bark of a distant dog, the silver birch tree that once I saw standing alone in a furrowed field, every voice I had ever heard, every face I had ever seen, every manifestation of life that I had ever witnessed or experienced, all would survive while I survived; and this privilege of being the living focus of all life I knew to be true of every creature that thinks and sees and hears and feels and remembers.

But let me be removed, as I shall soon be removed, and with me I take out of this universe a distillation of its very essence, a breath of its air, a scent of every garden through which I have walked, a clod of the earth I now tread, something of every human being I have known or loved or brushed by in the crowded streets.

For when a human being dies, all things living die a little.

V

I should have expected to share in the face of death the panorama of life that proverbially presents itself to a drowning man, but the scroll of the years refused to unfurl. Their hidden record betrayed them, however, by burdening present moments with an anonymous significance. Repeatedly I was made aware that every impression, every contact, had incorporated itself into myself by a law of mysterious but complete assimilation, until my previous selves with their contemporary experience had endowed my present self with dimension. They were myself, but so unified, so drawn into the present, that there could be no separation of episode. Time, necessary as an impulse and chart to memory, did not exist. Therefore, not only was my future, by the imminence of death, removed, but in a strangely satisfying way my past no longer existed, except in the expanded vitality of the present. For instance, the scent of sumac, reviving subtly my early childhood spent in Kentucky where it grew profligately, instead of revealing a remembered childhood, aroused with its pungency an awareness of my present enriched maturity, and only by a mental feat could I summon up even the slightest affinity between the whiff of reddened shrubbery and the emotional depths it set free.

With the future denied and with the past automatically denying itself, it was as though the moment, transient and ephemeral in the laws of time, challenged those very laws and, reaching out across boundaries dissolved by the removal of past and future, became reality, infinite and precious. A concentrated urgency impelled each second into æons that frustrated time.

In a present so powerfully weighted, where was there room for even a thin thread of concern about immortality?

VI

A more immediate question, however, — not unassociated, by reason of my austerely religious background and inheritance, with that of immortality, — presented itself. I suppose that most of us struggle, either consciously or unconsciously, to recapture the original entity that has suffered an artificial separation into three alien elements, mind, spirit, and body — an unnatural cataloguing which is one of the few real perversions of civilization and religion. Although in health my most determined effort had been toward reintegrating myself, in illness I became aware of the temptation to retain a spirit and mind freed and secure from the body toward which for years I had directed their reluctant alliance.

Should I, who had accepted the lavish offerings that the body had yielded to me in its health, now in its extremity ignore as far as possible its existence? Should I, who had received vision, fragrance, music, voices, a sequence of external and emotional beauty, manifestations possible only through the medium of this subtle sensitive body, now churlishly refuse it coördination? Should I, who had, through the response of that body to life, borne life itself, now deny its pain, its weariness, its imminent dissolution?

Rather I chose deliberately to hurl into the doomed flesh the strength of thought, the leaven of soul, 'the expense of spirit.' As though by a gallant effort to continue its habit of generosity to me, the body in its illness instinctively associated itself so inalienably with all transient phenomena that the chasm of the Great Aloneness was miraculously bridged. In my greatest necessity it was the flesh that made me know myself to be bound closely in fate and in transient glory with trees, with gardens, with birds, with beasts, with humanity itself; it was the flesh that initiated my spirit into so deep an intimacy with life that it could look unabashed upon Yorick's skull, knowing it to be beautiful with the universal and shared inevitability of death.

In the last analysis the flesh, granted an emphasis long denied, welded my disintegrated heritage into a self that is tardily willing and able to accept all experience as gain and can acknowledge no essential loss. It was through the flesh that I relearned that the reward of each experience is inherent in the impact of the experience itself; and if it is the flesh that teaches me of pain and of death, it was the flesh, too, that taught me of happiness and of life.

And the spirit? And the mind? We do not yet know what they are or where they live. But it is not unlikely that for their dwelling place they choose the body which lives — and dies.

BOOKS OF ONE'S OWN

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

QUITE recently an Englishman, Holbrook Jackson, published a book called *The Anatomy of Bibliomania.* One large volume appeared six months ago, and another and final volume is promised this autumn. Of all the books in praise of books ever written, this is the most exhaustive and best. Consider that wise men for several thousand years have been hymning, in many languages, the praise of books; Mr. Jackson has collected these references, not by the hundred merely, but by the thousand, and for the most part every quotation has been traced and keyed. He quotes Homer, Plutarch, Vergil, Cicero, Rabelais, Blake, Milton, and Morley (Kit), even A. E. N. What a range! It is an amazing compilation. One wonders if Jackson be a man or a whole regiment of men. It would seem that no one man's reading could have been so extensive. The quotations are embedded in a series of essays written in the quaint style of old Burton, him of *The Anatomy of Melancholy* — 'the only book,' Dr. Johnson told Boswell, 'that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise.' One does not get such a book out of a library; one must own it, if one has to steal it. 'Passion decays; avarice is a vice which remains to the end of life,' says Byron. It may be so — I do not know; it never much afflicted me. Books are my vice. They are my 'substantial world,' as they were to Wordsworth, whose own books pleased him best — which must be a great comfort to an author.

In turning the leaves of Mr. Jackson's fascinating book, an experience of a few months before recurred to me. I had received a letter from a man I esteem highly, Professor Spiller of the Department of English at Swarthmore College (he is known for his work upon James Fenimore Cooper, once neglected, but now coming into his own), asking if he could bring ten or a dozen students, boys and girls, 'to see my books.'

Now if a man were lucky enough to have a collection of paintings or of prints, or indeed of anything that would display itself, it would be easy enough to say, 'Yes, certainly, come when you like,' and, on the arrival of one's guests, turn them loose in one's gallery. But with books, which must be shown and explained, it is a very different matter.

This is what I mean. There is a little volume of *Poems by Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell* (actually the three Brontë sisters); a copy with the Aylott and Jones imprint may be worth five or six hundred pounds, while the same book with a Smith, Elder imprint is no great bargain at ten. A 'collector' of English poetry hardly needs to be told the sad history of this slender volume: how one day Charlotte Brontë found a blank book filled with verses in the handwriting of Emily, and how after much discussion and some correspondence the three sisters — for they all wrote poetry — decided upon the publication of a small volume which should contain verses by all of them. But no publisher cared for the venture, until finally Messrs. Aylott and Jones, of London, agreed to publish upon the payment to them of thirty-odd pounds. The girls agreed, but stipulated for clear type, not too small, and good paper. After some delay the volume appeared, and after a year the publishers reported the sale of just *two* copies. The disappointment of the sisters may be imagined, but they took the blow philosophically and, giving away a few copies to friends, decided to send the remaining sheets to the trunk makers; but finally they received a better offer from Smith, Elder and Company, and the sheets were transferred to them, and in due course to the public. Hence it is that a copy of the book with the Aylott and Jones imprint is excessively rare, it being either one of the two copies sold or a copy given by one of the sisters to a friend.

Such an explanation as this, more or less, has to be made about pretty much every book one shows to a young student if he is to carry away with him any proper idea of what a collection of first editions really means. One can make such an explanation once, or even ten times, with a certain amount of enthusiasm; after that it becomes a task.

Then I thought of the rage I once fell into when I found a man rubbing his hand over a fine copy of Blake's *Songs of Innocence* and assuring another that *it must be lithographed because it was colored.* Thinking of this, I was about to make some excuse, when I remembered how a wise friend of mine deals with such a situation. My friend has a fine collection of modern poetry: Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, and the rest, all in excellent condition. Well, when strangers descend upon him to see his books, he does not show them, but he does something which pleases his visitors quite as well. Taking a small key from his pocket and pointing to a case over in a corner, he says something like this: 'You know poetry is my strong point. Very well, here is the key to that bookcase yonder; be very careful, but enjoy my books to your heart's content.'

Then when he sees a book tumble to the floor, or someone set a teacup on a book instead of in a saucer, he never turns a hair, for all the books in that case have been picked up at odd times and places for from twenty-five to fifty cents a volume and invariably lack the 'points' which would make them valuable; they might, indeed, be called lightning rods designed to protect first editions from destruction. By this little chicane, all parties are pleased: Mr. Blank has 'shown his books,' and Miss Splash and Miss Dash have seen them.

Then I had another thought, or rather a recollection — a better one. Some years before, that same Professor Spiller had brought a company of young men and maidens from Swarthmore, and I remembered being struck with their keenness and intelligence, and how one of them, a mere slip of a girl, had stood me up and put me through an oral examination on Boswell's *Life of Johnson* from which it was difficult for me to escape with credit.

The remembrance of that group changed my attitude, and I wrote Spiller that I would take on ten or a dozen on any afternoon that would be convenient to all parties.

And in due course Professor Spiller and his students arrived; some entered my library shyly, some inquiringly, most with the idea of seeing a first edition of some particular book which they had been studying or which for some reason especially interested them. And here let me digress long enough to say that if I were a teacher of English literature I should try to instill into pupils the idea that literature is a reflex of life and endeavor, to make it as interesting as life itself. It is a terrible thing to let a student get the idea into his head that some great world-rocking book is 'required' reading. And if I were asked how this was to be done, I should say, 'Treat every great book as though it were a great man.' In the words of Walt Whitman, —

> Camerado! this is no book,
> Who touches this touches a man.

But, however much of a man a book may be to-day, it was once almost certainly a child; its birth occasioned its parent an amount of anguish which the mother who bore you never knew. The great books one reads today almost certainly have had a struggle for existence; for every book that survives, a thousand — ten thousand — fall. It is worth while, then, to examine the survivor carefully and to discover why it has withstood the changes and chances of this wicked world.

II

But to return to my visitors. There was, I fancy, a certain amount of shyness, at first, on the part of all of us; then someone asked a question, and before it was fully answered another was asked, and almost before we knew it the ice was broken, and we all began to have a good time. I never met a more intelligent lot of boys and girls; one lad instantly challenged my attention by asking if I had a first *Lyrical Ballads.*

To ask such a question is to start something, for this is perhaps the most significant, interesting, and tricky volume of poetry in our literary history, and almost before I knew it I was engaged in telling my interrogator the story of the first issue of this book, which is indeed not unlike that of the Brontë sisters' *Poems,* except that in due course it was seen that *Lyrical Ballads* marked a turning point in English poetry. And I went on to say that when the first issue was brought out by Biggs and Cottle at Bristol, in 1798, its sale was but little larger than the first issue of the Brontë *Poems,* and that the book, for the copyright of which Cottle had paid Wordsworth thirty guineas, was also in peril of the trunk maker, when he decided to ship it, in 'quires,' up to London, where it appeared under the patronage of J. and J. Arch, and very gradually made its way. All this took place in 1798. The first poem in the little volume was the *Rime of the Ancyent Marinere,* no mention being made of the fact that it was by Coleridge.

Two years later another *Lyrical Ballads,* in *two* volumes, with Wordsworth's name on the title-page, appeared, with a long and elaborate preface in which the author developed his idea of what poetry is and should be. A quick sale is usually synonymous with an early death; a slow, halting sale, like a flickering flame never quite going out but always looking as though it would, may presage a conflagration. But the *Lyrical Ballads* in two volumes we now know contains some of the finest poetry ever written.

At length comes the bibliophile, the collector, and says to himself, or out loud, 'I must have a *Lyrical Ballads* with the Bristol imprint,' and there you are. How many are there? I don't know. Mr. T. J. Wise, of London, whose word is law, tells me he knows of six.

I once, many years ago, had a copy offered me for seven hundred and fifty dollars, but I could n't see it. Harry Widener did, however, and it is now in the Widener Memorial Library at Harvard. Swinburne calls it the Black Tulip of English Literature. What is a copy worth to-day? Who shall say? Five or ten thousand dollars, perhaps; they are unobtainable. A copy with the London imprint is worth five hundred dollars at present and is pointed to ten times the figure. My copy, bound, but uncut, with the errata and the two pages of advertisements, was once dear at five pounds.

All this may be dull going to the reader, but to a student who is reading seriously it is a great delight to hold in his hands the cluster of little volumes which once made such a stir in the world before the theories which they expounded had gained acceptance. While I was endeavoring to make this, or something like this, clear, I could see a girl who was eagerly awaiting a pause to break in with a question: had I a copy of Blake's *Poetical Sketches*, and was it not published earlier, and did he not anticipate Wordsworth in his breaking with the school of Pope?

'Yes, to all your questions,' was the reply. 'Here is the *Poetical Sketches*, 1783. But Blake was a shooting star whose light went out. Wordsworth founded a school: his influence continues right down to the present. Matthew Arnold, who is only now taking his proper place as a poet, was especially influenced by him. . . . Yes, I think Arnold's sonnet to Shakespeare very fine: I don't know that it shows the influence of Wordsworth especially, but it is magnificent. . . .

'Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge . . . .

'It is almost an impertinence to praise Shakespeare. . . . Yes, I have visited Nether Stowey, and a more sordid, miserable town I have seldom seen. . . . Coleridge does not interest me much: I was early set against him by an essay in Augustine Birrell's *Obiter Dicta*. Let me read you a bit out of the volume I bought in 1885 and have read many times since: —

'Speaking of his [Lamb's] sister Mary, who, as everyone knows, throughout "Elia" is called his Cousin Bridget, he says: "It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener, perhaps, than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine freethinkers, leaders and disciples of novel philosophies and systems, but she neither wrangles with nor accepts their opinions." Nor did her brother. He lived his life cracking his little jokes and reading his great folios, neither wrangling with nor accepting the opinions of the friends he loved to see around him. To a contemporary stranger it might well have appeared as if his life were a frivolous and useless one as compared with those of these philosophers and thinkers. *They* discussed their great schemes and affected to probe deep mysteries, and were constantly asking, "What is Truth?" *He* sipped his glass, shuffled his cards, and was content with the humbler inquiry, "What are Trumps?" But to us, looking back upon that little group, and knowing what we now do about each member of it, no such mistake is possible. To us it is plain beyond all question that, judged by whatever standard of excellence it is possible for any reasonable human being to take, Lamb stands head and shoulders a better man than any of them. No need to stop to compare him with Godwin, or Hazlitt, or Lloyd; let us boldly put him in the scales with one whose fame is in all the churches — with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "logician, metaphysician, bard."

'There are some men whom to abuse is pleasant. Coleridge is not one of them. How gladly we would love the author of

"Christabel" if we could! But the thing is flatly impossible. His was an unlovely character. . . . In early manhood Coleridge planned a Pantisocracy where all the virtues were to thrive. Lamb did something far more difficult: he played cribbage every night with his imbecile father, whose constant stream of querulous talk and fault-finding might well have goaded a far stronger man into practising and justifying neglect. . . . Coleridge married. Lamb, at the bidding of duty, remained single, wedding himself to the sad fortune of his father and sister. Shall we pity him? No; he had his reward — the surpassing reward that is only within the power of literature to bestow. It was Lamb, and not Coleridge, who wrote "Dream Children: A Reverie."'

III

That was a long quotation, but it served to introduce one of my most valued possessions: the original manuscript of 'Dream Children.' It was written on India House paper, when Charles Lamb should have been busying himself with the price of ivory and indigo and such matters. If one holds the manuscript of 'Dream Children' against the light, it is seen that Lamb originally called it 'My Children,' and then, recognizing that a bachelor should not have children, he erased this title and with his unerring taste called his essay 'Dream Children.' I think the last paragraph of 'Dream Children' ties with Sterne's recording-angel paragraph in *Tristram Shandy* as the finest bit of prose in the language, and I feel sure that Professor Winchester, that admirable critic, would have agreed with me. '*Tristram Shandy?* Yes, and a great book it is: first edition, in nine volumes in red levant, there.'

Then I went on to say that I little thought, forty-five years ago, that one day I should call Augustine Birrell a personal friend. Yes, I know him very well; he is a crusty old bookman, but I hope some day to be a crusty old bookman myself. I wish I might hope to be in Birrell's class. His advice about books is always good: '*If one reads for any better purpose than to waste time, the great thing is to keep pegging away at masterpieces in cheap editions.*' I had a letter from him only a few days ago, in which, speaking of Dickens, he said, 'My love for him burns as brightly as ever.'

Bless his heart, Birrell is now in his eighty-second year and is a good deal of a prisoner in his home in Chelsea and seldom leaves his house. He is a fellow trustee of the Johnson House in Gough Square, and used to be one of the best after-dinner speakers in London, full of grit, wisdom, and wit, with the grit first.

'My Johnsons are over there under the portrait, quite a row of 'em. . . . No, I do not pretend to understand Blake's *Prophetic Books* and I mistrust the man who says he does. . . . *Moby Dick?* Now you are talking. That is our one great contribution to literature. I have the English edition in three volumes, which was published in London in 1851, and the New York edition in one, published the same year. It is said that the three-volume edition is shorter than the one-volume edition. It would be interesting to compare the differences between the two texts and discover what, if anything, is omitted. But *Moby Dick*, any edition, English or American, is not one book, but two: there is the book which you may read at a glance and a book written between the lines, as it were, a book as psychical and as mystical as if it had been written by Swedenborg, whose disciple, in a sense, its author surely was. Melville was a genius and, like most great geniuses, was neglected in his lifetime. He was only a little more than thirty years of age when he wrote the book by which he will always be remembered. With its publication, he practically ceased to exist, for, while he lived in New York until 1891, he did nothing important — his candle went out, but not until he had illuminated with it the paths of countless other men. Everyone who has written of the sea since Herman Melville's time is indebted to him. . . . My *Pickwick Papers?* I have two *Pickwicks*, also: one too good to show and one just good enough. . . . *Paradise Lost?* Yes, in the vault in the other room, and a *Comus*, too. . . . No, I have no Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress;* it's an eight-thousand-pound book. Yes, Dr. Rosenbach has one, and my friend Sir Leicester Harmsworth has two. My ambition has been to get a copy of the first issue of every great, superlatively great book in English literature. No, I have not achieved it — who does? And my progress is now very slow. Understand rightly the terms which we are using. Gray's *Elegy* is a great poem, but not very rare. Congreve's *Incognita* is excessively rare, but not very great. *The Pilgrim's Progress* is not only very great, but it is excessively rare. . . . My favorite novelist? Dickens, in spots, but for steady reading, Trollope. My favorite novel? Well, that depends on the weather.'

And so it went on for several hours, first one question, then another, light and heavy, like the dissimilar objects which the great Cinquevalli used to keep tossing into the air and catching again just as they were about to fall on the floor. 'You don't remember him. How should you? He's been dead for years. He was the idol of the London music halls, and his great stunt was to keep three objects in the air at the same time, tossing them from hand to hand: a cannon ball, an egg, and a lighted lamp. At the end of his turn, the egg fell into the lamp and put it out, and the cannon ball fell to the floor with a thud. He was a great artist, and a gentleman — an Austrian.'

Then I went over to where Spiller was regarding my mental acrobatics with some amusement, and said: 'You can afford to smile! You are highly paid (hear! hear!) for answering such questions; I'm doing it for fun. How on earth did you arouse in these young people such an interest in books?'

And then he let me into the secret: now comes the pith of this paper.

It appears that several years ago a gentleman, now dead, conceived the idea of giving to Swarthmore College a small sum of money each year to be awarded as a prize to the student, man or woman, who during his or her term at college formed the best collection of books. It was not, originally, thought to be a matter of much importance, and the rules laid down for the selection of the winner were not too rigid. Someone in authority appointed a committee of three to make an award of fifty dollars to the student, either junior or senior, who during his college term had built up the best personal library.

At the death of the originator of the award, it was found that no provision had been made for carrying on the idea and it was feared that the present year would be the last in which the prize would be awarded. Immediately it struck me that here was a way in which I might do much good with little money, as Benjamin Franklin sometimes did with a scheme of his invention. He once wrote a friend: 'I have invented a scheme by which much good may be done with little. When a man seeks to borrow money from me, as many do, I lend it if I can. With the money I send a note in which I say, "I do not pretend to give you this sum. I only *lend* it to you. I hope that in time you will be enabled to pay your debts. In that case, when you meet with another honest man in similar distress, *you must pay me by lending this sum to him;* enjoining him to discharge the debt by a like operation, when he shall be able to pay and shall meet with such another opportunity. I hope the money may thus go through many hands before it meets with a knave that will stop its progress." This is a trick of mine for doing a deal of good with a little money. I am not rich enough to afford *much* in good works, and so am obliged to be cunning and to make the most of a little.' One can hardly improve upon any scheme of Franklin's, but this Swarthmore idea, as I called it, appealed to me as I talked it over with Spiller; so I then and there offered to carry on the plan, taking care that the scheme should not lapse at my death. President Aydelotte was made acquainted with my offer and graciously accepted it.

The idea of making the award permanent seemed to make it advisable to formulate a set of rules. With these I wished to have nothing to do, for I am, personally, an unruly fellow; it seemed, however, necessary to consider some standards to which those entering the competition might be referred, and the following ideas were suggested by those having the matter in charge: —

That the award should be made annually to the student who, during an agreed-upon term,

(*a*) Had formed the best, not the largest, collection of books in one or more departments in which the student was specializing, be it literature, chemistry, engineering, etc., etc.;

(*b*) Had given evidence, by the selection and care of his books, of his appreciation of the joy of ownership (it was recognized that few, if any, students can, while at college, afford the luxury of first editions, but well-edited editions printed by responsible publishers are always to be preferred to showy books made to sell rather than to be read);

(*c*) Could pass reasonably well an oral examination upon his library and knew why the edition he had selected was to be preferred to some other.

IV

It would not be worth my while, even if I were able, to attempt to make a set of rules which would be acceptable without alteration to this institution or to that. But, as Jeff says to Mutt, 'I maintain the idea is clever' and can be made of great and lasting benefit and delight to those who in the formative years of their life learn the joy of having a collection of books in a room of one's own. And there is no college so poor as not to have a man, or group of men, who will give every year fifty or a hundred dollars for the purpose indicated; and the idea can be developed indefinitely and to immense usefulness. God forbid that I should say a word against a public library, but nothing will take the place of a rack or a shelf full of books by one's own chair, close to a well-adjusted light, whether it be a lamp or a window. Everyone's shelf will contain different books, and the books which give one joy as a boy may not delight a man, but the pleasure of reading continues. If we live in a vale of tears, it behooves us to make the best of it. The habit of reading, firmly established, enables one to endure, if need be, misfortune and even disgrace. I see to-day greater anxiety written on the faces of my millionaire friends than I do on the faces of the poor men who resort day after day to our public libraries, there to solace themselves with a book. In an established love of reading there is a policy of insurance guaranteeing certain happiness till death. I would assist, as far as I can, in the issuing of such an insurance policy.

The afternoon was drawing to a close; I was tired, but my visitors were inexhaustible. I asked someone — I have forgotten who — to send me an essay he had written on the subject of the award, which subsequently I read with pleasure and with increased belief in the plan, which I regret is not original with me. I agreed to visit Swarthmore and make the next award; I did so, and had no difficulty out of sixteen entries in selecting the best. It was the 'library' of William H. Cleveland, the young fellow who had questioned me upon Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads*. If he had any first or scarce editions, I did not see them. There were no sets, but a better-selected lot of books — poetry, essays, fiction, and biography — I never saw. In many of the books a special index of ideas rather than of names had been made on the blank leaves at the end, supplemented with a few extra sheets, very much such an index as I make of my reading, except that my lists are always in a mess and are largely unintelligible, whereas his were alphabetically arranged and neatness itself.

In these days it is not necessary for a man to spend much money upon the purchase of a representative collection of books. While it is a pleasant thing to have many and fine books, it is by no means necessary, for, as Voltaire said, 'it is with books as with men — a very small number play a very great part.' The great publishing houses vie with one another in bringing out 'libraries' of books which have the merit of being clearly printed, on good paper, well bound, and of a size which may be easily held in the hand and carried in one's pocket. What could be better, and cheaper, than the volumes in the Everyman's Library of Messrs. Dent, or the World's Classics issued by the Oxford University Press, to mention only two out of the many 'libraries' which have very largely taken the place of the old 'Bohn books' which were popular when I was a lad? Carlyle suggests, somewhere, that the main use of college training is to teach one to read, 'the true university being a collection of books.' A hundred great books, or half that number, may well supply one with the intellectual stimulation, and recreation, of a lifetime. We have been told that no man is a hypocrite in his pleasures. Quite so; and a man may so train himself that his pleasure may be had from reading the best books. I know whereof I speak.

It would be a pleasant thing to compile a list of one hundred great books which nobody reads to-day. This is not to suggest that they are useless, by any means: it means simply that they have done their work, that they have been 'chewed and digested,' in Bacon's phrase, and have unconsciously become a part of us, and we, without our knowing it, have become a part of them. Lewis Hind, a few years ago, published a book in London in which he showed that by the expenditure of only twelve pounds one could buy one hundred of the world's best books. His list would not be my list, nor would my list be his, but almost any list is a good list provided it is selected honestly.

Shortly after my experience with my young college friends, I sat next to an important New York publisher at dinner and I talked to him about the Swarthmore scheme, as I called it. He was strong for it, wanted me to write a little book about it which he said he would publish, but I wanted a wider spreading of the idea. It is for that reason that I send this paper to the *Atlantic*. That a publisher would be taken by the idea is not remarkable:

the number of book buyers would be increased by the general acceptance of the scheme. Publishers have to think of sales. But I am not a publisher; I am thinking only of the pleasure with which a man in after years will point to the collection of books made when he was a student at college. 'Those books,' he may say, 'established in me the love of reading, and the love of reading has been the joy and solace of my life.'

V

And so this paper is, in a way, an advertisement, — an advertisement of an idea, — and any skillful advertising man will tell you that, provided the idea is good, it is just as easy to advertise an idea as it is to advertise a hat or a pair of shoes. And the thoughtful reader is asked to answer — to himself — whether the idea of which I have told is good or no. I repeat that it is not mine; I am — to use a modern phrase — merely selling it.

In the year 1759, Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote in one of his at present almost neglected *Idlers:* 'The trade of advertising is now so near to perfection that it is not easy to propose any improvement.' And Dr. Johnson knew something of the 'trade' of advertising, which we now, and properly, call an 'art.' His pen was ever in request for a dedication or an introduction to some book or other, without which it was supposed that its sale would be less. But of the art of the advertiser as we know it, he, of course, had no inkling. To carry on one's business 'in the same manner that my father did at the Sign of the Dial, opposite the Bolt and Tun Inn in Fleet Street,' was, in Dr. Johnson's day, to suggest that 'it is not easy to propose any improvement.' To-day, such a method would spell RUIN. I hope I have advertised a good idea neatly. In any event, Swarthmore College is committed to it, and that, in the minds of the judicious, is a guarantee of its excellence.

THE EDUCATION OF A PRINCE

BY H. E. WORTHAM

I

Though he reigned little more than nine years, King Edward VII was one of the most striking figures in the history of royalty. At a time when the tide of democracy was rising to the flood all over Europe, it was the singular good fortune of England's king that he was able to popularize the monarchy and prepare it to weather the storm which was to sweep most of the crowned heads from their thrones. He was the last of those kings who were built in the heroic mould of a Louis XIV and a Henry VIII — and the first of the new breed which we see to-day in Albert of Belgium, and to-morrow, if you like, in King Magnus of *The Apple Cart*. It is the abiding interest of King Edward's character that he stood thus successfully at the meeting place of civilizations.

The king who was to work this change delayed his appearance till nearly twenty-one months after the marriage of his parents — Princess Victoria, the first fruits of their union, having preceded him by a little less than a year. His arrival in the middle of the morning of November 9, 1841, coincided pleasantly with Lord Mayor's Day, the sole occasion in the year when the City of London allows itself the diversion of processional pageantry. Three weeks after the future king had for the first time thus associated himself with pageantry and good cheer, his mother could describe him as a wonderfully strong and large child. Already the physical characteristics of those familiar features were discernible: the large blue eyes, darker then than afterward, which, like those of Louis XIV, became so expressive a means of conveying the royal displeasure; the Coburg nose, rather Semitic than aquiline; the mouth indicating character and a measure of willfulness in the finely moulded curves. The mother's joy as she looked upon her son and heir was fortified by her hopes and prayers that he might be like 'his dearest Papa' — a wish that the prejudices of her subjects would have prevented them from sharing.

The old and worldly-wise Prime Minister shook his head when he learned that the Heir Apparent was to be called Albert Edward. Albert, Lord Melbourne sagely observed, was a good old English name with a certain degree of popularity attaching to it from ancient recollections, but Albert, even in its Anglo-Saxon form of Ethelred, had been little in use since the Conquest. His tactful hint that Edward should be the first name, though unheeded by the young parents, was adopted by the Prince when he came to the throne.

One may detect the Prime Minister's distrust of the growing German influences at Court in the remarks he added upon a subject which Englishmen approach from an angle peculiar

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to themselves. They have no great faith in the power of instruction to form character. They believe that the young should as far as possible work out their own salvation, a belief upon which are built those unique institutions the public schools and the older universities. In such vigorous democracies, amid the clash of youth upon youth, has been formed the dominant English type, a type possessing qualities of leadership that is only now beginning to pass away. 'Be not over solicitous,' Lord Melbourne wrote, under the impulse of these ideas, 'about education. It may be able to do much, but it does not do so much as is expected from it,' and he went on to point out that George IV and the Duke of York, who were educated like English boys and upon the system of English schools, were, with all their faults, 'quite Englishmen.'

Unfortunately for little Albert Edward, Prince Albert did not heed advice of which his German thoroughness made him disapprove; fortunately for the future of the monarchy, the influence of race on character proved stronger than the system to which the Prince's boyhood and youth were sacrificed, and the only thing distinctively German which remained with King Edward was his lifelong inability to pronounce the English *r*. In any case the preparation for the profession, the delightful profession, in his case, of hereditary kingship, is bound to entail a hard novitiate, and he would be a foolish candidate who, having chosen his parents and safely reached the initial stage toward his vocation, would complain that the trouble of being born was the first and not, as is sometimes vulgarly supposed, the last of those that beset him.

Yet there was much happiness in the childhood of this scion of many kings. None of them, perhaps, grew amid such domestic felicity as prompted Queen Victoria to assert, 'Not only no royal ménage is to be found equal to ours, but *no other ménage* is to be compared to ours.' If this atmosphere softened, it did not obliterate, the Prince's native temper. At his christening his governess remarked the fierce, stout features of the royal baby. When he was little more than a year old the same shrewdly observant great lady described him as 'passionate and determined enough for an autocrat,' though there shone in the intervals between these explosions 'a lovely mildness of expression and calm temper.'

II

Almost as soon as he could speak, — the first lispings were in German,— the habit of asking questions showed itself, a Socratic method that remained with him through life, later strengthened by a Socratic belief in the superiority of the spoken to the written word. He could follow his bent the better since, so far as befits a small child, he was without shyness. At the christening of his brother, Prince Alfred, his three-year-old eyes, already observant of the niceties of dress, gazed with curiosity upon the wig of the Archbishop of Canterbury. When the company subsequently assembled in the grand corridor, Albert Edward, unable to make others heed his question about this relic of eighteenth-century fashion, went up to the periwigged Primate himself and asked: 'What is that you have got upon your head?' We are not told that the Prince was abashed at the great laugh caused by the Archbishop's reply as 'he stooped down close to him and with great respect and gentleness answered: "It is called a wig."' Since the laugh was against the Archbishop, all was well.

Sometimes Bertie's questions were prompted by acquisitive motives, which must also be abnormally developed in him who would be a true king. 'Where is my gun?' he asked of Louis Philippe when that monarch was visiting Windsor. Later the little prince received a *fusil de munition* from Paris, a modest gift which, as the bourgeois king wrote to his mother, was at any rate strong enough to withstand 'the accidents that childhood likes to inflict upon its toys.' The pride that the small boy took in the Grand Cross of St. Andrew, a present from the Tsar, was perhaps of a more professional kind. But the delight in his first sailor suit, a stage in every boy's life, gave him a keener, if a more humble, pleasure as he swaggered about, crying, 'Je suis un petit mousse!' to his French governess. No subsequent promotion in naval rank brought the same zest, we may be sure.

His royal blood, rather than any Highland strain, gave him the right to wear the dress which sets off so well the noble beauty of the male, and partiality for the kilt, developed on his first visit to Scotland, remained with him throughout life. What boy could fail to be thrilled by the *skean dhubh* worn in the stocking, what man remain insensible to the 'ornaments,' the jewels that set off the bonnet and sporan and plaid tartan? Yet it remains a blot on the justness of the Prince's taste in dress that he never corrected the errors of Highland fashion committed by his father. Bare knees were rather shocking to the modesty of Victorian ladies, and to this day the incorrect tailoring of the royal kilts persists. They are worn too long, a tribute to decorum also reflected in the stockings' being brought too near the knee.

During those early impressionable years the Prince Albert's affection, not yet clamped to the terrible system which, under the inspiration of Baron Stockmar, he inflicted on the heir to the throne, was a beneficent sun shining in the royal nursery. Of him, rather than of the Queen, the children seem to have thought at the crises which occurred in their small world. Bertie regarded his father with the judicious mixture of love and fear upon which piety and religion are founded. The Prince Consort's goodness was an ever-present example. It might breed priggishness, as in Bertie's remark that he did not know how he could ever be naughty since he was so much happier when he was good. 'Bless dear Papa and Mama and give them the comfort of seeing me grow up a good boy,' the prayer he composed and wrote out himself, rings more true. In those populous Victorian nurseries, children were conscious that they were conceived in sin; the child of to-day, more aware of the sinfulness of his elders, if he composes prayers at all probably asks for the comfort of seeing his father and mother grow into good parents.

Well might Lady Lyttelton enjoy the task of governing such a nursery. They were passionate, high-spirited children, one moment melting her heart and the next trying to bite her in rage. Explosions were frequent. Smiles and tears chased one another as across a royal April sky. But Lady Lyttelton forgave the naughtinesses, for she saw the courage that is the foundation of character, and the kindness that is the prophylactic for egoism. At a review in Windsor Park, her 'Princey' — a familiarity of address not permitted to the assistant governesses, who called him 'Prince of Wales' — sat on her lap in ecstasies until the firing began. Then his face fell. 'I afraid! Soldiers go popping! No more! I cry!' and Lady Lyttelton loved him for his 'most touching countenance and bursting heart,' while the Princess Royal, a self-contained little girl of four, sat as unmoved as the Duke of Wellington a few paces away.

We get used to firearms. But there are few experiences more unpleasant than being upon a bolting horse. When this happened to the six-year-old Prince, who was strapped to the saddle, he kept tight hold of the reins and did not scream, though Miss Hildyard shrieked and the Princess Royal burst into tears. Lady Lyttelton relates the sequel: 'Princey's pony is called Arthur and is often thought slow. Yesterday, on the Prince taking his writing lesson, Miss Hildyard said: "Hold your thumb in the right place, Prince of Wales — so — you *can* do it right if you try, I'm sure." "Oh, yes!" he answered with a sly smile at her, "I *can*. Arthur *can* gallop, we know now!" It was the only allusion he made to it — rather a clever one.' The sly humor, parent of the sly smile, remained with him all his life.

Poor Lady Lyttelton! She venerated the Queen, adored the Prince Albert, found prosperity in uninterrupted lessons, and adversity in the failings of her assistants and in the children's being called away on treats — for, despite the strictness of their upbringing, pageantry was in the air they breathed. And Princey found it infinitely congenial. At three this virtuoso could 'bow and offer his hand beautifully,' at seven he had a childish dignity very pretty to witness, characterizing all his movements in public.

III

Well might Lady Lyttelton be proud of him. Yet would all his promise ever come to fruition? Would he be a Prince in ten years' time? Would there be any princes after the republicanism rampant in the Europe of 1848 had run its course? Lady Lyttelton's forebodings were shared by many. The possibility of a revolutionary outbreak sent the Court hurriedly to Osborne and gave the future King Edward his first lesson on the instability of human things. It left its mark. To trace the fears that the King is said to have expressed for the future of his dynasty in the last months of his life to some knot tied in his boyish mind on this occasion would be to give undue importance to the presentiments of a sick man. Yet there can be little doubt that the events of 1848 helped to color the liberalism he owed to his father and eldest sister and had their share in shaping the technique of statecraft which led him, both as Prince of Wales and as King, to turn critics and potential enemies into allies and friends. Louis Blanc, to whom as an exile in London the Prince seemed 'a fairy personage,' was the first, but not the last, of his kind to succumb to that royal charm.

Thrones tottered in that year of unrest. Louis Philippe found himself a fugitive in the country he had visited as a king. Queen Victoria, as she surveyed the awful state of Europe, felt 'grown old and serious.' Prince Albert, viewing the situation more broadly, evinced a sympathy with the proletariat which the government was far from sharing. He wrote from Osborne to Lord John Russell, saying that his private inquiries showed the number of the unemployed in London to be 'very large' and criticizing the economies which led to the suspending of work upon the royal palaces and upon the 'formation of Battersea Park'; he went so far as to advance the doctrine that 'the government was bound to do what it could to help the working classes over the present moment of distress.' With such enlightened sympathy did King Edward's father regard the wicked Chartists.

The danger apprehended from the London mob soon passed. But it only strengthened the determination of Prince Albert, foreseeing the development of the industrial state, to equip his son for the task, the overwhelming task, that lay before him. Prince Albert's own inclinations, the promptings of Baron Stockmar, who had fashioned two generations of royalty in Queen Victoria's uncle and husband and now looked to fashion the third in the Queen's son, the encouragement of the busybodies who find ingenuous youth less able than the maturer portions of mankind to defend itself against their interference — all pointed in the same direction.

'Upon the good education of Princes, and especially of those who are destined to govern, the welfare of the world in these days greatly depends.' So wrote Prince Albert in 1849. It was not simply a question of educating a future king. Since the Queen Regnant was only twenty-three years older than the Prince of Wales and seemed made of iron, her son would in all probability have to look forward to a long minority. Hanoverian precedents showed the tendency of the heir apparent, shut out from political power, to ally himself with the opposition and become a thorn in the side of his parent rather than a prop to the throne. Peculiar moral dangers also surrounded the position, as the last Prince of Wales, the Prince Regent whose memory so shocked the Victorians, only too clearly exemplified. The thought that history might repeat itself in this particular was as abhorrent to the parents of the Prince as to the English middle class, which felt that its advent to political preponderance was designed by Providence to coincide with the dawn of a more Christian age.

So when the Prince of Wales was seven he found himself launched on the most portentously thorough system of education ever devised by a conscientious father. Lady Lyttelton handed over her authority to a tutor, and the little Prince's solemn preparation began. Every moment of the day had its allotted task. No minute was to be wasted, nothing left to chance. So far as human foresight could secure it, there should be no chink in the plan through which Satan might squeeze. The austere moral and intellectual edifice envisaged by the Prince Albert allowed his son no egress into any garden of the imagination, no safety valve for boyish spirits, no room for the spontaneous development of his faculties. Even storybooks were banned, and Scott's novels, commended in princely German homes for their propriety, were not allowed in the royal schoolroom. And every day the tutor submitted a written report to the Prince's parents upon their son's progress.

Henry Birch, the young cleric of eminent academic distinction chosen by the Prince Consort for the responsible task, soon won the affections of his warm-hearted little charge. A wiser parent would have been satisfied with this and, remembering that slow-growing fruit has the best flavor, left the small boy's attainments to ripen gradually. But few fathers are magnanimous enough not to wish to follow the primordial example and to make their children after their own image. Prince Albert ardently desired his eldest son to grow up studious, reserved, discreet, showing a Teutonic geniality toward ideas, a Teutonic jealousy for the barriers of rank — in short, another Albert. As the young father saw that the boy gave no signs of fulfilling this ideal, he fussed and worried. In the mistaken belief that his son would equip himself to handle men by learning to handle words, Prince Albert laid special stress on the diary which the Prince of Wales kept under his tutor's supervision, and he was pained when the bald, childish style betrayed none of the literary facility that the precocious Vicky had at her command — fortunately for her brother, since we have it on the authority of the greatest master of European kingcraft that a king should write as little as possible.

Prince Albert, even had he known of this dictum, would hardly have paid attention to anything Louis XIV might have said — a monarch whose religious opinions were based on the distrust of human nature inevitable for those who rather stress the supernatural portions of Christianity than regard 'the pure and comprehensive Christian morality' as the solid foundation on which the supernatural elements of the religion rest. Baron Stockmar had drawn this distinction in one of his educational theses, and with it Prince Albert fully concurred. It seemed, indeed, possible that the Prince of Wales was failing to fit into the mould owing to Mr. Birch's theological views, for he paid special attention to the Catechism, a statement of Anglican doctrine so nicely balanced that it could easily be made to incline to the Romanist views of the High Church Party. When Mr. Birch found it expedient to resign, his charge was disconsolate. The boy's trouble and sorrow were remarked by the ladies of the Court, who related how 'the affectionate dear little fellow' used to leave notes and presents on Mr. Birch's pillow 'which were really too moving.'

IV

The new tutor was a layman. But in spite of a precise manner and the legal training which narrows, while it strengthens, the mind, Mr. Gibbes soon saw that the parental system must be shattered against the native exuberance and restlessness under restraint of the ten-year-old Prince. He warned the parents. He did not tell them, following the example of another royal tutor, that royalty consists almost entirely in action and that it might be an advantage, as it proved to the Roi Soleil, if the Prince showed himself indifferent and nonchalant toward purely scholastic exercises. The diagnosis of Louis XIV's preceptors, that while neither learned, intellectual, nor artistic, he was immediately interested in affairs and bombarded everyone with questions, might be applied to King Edward's own youth.

With undeviating insistence continued the pathetic efforts of a well-meaning father and of a mother who, though an authoritarian as a queen and a parent, showed a wifely submissiveness to her husband. Queen Victoria's personal impulse was toward a more English freedom. Her own Spartan virtues might even have counseled her to send the Prince to Eton. The Prince Consort mistrusted the Spartan virtues, and feared the Spartan vices of the public schools. He wished to shield his son behind the same prickly etiquette that hedged himself against the criticism and unpopularity of which he was the victim. Since the Prince of Wales could not be brought up in complete seclusion, he was sometimes allowed to entertain a few Etonians to tea at Windsor Castle. But lest he should suffer in any way from contact with these carefully chosen scions of well-known families, his father took tea with them, and not even his son's lightness of social touch could dispel the awe which Prince Albert shed upon these harmless boyish functions.

As the Prince of Wales grew older, as he approached adolescence with its dangers and temptations, the father's sense of responsibility made him tighten the régime. He was less than ever willing to allow his son the freedom that the boy instinctively craved, the freedom sometimes to run wild, to be boisterous and do forbidden things, to indulge the nostalgia for the lost pleasures of savagery from which the young suffer. Such variety as came into his life was the result of the restlessness characteristic of Courts. He never stayed long enough in one spot to attain that familiarity with places and things which should form the background to every childhood, while the state functions which he attended with his parents were no safety valve, but an additional cause for unrest in an excitable boy. His taste for the color and movement of life was more satisfactorily indulged by the drama. The command performances at Windsor Castle at Christmastide, his visits to London theatres in the season, and the private theatricals in which the royal children occupied their rare leisure, were probably the most valuable and enduring lessons he received — more valuable than his excursions into music, that nursery governess of the Muses, or into art, a world in which he was never at home.

Life, not art, is a king's business, and the stage at least held up a mirror to it. Paris did more. It was life itself, and the visit paid by the Prince, now nearly fourteen years old, to the city which expresses the European spirit with such incomparable grace and verve left an indelible mark. The boy succumbed. Paris dazzled him, as his exotic kilted figure dazzled the Parisians. In the brilliancy of the French Court, the dark shadow of his father's tutelage momentarily disappeared. Napoleon III, who understood at any rate the superficialities of the technique of kingship, seemed a fascinating person, the more so since his manner toward the Prince was that of one man to another.

To the charms of the Empress Eugénie the susceptible boy easily yielded. It was all wonderful — a revelation of how delightful the profession might be made. For a week he basked in the unaccustomed radiance. Everyone's heart was at his feet. Elderly generals cried as the handsome boy, always in kilts, knelt at his mother's command at the tomb of Napoleon while an August thunderstorm burst overhead. Beautiful ladies remarked how well he danced. When the week's visit came to an end and his parents made ready to turn homeward, the Prince, fledging his Cherubino's wings, suggested to the Empress that he and Vicky should stay behind. She doubted whether Mama would be able to do without him. 'Don't you believe it,' he stoutly replied. 'There are six of us at home and they don't want us at all.'

Naturally the wish remained unfulfilled, but there is a symbolical fitness in it. It declared at once his love for Paris that remained a lifelong passion and was the first of those gropings toward an entente with France which his government was to reach half a century later.

V

Back in England, the Prince returned to his books and the endless tasks under his tutor with ill grace. He was no young Alexander, sleeping with an *Iliad* and a sword under his pillow. But then neither Mr. Gibbes nor Mr. Tarver, who taught him theology and the classics, was an Aristotle; nor was Prince Albert a King Philip. Yet the son of Albert resembled the son of

Philip in his bursts of choler, and, like him, looked forward to a manhood under arms, an ambition that the stirring events of the Crimea and the Mutiny quickened, though no companies of youth submitted to his young generalship as they did to Alexander of Macedon and Louis of France, those two paragons of kingship in the ancient and modern world.

Prince Albert, distressed at his son's indolent waywardness, put the blame, fatherlike, on his son and not on himself. Everyone saw the errors of the system except the Queen and Baron Stockmar, and failure eventually grew so patent that some concession had to be made. Prince Albert consented to a temporary relaxation of his personal surveillance and the boy started off on a walking tour through Dorset with the precise Mr. Gibbes and one of Prince Albert's gentlemen at Court.

This grim experiment — the Prince was never much of a walker — ended after a week because the interest aroused among the unimpressionable people of Wessex by the young Prince's staying at country inns on his road had no place in his father's scheme. But it slightly deflected the course of the royal education. The next year the boy undertook the first real tour that afforded him the solace of boyish companionship — Lord Halifax, one of the four contemporaries who accompanied him, is still alive — and of escape from the paternal eye. At last high spirits had an outlet — even to the chasing of a flock of sheep into the shallows of Windermere, for which he suffered rebuke from a farmer's wife more merited than that meted out to his ancestor Alfred by a woman of similar degree. The Prince, in fact, enjoyed himself thoroughly, though his father found fault with the literary inadequacy of the diary, which was as dry as this kernel of a dry system deserved to be.

Another milestone on the long road to independence came when his parents allowed him to choose his own clothes. With the jealousy of power natural to a reigning sovereign whose power comes from above, his mother had misgivings, and to impress her son with the importance of the privilege she explained her views on dress in writing. 'I must now say that we do not wish to control your own taste and fancies, which, on the contrary, we wish you to indulge and develop. But we do *expect* that you will never wear anything *extravagant* or *slang*, not because we don't like it, but because it would prove a want of self-respect and be an offence against decency, leading — as it has often done in others — to an indifference to what is morally wrong.'

The influence of clothes on morals has exercised many acute minds. Maybe the Prince's parents exaggerated the evils of dandyism. In any case they need have had no fear that the extravagance of their son's taste in dress might be the exciting cause for extravagance in conduct. For if he was not the first to secure a sartorial primacy for Savile Row, he consolidated it into an empire to whose sway the males of both hemispheres pay a loyalty not less sincere, if less costly, than that of their womenkind to the shrines of fashion in the Rue de la Paix. Over a side of life so important that it has fascinated the seers of all ages, including our own, he exercised a lifelong kindly influence. He may not have emancipated the male from the stiffness of starch, but he undermined the supremacy of the top hat; the Norfolk jacket launched from Sandringham a covert attack on the waistcoat that almost succeeded in releasing mankind from a bourgeois encumbrance; late in life he courageously attempted to grapple with the tyranny of the trouser crease by wearing this at the side of the leg — an innovation which unhappily proved in advance of public opinion. His was a kindly and a kingly influence — for he never underrated by a button the part dress played in the ritual that goes to make up an ordered social life.

This, however, lay in the future. For the moment the adolescent found all his energies absorbed in withstanding the pressure of his educational régime. Sometimes it damped his resiliency of spirit; we catch perhaps a glimpse of such a phase in Prince Metternich's description of the boy as 'having an embarrassed and sad air' when he visited that former enemy of Napoleon at the famous Schloss Johannisberg. There was reason for it, since the Prince Albert had insisted on his son's occupying a month of his first summer vacation abroad in the study of German literature at Bonn. More often storms of passion showed the strain of the system. They passed quickly and left no resentment behind. Probably they would have occurred anyhow, for the ruler of men must be able to lose his temper; the 'damn your eyes' attitude is as valuable a weapon in the armory of leadership as the sulkiness of an Achilles is the reverse.

If the father's omniscience — how dangerous a quality in a king his grandson Wilhelm II was later to show — imparted to the son an intellectual diffidence that never wholly left him, Prince Albert's goodness prevented Albert Edward from harboring any rancor against a paternal care that was more prone to blame than praise. Yet praise came sometimes. When the Prince, at the impressionable age of sixteen and a half, received the sacrament of confirmation, the Queen recorded with appreciation his 'gentle, good and proper' bearing, and the royal parents were gratified too with their son's replies to the 'long and difficult' oral examination by his catechist, the alarming Dr. Wellesley, which lasted for a whole hour.

VI

Decidedly the novitiate for the delightful profession was no joke. A memorandum drawn up for gentlemen of the Prince's household at White Lodge laid down the most meticulous rules of conduct. From their example the Prince was to learn how to avoid the frivolity of dandyism, not to loll in armchairs or slouch with his hands in his pockets, to be polite with dignity and punctilious without familiarity, to satirize follies but not to couple these with individuals, and never, never by any chance to countenance anything approaching to a practical joke. And they were to use every occasion, even to the extent of looking over drawings and books of engravings, to amuse and at the same time gently exercise the Prince's mind, an all-important end to which, the Prince Consort was careful to point out, 'mere games of cards and billiards and idle gossiping talk' would never conduce. In this morally pasteurized atmosphere, with Mr. Gibbes and Mr. Tarver and the future Lord Wantage, whose religious devotions he had wished to emulate, the Prince of Wales approached his seventeenth birthday.

Yet the Prince Consort felt dissatisfied. His son was far from reaching the standard considered necessary by this conscientious man to whom duty was a fetish, and he planned, therefore, a more intensive application of pressure on both the moral and the intellectual front. For this purpose, on the Prince's seventeenth birthday Mr. Gibbes gave way to a Governor, who had the advantages of being the younger son of an earl, a Scotch Presbyterian, and the Colonel of a Guards Regiment, the most rigorously disciplined corps in the British Army. Colonel Bruce held no nominal office. Written instructions from the Queen herself armed him with the power to regulate all her son's movements, 'the distribution and employment of his time and the occupations and details of his daily life.'

This silent and mysterious man at once gained the full confidence of the Prince's parents, and the Governor's reports on his charge's shortcomings, the youth's exaggerated interest in dress and etiquette, his considerable share of 'willfulness and constitutional irritability,' his partiality for 'frivolous disputes,' seemed to them proof that the mild and amiable Colonel, as he appeared to the Prince Consort, rightly judged their son's character. In the hope that its inequalities might now be smoothed out and a young paragon emerge who would understand that 'life was composed of duties in the due, punctual and cheerful performance of which the true Christian, true soldier and true gentleman was recognized,' the Prince's father and mother sent him a Memorandum among his seventeenth-birthday presents in which this aphorism was suitably elaborated. It reminded him also that the knighthood of the Garter, another birthday present, — which a cynical statesman has commended for there being no d——d merit about it, — meant the joining of a confraternity of the selected few who wear the St. George's Cross on their shoulder in token 'of the Christian fight which they mean to sustain with the temptations and difficulties of this transient life.'

The lofty literary style of the Memorandum was the gossip of the Court, and it was related how the Prince of Wales shed tears as he read it. But if fine sentiments are well, action is better. So the Prince put on his new Colonel's uniform, surely admiring himself meanwhile, while possibly regretting the three or four inches which would have set off his royal beauty, and went to report at the Horse Guards to the Commander in Chief, his cousin, jolly 'Uncle' George of Cambridge. The knightly career could not begin too soon. 'Really a charming and unaffected lad' was how he appeared to this chip of the old Hanoverian block. But when the young Colonel on the unattached list, finding his wishes hanging fire, put in a request that he should undergo training at Aldershot, his father, instead of encouraging this ambition to become a truly professional soldier, agreed with his Governor on the 'temptations and unprofitable companionship of the military life.' Preparation for the Christian fight, in the Prince Consort's opinion, could be better made amid the archæological and artistic treasures of Rome than on Laffan's Plain and in the lax atmosphere of the mess.

To Rome, therefore, it was decided that the Prince should go. So tautly stretched was the System that a brief visit paid to his sister in Berlin, now a bride and the wife of the future German Emperor, was not allowed to interfere with the daily curriculum of studies. The Prince Consort insisted that only slender courtesies were to be offered to the Prince and persuaded his daughter, when she found herself alone with her brother, to read improving German books aloud to him. No Richard Feverel of fiction ever submitted to such strenuous preparation for the great race of life. No artist ever forgot to better effect the lessons he had learned in the schools than did the Prince of Wales when the time came for him to play the part he had designed for himself.

BLACK DEATH

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM OUTERSON

I

THREE seamen were adrift on a raffle of wreckage in mid-Atlantic, their ship having foundered in a sudden squall that struck them unawares. There had been no time to lower the boats, and the vessel sank under them, so that they had to fight their way to the surface and find what means they could of keeping themselves afloat. Ross, Ericson, and Burnham had managed to reach a broken mast with the top attached, and climbed on to it to present safety, but as they had neither food nor water their prospects were gloomy in the extreme, especially as they were in warm latitudes and the pangs of thirst would immediately begin to assail them. They had spent the day of their disaster keeping anxious lookout for a passing ship, and this was their first night on the tangle of wreckage. As they clung to the top, close together, and safe enough from the sea in fine weather because of the buoyancy of their wooden craft, they spoke occasionally in low tones.

Ross, a small man of cheerful and energetic temperament, struck the note of optimism.

'We may be picked up,' he said. 'Always a chance of it.'

Ericson answered with a grunt. He was slow-spoken and laconic. 'Maybe one in a hundred.'

'Long chances don't mean nothin',' Ross retorted. 'Things happen at sea that seems like one chance in a million. Other times nothin' happens when you'd think the chances was all for it.'

'That's right, that's right,' agreed Burnham. He preserved a judicial air even in the midst of shipwreck. 'I've seen it again and again in my life.'

'Well,' said Ross, 'the way I look at it is this. We'll be picked up or we won't be, an' chances ain't got nothin' to do with it.'

'Maybe fate has somethin' to do with it,' said Ericson.

They fell silent, aware of the desperate position the sea had placed them in, but knowing, too, that it might be worse. They were afloat and unhurt, and they had life, and while that remained there was always hope. When a few minutes had passed, Burnham raised his eyes and gazed into the darkness to the west, where the nearest land lay, some fifteen hundred miles distant.

'We're somewheres near the latitood of Key West, I reckon,' he remarked.

'It's a far cry to Key West on this craft,' Ross muttered.

Ericson raised his head and seemed to be listening to some sound coming out of the gloom. Had it been light, his shipmates could have seen in his blue-gray eyes a gleam of the strange racial intelligence of men who come from generations of seafarers. There was no moon, and he could make out nothing; and perhaps it was instinct rather than hearing that led him to detect that far-away shadow of sound. Or it might be that their urgent need had wrought on his mind until he imagined things that had no reality, and he must be certain before he mentioned it, in order not to raise hopes that were groundless.

Except for a long swell the sea was almost calm, the soft wind raising only a light ripple on the surface, but the cat's-paws made a constant lapping and gurgling against the floating mast and the timbers of the top, and these noises, slight though they were, drowned that other note, and he could not be sure for a long time whether he actually heard or only imagined it. If the moon would only rise above the sea it would cheer them with its light, but it was in its last quarter and would not come up until an hour or so before dawn. Until then he would not be able to see a ship a mile or two away, even if one happened to be passing.

Ross and Burnham became aware of his absorbed attitude, and looked at him anxiously, wondering what had attracted his attention.

'D' ye hear anything?' Burnham asked in a husky whisper.

'Wait! I'm not sure,' Ericson replied.

They listened intently, breathing silently, conscious that some apparently trifling circumstance of this kind might be of the gravest moment, and eventually might lead them away from the torture of death by thirst in mid-ocean.

'By God! I heard something then,' exclaimed Ericson suddenly. All three struggled to their feet on the unstable wreckage, searching in all directions over the dark water for the source of the mysterious sound.

'I don't see nothin',' said Ross, but they continued their ceaseless vigil, afraid of losing a chance of rescue.

'Ain't that the moon comin' up?' asked Burnham, looking into the east, and the others raised their eyes from the sea for a few moments, gazing at the pale arc of light that brightened the sky, heralding the rising moon.

'It'll be lighter when it gits up a bit, above the murk along the sky line.'

'I hear a noise plain now,' Ericson declared positively, his voice a trifle hoarse.

They all heard it, and stood staring into the west, whence it came, hope growing stronger in their hearts while forced inaction made them fearful that the ship, if it were a ship, might pass without being sighted, and leave them to despair.

'Sounds to me like somebody beatin' a drum,' said Burnham.

'To hell with drums! Are you crazy?' Ross burst out. But he looked at his mates with a puzzled expression. 'It's comin' nearer, whatever it is. It must be close, or it would n't be so loud.'

The moon rose slowly above the bank of haze on the sky line, a slender crescent that did not give much light, but the three men standing on the half-submerged mast, holding to the upper edge of the top, scanned the sea in the direction of the sound, straining to see something. In this they were disappointed, and, to add to their depression, the booming noise suddenly ceased.

'It's quit,' said Ross, and they listened for a minute, but did not hear the drumlike beat again. Time passed, and they were beginning to fight against a feeling of despair, when they saw a whitish gleam which they recognized as the canvas of a ship, her sails having at that moment caught the faint moonlight at such an angle as to throw the reflection in the direction of the castaways.

'There she is!' cried Ericson, and they sent a wild hail across the sea.

'Ship ahoy!' they shouted together, and waited for the answer; but none came, and they hailed again and again, their voices rising desperately. Still no answering signal reached them.

'There's something wrong aboard of her,' Ross said hoarsely.

'Looks like it,' agreed Burnham. 'She ain't showin' no lights. But she's bearing down on us anyways.'

'What's the matter wi' them? All hands drunk, or asleep?' Ross was almost petulant in his rage against the silent ship.

II

The breeze died slowly as dawn approached, and the strange ship drew near them at gradually slackening speed, yawing wildly from side to side as if the man at the wheel had gone to sleep, or had deserted his post altogether. She came blundering along in this way while the breeze lasted, and when it fell flat calm, and the ripples died on the surface, she lay motionless not more than half a mile from the men on the floating spar, who watched her avidly, hailing spasmodically from time to time, but receiving no word in reply. Now they were silent, sitting crouched on their precarious raft of wreckage, three drooping figures sick with doubt and hope deferred, within sight of rescue, yet seemingly doomed in spite of the nearness of succor.

Ericson's blue eyes grew more and more anxious. Finally he spoke up with decision. 'That ship,' he said, 'she's abandoned. There ain't a soul aboard of her from the way she behaves, an' as soon as the wind comes she'll sail away an' leave us to die on this spar. We've got to swim to her. Can you fellers swim?'

'Sure,' they answered together.

'No time to waste,' said Ericson, and slid into the sea. He swam with a powerful breast stroke toward the silent ship, the others following close behind him. The water was warm and as calm as a pond, and the distance between the swimmers and the ship decreased steadily, but their fear that a breeze might spring up at any moment spurred them to constantly greater efforts, and they sighed with relief and exhaustion when they finally reached the iron side of the becalmed vessel and clung for a minute to the end of a brace they found trailing in the water from the rail. When they had recovered breath, Ross clambered up the side, threw a leg over the rail, and sat surveying the mysterious craft, thankful that he and his mates had reached her, no matter what was wrong.

'She may be an evil ship,' he remarked to his companions, when they had come up and were sitting beside him on the rail, 'but I'd rather be aboard of her than hangin' to that spar. I've heard yarns about blokes dyin' from thirst in open boats, an' I don't want to know how it feels.'

'I went without water for two days once, an' that was bad enough.' Ericson slid from the rail to the deck. 'One day's too many, an' I'm goin' for water right now.'

The others dropped to the deck and followed him, walking forward with nervous glances to right and left, prepared for something queer to happen — a crazy sailor to jump out at them, or a ghost to flit across their path. But they heard and saw nothing along the deserted deck, until they reached the fo'c'sle on the starboard side and halted at the door to peer cautiously inside. As they stood thus, a faint moan came to their ears, and they stared into the gloom of the fo'c'sle.

'There's a man dyin' in there,' said Ericson in a low voice.

'I've a hunch she's a plague ship,' declared Ross, sniffing.

'There's a queer stink in there,' said Burnham.

Ericson entered the fo'c'sle, passed several empty bunks, and paused before one in which the wasted body of a seaman lay inert. His breathing was shallow and rapid, and when Ericson placed his hand on the sick man's forehead he felt it burning hot and dry as parchment. Ross and Burnham came to the bunk and gazed at the occupant, standing close together and partly behind Ericson, who went to the locker and took out a pannikin, half filled it with water from the tank, and returned to the bunk, where he placed his arm under the head and shoulders of the sick man, raised him slightly, and held the water to his lips. Although the man seemed at the last extremity, he drank the water avidly, and Ericson would have given him more, but he had emptied the tank in half filling the pannikin.

'Black plague,' said Ross. 'I've seen it afore. Let's take a look at the port side.'

Together they went on deck and hurried across to the other fo'c'sle, entered with apprehensive glances, but saw nobody, and stood in a group wondering just what had happened. Ericson still had the pannikin in his hand, and, holding it under the spout of the tank, he opened the valve, but no water came.

'Empty,' he remarked, glancing at his companions.

'How much d' you reckon is in the other tank?' Ross inquired anxiously.

'None,' Ericson replied briefly. 'I gave the last of it to the sick man.'

All thoughts of anything but water now left their minds, and they went aft to the galley and tried the tank there.

'Dry as a bone.' Burnham stood staring at the open valve, through which not a drop of water passed.

They turned and hurried aft to the cabin, where they searched every room for water, but found none in the bottles in the officers' rooms, or in the tank in the pantry.

'We might 've knowed that,' Ericson spoke in self-scorn. 'Of course there's no water handy in a fever ship. The poor blokes drank all they could git, an' that lad in the fo'c'sle had n't the strength to draw any from the ship's tanks. Let's try them.' He started forward at a swift walk. 'I'll get the pump from Chips's room.'

Ross and Burnham went to the waist and unscrewed the plug that closed the pipe leading to the tank on that side, while Ericson hurried back along the dawn-lit deck bringing the fresh-water pump, which they screwed into place, and started working the handle up and down with quick short strokes. For what seemed a long time no water came, and the three men felt a cold sweat break out on them; then the plunger began to drag, and a few moments later a stream of sweet water, thin at first but growing rapidly in volume, gushed into the bucket they held under it.

Ericson plunged the pannikin in and filled it to the brim, then went forward to give it to the sick man, Ross and Burnham following after a moment of hesitation. They halted at the door when they saw their shipmate turn away from the bunk with the pannikin of water still in his hand and come toward the door.

'He's dead,' said Ericson, and they stared at him blankly.

Ericson threw the pannikin and water over the side. They went aft and drank their fill from the bucket, then stood grouped around the main fife rail, ready to face anything now that they were sure of water. Although there was much work to be done, they stood leaning idly against the fife rail, appreciating the feeling of blessed relief from stress and danger and the dread spectre of thirst. Their eyes roved about the decks and up aloft, where all sail hung against the masts, flapping with a rattle of blocks and chain sheets when the ship rolled on the long swell. Only now did they notice that one of the deck ports had been left unfastened, and each time she rolled to starboard the iron gate clanged loudly against the side.

'That's the sound we heard,' said Ericson, remarking that when she lay across the swell the sound ceased, as she did not roll then and the gate hung stationary. They stood watching this action, which they had seen a thousand times before, still unwilling to start the work that had to be done, and wondering if they would have reached the ship in time without the message it had sent across the quiet sea.

Burnham finally straightened up and glanced forward, speaking with his eyes withheld from his mates: —

'If we stay aboard of this ship we've got to put that over the side.'

'Aye.'

There was a short hesitation, then all three went forward and entered the starboard fo'c'sle, balked at the stench that met their nostrils, but approached the bunk where the dead man lay, wrapped him in his blankets, which they secured in place with rope yarns, and carried him on deck. Searching in the bos'n's locker, they found a crowbar, which they made fast to the ankles of the corpse; then they looked at each other uncomfortably, hating all ceremony, but believing it right and necessary in a case like this.

'D' ye know any of the words of the burial service?' Ross inquired.

'I know jist a few,' Burnham admitted.

'Anything you kin remember will be all right. It's the way we do it that counts — not the words.'

They placed the shrouded figure on a wide plank found in the carpenter's shop, raised it gravely, and balanced it on top of the rail, bowing their heads awkwardly while Burnham recited all he could remember of the service for burial at sea.

'Almighty God, we commit the body of this man to the deep, and his soul to Thy keeping. Amen.'

The end of the plank was canted up, the body slid off, feet first, and the iron bar carried it down to the depths of the sea with a mournful splash, the three men peering over the rail to watch it out of sight, and breathing more freely when it was gone.

III

'What about some grub now?' Ericson dismissed the dead with these words, and they went aft. In the pantry bread kid they found plenty of cabin biscuits, a cube of butter on a white dish, and various kinds of canned fish, beef, fruit, and vegetables, also coffee and a broken case of ship's tobacco. Carrying the food to the cabin table, they sat down to enjoy it properly, after preparing coffee in the pantry over an oil stove. When Ross brought the coffee in and set it down, his eyes fell on an ordinary notebook with a rubber band around it, which he slipped off, turning back the cover to glance within. The other two watched him with interest as they began their meal, and after a while Ericson warned him that his coffee was getting cold. Ross paid no attention, apparently absorbed in whatever he was reading in the notebook — evidently a fascinating yarn from the way he turned the leaves, wetting his finger and hastily switching them over as if impatient at even this small delay. When he came to the end he sat down without speaking, remained still and thoughtful for a minute, then tossed the little book over to Ericson.

'It's all there,' he stated gravely. 'The whole yarn. Read it.'

Ericson opened the little book and glanced at the first page, noticed the queerly jumbled handwriting, and passed the volume to Burnham. He opened it in turn, made as if to read, then dropped it on the table, glancing at Ross expectantly. 'The handwriting's hard to make out. Tell us what's in it,' he said.

'That book's a diary,' Ross began. 'It was written by a bloke callin' hisself Thomas Burns, an' he says he was a seaman before the mast. This ship's the *Marathon*, from Bombay to Noo York with a mixed cargo, an' she was forty-five days out when he started his log.

'They made a good run, he says, down to the Cape, an' they come round the corner with a howlin' easterly gale astern of them. Everything was goin' fine, an' all hands was enjoyin' theirselves, when they ran into fine weather. Then one day the second mate began to act queer, staggerin' about the deck with a wild glare in his eyes that made the men think he was nutty. The skipper came on deck an' sent him below, an' he died in five hours.

'The skipper an' the mate prob'ly knew it was the plague, but they said nothin' to the crew about it, an' he was all sewed up in canvas when they put him over the side. The mate went down with it next, an' they buried him the same way; then the bos'n, the sailmaker, Chips, an' one man after another till only ten were left. They were scared out o' their senses, an' went aft to the skipper an' told 'im he could do as he pleased, but they was goin' to abandon the ship that very minute. So they took two of the boats, with plenty water an' grub, an' left the skipper alone on the poop, this bloke Thomas Burns standin' on the main deck.

'They wanted 'im to go in the boats with them, but he would n't — says he don't know why he stayed aboard, unless he thought his chances were better on board the ship. Anyhow, he stayed, an' buried the skipper all by hisself the next day. He could n't git him up to the top of the rail to slide him over, so he opened that port we heard bangin' last night, an' dumped 'im through there — forgot to close it again, I reckon. Then he says he's beginnin' to feel bad, an' supposes he'll go the same as the others, an' they'll be nobody to bury him. That's the end of the writin'.'

In the strained silence that followed, Ericson began to squirm uncomfortably, and sought under his clothing for something that seemed to be troubling him. In a little while he brought his hand from under his shirt, holding a flea, which he crushed into shreds between his finger and thumb, rubbing it off against the leg of his pants.

The others stared at him with an intense gravity, thinking of the story of Thomas Burns, whom they had recently consigned to the sea, dead of the black plague, like most of the crew of this unhappy ship. Their attention was gradually drawn away from this immediate subject by sounds of squeaking and scratching, with which they had all been long familiar.

'Let's drive them out of the lazaret. They might spoil the grub.' Burnham rose as if to carry out this suggestion, but Ericson stopped him.

'No. Don't go near them. It's the rats that carry the plague. We ought to smoke them out. There's a big block of sulphur in the paint locker. I saw it when I was lookin' around for water.'

Acting on this suggestion at once, they brought the sulphur in an iron pot from the galley, put the oil stove under it, closed all the doors and portholes, opened the hatch of the lazaret in the cabin floor, then went on deck, where they found that a light breeze had sprung up with the rising of the sun. Mounting the ladder to the poop, they gathered around the wheel, Ericson steering, and talked over their plans.

'Let's get out of her,' said Burnham anxiously. 'There's no tellin' how soon we'll git the plague ourselves, an' there's two good boats on the skids.'

'We've got to have grub, an' the lazaret's the only place we kin git enough of it to last us to the coast. I reckon it'll take us all of a month to make our landfall, an' we don't want to starve on the trip. That sulphur smoke'll go down the open hatch an' drive out all the rats — an' the fleas — in a day or so.'

'We're all right for a day or two,' Ross declared. 'Ye don't catch that sort of disease all in a minute. They were forty-five days out before any of them took it.'

Ericson steered in silence, watching the compass, and throwing an occasional glance aloft at the sails, swelling under the increasing pressure of the fair wind.

'I'd hate to be buried the way we done Thomas Burns,' he remarked in a quiet voice. 'Jist dumped over the side like a can of ashes. I come down from the Vikings, an' in the old days, when a chief died, they laid him in his ship on top of a pile of logs, set fire to them, an' headed the ship west when the sun was settin'. That's the way I'd like to be buried.'

'Aye, that's a nice send-off, but us sailormen ain't got much chance of that kind of buryin'. We goes down wi' the ship when she founders, or die in an 'ospital ashore an' git dumped into a potter's field.'

IV

They sailed west, taking their trick at the wheel turn about, eating in the pantry during that day and night. In the morning they opened the door of the cabin and allowed the sulphur smoke to escape, but it was not until the second morning that they could descend into the lazaret, which had only the hatch in the cabin floor to provide ventilation. When they had swung one of the boats outboard in the davits, provided her with an ample supply of food and water and an extra mast and sail taken from the other boat, they began to discuss the disposal of the ship.

'We can't leave her afloat to run into some other ship, full of men, on a dark night. We oughta set her afire, an' see her sink afore we leave her,' Ross argued.

'Sure thing,' said Burnham. 'That's what we oughta do.'

They turned to Ericson for his opinion, but he was seated on the main hatch, drooping forward with closed eyes and breathing rapidly. His two mates went swiftly to him, and each of them laid a hand on his face, which was dry and burning hot. At their touch he looked up at them with bloodshot eyes.

'Reckon I've got it, mates,' he muttered hoarsely, and slumped over on the hatch.

Ross caught him and lowered him gently, and Burnham ran to the cabin, returning with a pillow and a mattress, which they spread on a shady part of the deck, laying him on it. The wheel had been lashed, and the ship sailed straight on her course to the west, while the two saddened men sat beside Ericson and did what they could for him, which was very little. At least they could see that he had plenty of water, and they frequently raised him and put a brimming pannikin to his lips.

They were kindly men, although raised in a hard school, and being seamen, accustomed to face death from day to day, they believed that as long as life remained in a man there was always a chance that he might win through any danger, no matter how great the odds against him. But before sunset Ericson died, and the two men rose to their feet, staring at the soiled and corrupted body of their erstwhile shipmate in silent pity and horror.

Moving away without a word, they took the tarpaulin from the main hatch and lifted off the wooden sections, secured axes from the rack in the cabin, and broke up the wood of the bunks, the table and chairs, and the racks on the poop and the main deck used for holding wooden buckets, which they also took for their purpose.

All this lumber, together with the tarpaulin and the wooden sections, they threw into the main hatch on top of the cargo, then stopped and looked again at Ericson's dead body. Turning away with a few muttered words, Burnham went aft to the flag locker, hoisted the Stars and Stripes to the peak, and brought another flag forward, he and Ross wrapping it around their dead shipmate to serve as a shroud.

'You heard what he said the other day about them old Vikings,' said Burnham.

'Aye,' answered Ross. 'We'll give him what he wanted.'

Fetching the wide board from which they had launched Thomas Burns into the sea, they laid Ericson carefully upon it and placed it in the centre of the pile of wood, then separated to look for something with which to start the fire. Burnham went forward and rummaged in the bos'n's locker, where he found a big ball of oakum. He poured Stockholm tar over it, carried it aft to the main hatch, and placed it under the edge of the wood. Ross found a bundle of old newspapers in the cabin, and brought them to the hatch preparatory to throwing them down beside the oakum.

'We kin keep them papers to read in the boat,' said Burnham. 'The fire's all ready to start.'

They looked their last on dead Ericson, then Ross struck a match and dropped it among the tarred oakum, which shortly began to burn briskly.

'D' ye think she'll catch?' he questioned.

'Sure she will,' replied Burnham.

Moving slowly across the deck, they reached the rail and lowered the boat into the water, slid down the davit tackles, and unhooked the blocks; then shipped the oars and pulled a fathom or two away from the side, after which they set the sail and ran alongside the burning *Marathon*, which sailed faster than the boat and drew slowly away from them, heading toward the sunset.

The smoke was rising in a thick cloud from the main hatch, and in a few minutes they saw tongues of flame flickering upward above the rail. The kindling had been skillfully laid, and the fire began to eat into the hold, dropping down into spaces between the cargo until she became a roaring furnace amidships. Flames leaped high above the decks, searching greedily for something to feed on, heavy sparks and red-hot embers belched out of her, and in a little while the mainsail caught the blaze, which ran swiftly to the upper masts and yards and mounted in a pillar of fire over the sea. The decks began to burst open with the intense heat, and spurts of flame shot out of them here and there; then the foremast and mizzenmast started to burn, and the men in the boat heard the roar of the conflagration across half a mile of sea.

As her sails were consumed the *Marathon* began to lose way, and the boat overhauled her but gave her a wide berth. The mainmast came crashing down, sending up a billowing cloud of sparks, straight aft along the deck. The foremast followed shortly after; then the mizzenmast dropped over the stern with a shrill hiss, amid a cloud of steam.

The entire hull was now aflame, providing a spectacle that no man who had seen it could ever forget, and as the light of day faded its splendor increased. But before her hull had time to be completely gutted some of her bottom plates must have cracked open, for she began to settle slowly, sending up volumes of steam that shot into the air as if blown from a great gun, and blazing fagots that burst in the air, their fragments falling far and wide over the sea. At the last, the water all about her hull boiled and exploded, and the ashes of Ericson sank from the light of the sun.

A minute later all was quiet, nothing but a few charred embers remaining on the surface to show that a beautiful but unfortunate ship had come that way.

Ross and Burnham crouched together in the stern sheets of the little boat, steering toward the dying sunset. The wind was fair, the sea had the look of good weather. The hope of making their landfall seemed bright. Life was ahead; but as the boat moved slowly into the immensity of waters, the two men exchanged a furtive look, each fearing moment by moment to read in his fellow's eyes or feel within himself the sudden presentiment of death.

GLIMPSES OF RUSSIA

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

I

FRUSTRATED in plans for seeing such mediæval cities as old Novgorod, and disgusted with the tasteless disfiguration by posters of many of the historic churches of Moscow, I wished to make up for the disappointment by a long stay at mediæval Kiev. This meant missing May Day at Moscow. But the elements conspired to grant me the most imposing and moving of spectacles. The rivers were over their banks, the direct route for Kiev blocked; there was nothing for it but to stay on. Luckily I had a balcony on the Revolution Square. For two days before the holiday the loud speakers, multiplied for the occasion, were doubly raucous, keeping a preparatory excitement in the air. On the eve of May Day the electricians set up a red star of the Internationale — eight feet from point to point — on my balcony. The police in the square appeared in new *feldgrau* helmets and uniforms, more formidable than the old red and black outfit. It was one of many signs that our onetime friend and sometime enemy, German *Kultur*, had merely moved East.

Early May Day morning a hasty survey of the corridor and hotel lobby revealed an ominous novelty. There was a gray-green policeman guarding the corridor, half a dozen in the main entrance, and two guarding the side entrance which passed the barber. It would have been pleasant to believe that this unwanted attention was merely to secure the safety of us capitalists and bourgeois at the hotel. It is more likely that it was a precaution against any enterprising Russians who, in the single day of the year when all Russians are free, might wish to communicate with foreigners. In any case it gave an unusual sense of gratuitous surveillance, and took away from the gayety of one's sojourn. The guard was withdrawn at nightfall, when the procession had passed, so after all it may have been ordered in our interest.

By seven o'clock on May Day a cross section of the Red Army was forming under my balcony. Perhaps twelve units of various sorts — mostly battalions. Magnificent young troops they were, big fellows in the twenties, commanded by 'noncoms' and officers who carried the service bars of half a dozen campaigns. Ten thousand of them made the difficult manœuvre into the limited space with precision and without useless or vociferous orders. The equipment was simple, but new and good; the saluting and etiquette as snappy as that of any capitalistic army. So for an hour they filed in — squadrons of cavalry, fine horses, less infantry, very long field guns, about three-inch bore, stubby howitzers, probably about five-inch, heavy machine guns, all horse-drawn and moving with greatest accuracy in the cramped space. In the equipment there was no exotic touch except the long, slightly curved sabre without a guard, rather like a Japanese sword. A dozen lively little tanks with one-pounders, and sometimes an extra machine gun, afforded a modern touch to a review which generally recalled those I had seen in France and Germany in the nineties. Overhead zoomed air squadrons — from tiny wasps of combat planes to the biggest bombers I had ever seen.

By eight o'clock the square was full, the lines and the batteries accurately dressed — a call to attention by bugle. One got the military picture, and there was nothing strange about it except that on parade the officers' uniforms were precisely those of the men, save for modest insignia of rank. I suppose, after all, it is easier to call your commanding officer 'Comrade Colonel,' the correct military address, if he is n't too magnificently tailored. Then a great cheer swept along the line, battalion following battalion as the youthful commander in chief rode down the front, halting before the units to lead a cheer. He always began, '*Pojalousta!*' (Please), which to an old Plattsburger and Naval Reservist had a singularly unmilitary tang. But he got a rousing cheer just the same.

Then began a strange and moving ceremony. The loud speakers barked out slowly the long Soviet oath of allegiance, and ten thousand young voices snapped it back sentence for sentence to the end.

Next the tanks (as a novelty), leading the miniature Red Army, clattered into the Red Place and passed the stepped, liver-red tomb of Lenin, on which Stalin and the Commissars of the Central Executive Committee sat all day saluting through the ten hours while the citizenry passed. Of this cross section of the Red Army one conceived a high admiration. They are a clean, alert, well-disciplined lot, and they can fight on a chunk of black bread, a length of sausage, a bowl of cabbage soup, and a few glasses of tea a day. There was no sign of heavy field artillery, and rather little motor equipment generally. But there are as yet few roads in Russia where the horse cannot outpull the motor.

As it stands, the superb Red Army does not seem to me to offer a serious military menace off its own soil. Its scope is defensive, as the policy of the Soviet Republic is defensive. But I am sorry indeed for any army that has to attack the Red Army amid its own fens and lakes, that tries to deploy modern equipment and maintain an elaborate supply on such a terrain and against such a foe. As an old Plattsburger, and hence an amateur strategist, I am very sorry for such an invader, and I am confident that a real strategist will share the feeling with me.

Before the Red forces had disappeared through the three arches leading to the Red Place, eight processions of union workers were converging stragglingly but mightily on the same portal. The great red star on my balcony became a sort of embarrassment, giving my solitary figure the air of a reviewing officer. I was heartily saluted by the marching workers, returned the salute when I must, and hid behind the star when I could.

II

The idea caught me to trace one of the processions to its source, and I set out unprovided with the police pass which Intourist would have gladly furnished. A mile inward, at the head of the lines, the little children were being paraded, neatly dressed and amply supplied with red streamers bearing Communist mottoes. They were marched only in their districts, being unfit for the long route and long hours. Older children moved in the great procession clutching their parents' hands. Generally the parading unions streamed slowly into the main lines, everything very orderly. The Junior Party marched separately, sometimes boys and girls together, sometimes the sexes separately in order to show off the few good scout uniforms effectively. In either case the color guard was usually three sturdy girls, the flankers carrying service rifles with fixed bayonets of sinister length and fineness — very formidable Amazons these.

The task of studying the procession from the source proved more difficult than I had expected. It involved crossing many police lines and at least eight lines of march, an irregular circuit of nearly three miles to gain the one mile back to the Revolution Square. Necessity evoked enough Russian to protest: 'I am an American. Grand Hotel.' Two policemen out of three refused the appeal sternly. The third usually let me pass. When after two hours I reached the *Valuta* district bounded by the Opera House, the Metropole, and the Grand Hotel, all the police courteously honored the plea. In this centre the foreign capitalist, if only for his minor uses, is tolerated. By noon I was again behind my big red star, covertly watching the most extraordinary of spectacles.

Eight human streams surged slowly and steadily toward the Red Place, the streams merging into three before the procession reached the portal, and beyond it merging into one. It seemed to me that they must be passing the brown-red tomb of Lenin on a front of forty-eight. I was told by a man on the reviewing stand that they actually pushed by thirty-two abreast. The march was unlike anything I had ever seen — nothing military about it, no one in step with the music of the frequent bands, except where an occasional uniformed company of the Junior Party broke the strange irregular rhythm with an attempt at processional order. The unions sauntered steadily — plainly dressed men, women, and children, tied together only by monotonous red streamers bearing Communist slogans or proud statistics of the Union's constitution toward effecting the Five-Year Plan. Nowhere an individual expression, none of those whimsical or witty legends which enliven a civic procession anywhere else in the world. A majestic anonymity, a purposeful migration of a people — or rather a confluence of human rivers to pour an animated Mississippi before Stalin, standing all day on Lenin's tomb of ox-blood granite.

I say I had never seen the like, yet I had seen it. Where? In Hubert and Jan van Eyck's lovely 'Worship of the Lamb,' at Ghent, with the four varied processions of martyrs, confessors, knights, magistrates, and pilgrims steadily converging through the flower-decked mead of Paradise upon the Altar of the Lamb and the Fountain of Life. Here was no such variety, but the purpose of the procession was much the same; it converged on the mausoleum enshrining the worn-out body of Lenin, proponent not of a celestial but of a mundane paradise — to a skeptic equally inaccessible.

How many passed through the Red Place in the ten hours of the civic procession I can only guess. It was a procession that defied the calculations of the best-indoctrinated Plattsburger. By a rough count and timing, five or six thousand people an hour were passing into the Red Square — fifty or sixty thousand in all. It may well have been many more. The newspapers announced a million and a half in line. This was impossible; but as many as made the entire march may have been temporarily in line. In any case it was staggeringly many people — all that the eye could possibly take in.

By half-past five the contributary rivers were dwindling, and the ceremony closed with its only humorous feature, a procession of satirical floats, which I fancy are paraded every year. The priest, sometimes straddling the muzzle of a great cannon, came in for the major share of ribaldry. The capitalist, usually in evening dress and a top hat over which a sledge of the Internationale was ominously poised, was a good second. The floats were amusing, and I emerged imprudently from the cover of my great red star. A float was passing with a priest, a capitalist, and an old-school intellectual offering monstrous and egregiously swelled bald heads of papier-mâché to the descending sledge. My own bald head caught the eye of the comrade in charge. Laughingly he pointed to it and to the bulbous baldness of the capitalistic intellectual. I laughed in return and, summoning all my Russian, shouted, 'O. K., Comrade!' (*Harashaw, Tavarish!*) It was the last of the procession.

A waiter appeared with a hamper of provisions for twenty-four hours on the train. My new Intourist interpreter, with the air of a reduced grand duchess, announced in her perfect French that the taxi was waiting, and for a wonder it was; in an hour I was making my first acquaintance with the famous 'soft cars.'

III

For the soft cars, despite their very relative cleanliness and minor discomforts, I came to have a real liking. It is only in comparison with the 'hard cars,' with their wooden seats and bunk shelves crisscrossed on two levels, that the soft cars deserve their name. They are shabby second-class wagons in compartments with one or two seats, the back turning up at night to make an upper berth. The upholstery is rather hard. Pillows and bedclothes may be had for two rubles, but nobody seems to use them, seasoned travelers carrying their own. Hot water can be had from the conductor. Simple provisions may be bought from buffets at the numerous stations or from peasants on the platform, but it is wise to carry your own supply. The soft cars are sociable places, with visiting up and down the corridors and no official interpreter to guide you aright. Somebody always speaks French or German and interprets for the rest, who ply you with questions. My quite modest clothes and equipment were always the admiration of the traveling Soviet world, and elicited exchange of information about prices.

When I confessed my Russian project at the club, the wags tried to frighten me by saying that the Bolsheviks, people sexually quite promiscuous, would put a woman in my sleeping compartment, and it would be very embarrassing. They laughed much over it, as is the club fashion. Well, this happened to me on my first night in the soft cars, and it was n't embarrassing at all. She appeared as I was straightening out my effects, and boldly took the opposite seat. She was fair, fat, and forty, neatly garbed in black. I gasped inwardly and said to myself, 'It is really happening. The club was perfectly right.' She chatted in friendly fashion in French and German, and when a severe sergeant of pioneer infantry came to occupy the berth above her, she chatted with him in Russian. From names of operas which I recognized, *Carmen*, *Tosca*, and so on, I judged that she was a singer, for she would hardly have talked music with him on any other basis than that of explaining her own occupation.

At ten o'clock she took off her shoes and loosened her collar; I took off and loosened mine; the sergeant turned in in his boots, put out the light, and we slept as much as the thin upholstery and heavy jolting permitted. As a demonstration of the sexual promiscuity of the Bolsheviks it was a complete 'washout.' And this kind of thing was being solemnly cited in America as evidence of Communist depravity! What had happened was what has happened in Russia ever since there were railroad cars — for that matter, what happens more uncomfortably whenever any mixed group of Europeans pass the night in a day compartment. It was a parable for the general truth that much which we shudder at as Communistic is merely Russian, or even merely human.

With daybreak I began to make acquaintance, and, remembering that an army not merely marches but also rolls on its stomach, I observed the feeding habits of the sergeant. About seven o'clock he brewed himself a glass of tea in a very fine nickel thermos teapot, which I guessed was standard army equipment. About twelve-thirty he produced a chunk of black bread of the size of a baby's head, and a ten-inch length of sausage of an inch calibre, thickly covered with green mould. He took the bread neat, and with relish, going through it as a squirrel goes through a nut. Then he took the sausage neat, including the mould, topping off with a small bit of cheese and a glass of tea. Thereupon he stretched out, and for three hours slept a profound, digestive, boa-constrictor sleep, which I envied. At seven in the evening he ate a small hunk of black bread and drank a cup of tea.

As an amateur militarist I should hate to lead an army which depended on a reasonable variety in its 'chow' against an army which could fight on the sergeant's feed. His field ration would have included in addition one or two bowls of cabbage soup during the day. The above was about the card ration of the average Russian workman, and the obvious fact that it would disgust and perhaps kill an American mechanic with the habit of T-bone steaks has nothing to do with the case. A Russian worker not merely digests such food, but actually likes it.

Meanwhile I was making acquaintances. A quizzical, booted individual, whom I took to be some sort of farm factor, inventoried my outfit and insisted on knowing the prices. When informed that the modest gray worsted suit which I had bought ready-made to wear out on the trip cost only fifty dollars, he made me feel his own sleazy blue flannel trousers and said a suit of that cost two hundred rubles. Learning that my sole-leather dressing bag, a kind of super-brief-case, cost twenty dollars, he asked the price of the flimsy black brief-case of a commercial traveler opposite. It was sixty rubles. Most of my outfit could not be bought in Russia for any price. In the morning I made him and myself George Washington coffee in five minutes on a lamp with solid alcohol cubes — a Danish contraption, by the way. He left the train murmuring something admirative of 'American technique,' and I felt that, for a notorious æsthete, I had creditably represented my country on the practical side.

In the corridor a man with a grim and rugged face, blue from much shaving, accosted me in broken English. His buttonhole was graced by an enormous sickle-and-sledge stick pin in oxidized silver. He looked a peculiarly sinister Communist, and I decided to be reticently on my guard. It turned out that, though a born Ukrainer, he had lived twenty-three years in rural Pennsylvania, had done well as a poultry farmer, and now was visiting relatives in the old country, being accompanied by his wife, a sister, and a young son. Owing to an unexpected advance in the departure of the train, the party had come off without provisions, so I stayed a hungry boy's stomach with Swedish bread and marmalade before the station buffets opened. This induced confidences. My apparent Communist had his emphatic views about Bolshevized Russia. There was neither liberty nor prosperity (in this he was right), and no equality (in which I think he was wrong). At the Ukrainian border his big sickle-and-sledge disappeared. 'It is easier here then?' I asked, and he nodded. I found it *was* easier there.

Fleeting impressions of five hundred miles of the best wheat land in the world and of some fifty country stations can have little value. The land occasionally showed the deep boundary furrows which mark the unhandy individual strips, but in the main everything was collectivized. Seven or eight hundred peasants scattered among the stations looked contented and well fed. The bark boot which I had seen often on the way to Moscow was not worn here. The general look was of an entirely bearable poverty.

Evening fell. The water, which had recently been well over the tracks, just reached the rails. We skimmed it, but did not touch it. A broad sound opened up, or what seemed like one — the flooded river bottom; it reflected stars and soon many lights from the high terraces of Kiev; two searchlights played over the waters from the heights. It was nearly one o'clock in the morning when we arrived, the train two hours late. Another charming interpreter, Comrade B——, called my name and led me to a taxi whose clock had been running up many rubles, and escorted me to the spacious and handsome Hotel Continental, where I dreamt wandering dreams about the soft cars.

IV

Leningrad, even in its disfigured estate, wins approbation from you, as a person of logical taste; Moscow powerfully appeals to the residual romanticist in you, the lover of picturesque disorder; Kiev goes straight to your heart. It has the elegant hominess of such German cities as Cassel or Dresden, with a charming irregularity of layout and levels, a fantastic touch in the decoration of its baroque and rococo houses, a general warm grayness of tone, vistas upon clusters of gilded domes, views from its noble terrace over the endless plains of the Dnieper. And, as if this were not enough, there is the intense and varied picturesqueness of the Lavra — the monastery precinct; the glories of Santa Sofia, with its eleventh-century mosaics and frescoes, and even a congregation splendidly intoning the immemorial responses of the Greek Mass. By way of dessert for such a meal, the unexpected richness and variety and consequent agreeable surprises of the Khanienko Gallery, seen under the auspices of the most courteous and well-informed of keepers. And all this with Comrade B——'s big soft Oriental eyes to look at and her quiet musical voice to listen to; and spring in the air and trees blossoming and warm sunshine, and floating great clouds seeming, as reflected, to pass under the surface of the vast lake that had been the river plain.

Kiev is concentrated in the lovely ravine, studded with churches and monastic buildings, called the Lavra. Take the hanging ravine in which is Saint Catherine's house at Siena; take it in springtime full of blossoming fruit trees, and retain its little rill; substitute on the sky line groups of gilded onion domes for the more rectangular contours of the Duomo; instead of the rolling Chianti hills, spread out before it an illimitable river bottom, through the freshet become a sea — and you would have the Lavra as it looked on a sparkling April day.

At the entrance was a pleasant surprise. A gracious and not too shabby old gentleman, with the unusual appurtenance of a monocle, accosted us and asked us to visit the Ukraine Museum. Although I had every respect for the land that boasted a Mazeppa, my interest in Ukrainian history was languid, and I told Comrade B—— to make the visit as short as might be without hurting the feelings of an evidently nice person. One gradually caught the enthusiasm of the monocled host, clearly a superior sort of librarian, who knew the collection as a shepherd knows his sheep. There were 20,000 books and 13,000 prints — rare items, the first Ukrainian woodcut, copperplate, and so forth, things bitterly disputed wherever amateurs are gathered together in an auction room. The keeper spoke French and German, but had forgotten much of both, and in moments of expansion gladly fell back on Russian and Comrade B——. Within earshot of the talk hung always a thin, pallid, and very plainly dressed woman of perhaps fifty. I could n't quite make her out, but decided she must be the wife of the librarian, and, like him, came of a stock that knew monocles.

The visit finished, I was asked to write my name in the visitors' book, and in order to see clearly I screwed that handiest of aids to the far-sighted, my monocle, into my right eye. 'These are the only two monocles in Kiev, and perhaps in Russia,' observed my host. 'They constitute a bond between us.' I replied in such French as I could muster. We shook hands, and as I descended toward the catacombs, where threescore well-dried hermit saints now serve the alien purpose of an anti-religious exhibit, Comrade B—— explained that my monocled colleague had once been Count Polotoski; that he had assembled the great Ukrainian collection with his private funds and given it to the Soviet State, which had assigned it the admirable installation in the Lavra and appointed him keeper. Doubtless the gentle apparition at the edge of our party had once been the Countess and was still the keeper's wife.

Since much testimony has been given to the hardships of the Russian intellectuals, I am glad, in fairness, to cite this example of benevolent assimilation to the Revolutionary régime. I have no doubt that Comrade Polotoski on the whole has a better time than Count Polotoski enjoyed. His treasures are admirably and permanently housed, beyond any probable risk. He lives among them without competing business or social distractions. It is easier for him to do the honors than it was when the library was in his palace, and he likes to do the honors. To be sure, he and his wife are probably living only a little better than their servants used to live, but then nobody of their sort now lives on a larger scale. I cannot much pity anyone who, with the wife of his youth and surrounded by the books and prints he loves, goes down the vale of years at the Lavra.

V

The glories of the Cathedral of Santa Sofia are well known and possibly exaggerated. The design is noble, Greek work of the eleventh century, the mosaics more interesting as an ensemble than for finesse of design or execution. More interesting to the archæologist is a series of eleventh-century frescoes recently uncovered in a staircase. They are secular in theme — unique for the moment. There are a hunt, a feast, and even a traveling comedy, with conventional characters which might find their analogies either in Terence or in Punch and Judy. These frescoes are being studied by an accomplished young Russian scholar, and I hope to find a way of publishing his results in English.

It was Sunday, and there was a good congregation at Santa Sofia resonantly intoning the responses. Indeed, many churches were occupied by their priests. At Moscow and Leningrad four fifths would have been confiscated and disfigured by posters, anti-clerical or pro-Five-Year Plan. I remarked the fact to Comrade B——, and it displeased her, for, like all young people educated in the Soviet schools, she was convinced that 'religion is the opium of the people.' I could never get her or any of her generation to admit that the people might, after all, need its opium. She pointed out that there were no young people at the services, and it was true. A person under forty was exceptional, and most were much older. The new education is making the youth of Russia not only irreligious, but fanatically anti-religious.

But even this process works more gently in the Ukraine than elsewhere. I felt that while Comrade B—— utterly disapproved of the worshipers, she did not precisely scorn them, having some inkling of the human dignity of their to her erroneous position. I doubt if a Moscow interpreter would have entertained any kindly feeling toward them whatever. Yes, things were easier in the Ukraine, as the poultry farmer and I agreed when he put his big badge of the Internationale in his pocket. I like to think of the many kindnesses I received at Kiev; of the trouble cheerfully taken to show me the newly discovered frescoes at Santa Sofia, and to open to me museums on their closed day. I like to think of the dignified old lady who hobbled into my room to sell an icon, and, because she had heard I was an archæologist, brought me numerous offprints of the articles of her late husband, a famous historian of art. I like to think of her gratitude to me for feeding the rather peaked little grandson who accompanied her abundant Swedish bread and chocolate. She was a dignified old lady, speaking a precise, lesson-book French; and while I was a little ashamed of paying her so little for her icon, I should have been even more hesitant to offer her as a charity more than it was worth.

Everywhere in Russia, though I expected to feel myself painfully an alien, I felt myself among friends. This was particularly true of Kiev, where the many professional, perfunctory favors, if you will, were accorded with a peculiar graciousness. I wanted to stay on, but it was a question of getting to Odessa in time to catch the fine Cunard tourist steamer *Carinthia*, or of going out of the Black Sea by some far less comfortable craft.

When Comrade B—— left me in the soft car of the evening, I indulged the capitalistic courtesy of kissing her friendly and pretty hand.

JONES, HIS OPINIONS AND POLITICS

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

I

WHEN Herbert Hoover defeated Alfred E. Smith in November 1928 by a popular vote of 21 millions to 15 millions, by 444 electoral votes to 87, by 40 states to 8, and incidentally wrenched from the palpitating flesh of the Solid South the fair states of Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, and Texas, if only pro tem. — when Herbert Hoover did all these things to Alfred E. Smith with the most consummate ease in the world for the reason that said Smith is a Roman Catholic, there was signally vindicated the dignity of the average American man as against our specialists in Mass Behavior and Public Opinion.

Upon the meaning of the last Presidential election there cannot be, and as a matter of fact there has not been, any serious difference of opinion. Everybody agrees that in November 1928 there took place in these United States a popular uprising against the Pope. A great many people rejoice in the event and call it a popular upheaval in defense of free Protestant America. A great many people deplore the event and describe it as an upflare of bigotry and hate. For our present purpose the two explanations are exactly the same. They agree in asserting that the last election showed more than thirty million Americans terribly in earnest. And when I see the dignity of the average man vindicated by the vote against Al Smith, — or for him, — I mean only the obvious: that a bigot is a more dignified and impressive object than a ventriloquist's dummy. For it is precisely to the level of the dummy on the knee of the vaudeville artist, the jumping jack at the end of the wire, the scarecrow flapping at the will of the winds, that the average American voter had been reduced by the specialists in public opinion who worship at the shrine of Propaganda.

It is the essential doctrine in this propaganda explanation of mass behavior that the way in which ordinary men think is determined for them by a few shrewd people on top who have managed to obtain control of the newspapers and the radios in the current fiscal year. It is a parallel doctrine that the way in which the millions vote is determined by what they have read in the newspapers or in the campaign literature or heard from the platform or over the radio during the last few weeks before election day. It is a doctrine passionately held that the political party which in the summer of a Presidential year controls the greatest number of newspapers and the largest campaign fund will win the election. This it will do by persuading, converting, or bamboozling a majority of the voters.

The propaganda theory of human conduct, as it flourished in the last decade, thus made it possible to solve a great many puzzles which had perplexed the psychologists and observers of earlier times. Try to think of some man who felt very strongly about some other man — well, let us take the way Shylock felt about Antonio. The propaganda theory makes it all as clear as daylight. Shylock hated Antonio because of what he had read and what he had heard about the merchant of Venice. The Jew, as is well known, was an assiduous patron of the *Rialto Evening Graphic*, and in that lively sheet he was continually being regaled with pungent gossip about Antonio's private life as a member of the Venetian smart set. Shylock was a subscriber to the *Lido Gazette*, a weekly journal of serious social criticism. There he encountered many a caustic analysis of the business methods of Venice's merchant princes, among whom Antonio figured prominently. Shylock often read in the *Adriatic Monthly* well-considered articles dealing with the longer trends in Venetian life, and in these the name of Antonio would frequently occur, not always in the most favorable light. By numerous other vents and channels Shylock was exposed to the sustained pressure of the anti-Antonio propagandists, lobbyists, press agents, and counsels on public relations; so that we may say of this Jew of Venice that his conspicuously neutral, insipid, and featureless soul provided a clean slate for the experts in human manipulation to write on. Any fifty-ducat-a-week 'ink slinger' in Venice could do what he pleased with Shylock.

Yes; Shylock hated Antonio wholly because of what he had read and been told about Antonio, and not because he, Shylock, had eyes, hands, dimensions, affections, passions. Your true-blue propagandist will entirely overlook, or else dismiss as irrelevant, the circumstance that if you tickled Shylock he laughed without any suggestion from the newspapers, and if you pricked him he bled without any editorial guidance. Always this Jew of Venice was being swayed by the gossip paragraphs in the *St. Mark's Weekly* and the *Levantine Review*, and never by the fact that Antonio had interfered with his livelihood and spat upon his gaberdine.

And that, apparently, is what happened in the United States in the year 1928. When the four Southern states made their stand against the Pope, it must have been because the propagandists in the course of the summer campaign put it into people's minds that a Roman Catholic ought not to be President. Had it not been for the press agents, the Protestant South would just as lief have voted for a Roman Catholic, having inherited a perfectly open mind on the subject from their fathers, who had it from *their* fathers. If voters in the South marked their ballots against the Inquisition, and against the fires of Smithfield, and against Louis XIV's treatment of the Huguenots, and against James II and for William of Orange, and in short against the Scarlet Woman of Rome and in defense of the little white church on the village green — when they did all these things, it was because the propagandists put notions into their heads, and not because of anything they felt and feared on their own account.

But, on second thought, this could not be. For it appears that the secession of half the solid South from Alfred E. Smith in 1928 was a surrender to bigotry; and plainly a bigot cannot be a puppet. A bigot has eyes, hands, dimensions, organs, affections, and passions. They are affections and passions so strong that his eyes may go bloodshot, and his hands itch to get at your throat. Propaganda, in the sense in which men used the word before it became a post-Armistice fetish, can indeed play upon the bigot. Propaganda can minister to his fears, rouse his jealousies, fan his dormant hatreds. But that is not the propaganda which the decade of the 1920's had in mind. Propaganda then was the omnipotent agency that could do with the puppet man what it pleased. In theory, and for the wilder votaries in practice, propaganda could make Texas and Alabama vote for the Pope by the expenditure of enough money on speakers, 'literature,' newspapers, and radio. Propaganda, as the decade used the word, denied that man is filled with hate or with memories or with fears or with anything. Man is an empty vessel into which the dispenser can pour whatever brew he pleases. But the 1928 election reminded the would-be pourers that the vessel, Man, is really filled with strange juices and compounds and prejudices, dating back some seventy years to the Civil War, a hundred and fifty years to the Revolutionary War, four hundred years to Luther and the Armada, and so an indefinite number of thousands and thousands of years back to the cave and the tree hut.

II

And yet here is an odd thing. Parallel to this doctrine of propaganda which teaches that the mass of men are putty with which you may do anything, there ran through this decade of the 1920's the other doctrine that the mass of men are clods with which you can do nothing. Did I say parallel? These mutually destructive appraisals were frequently encountered hand in hand in the same observer, in the same book. A thread which the reader will find running through these remarks of mine is the shrieking inconsistencies and contradictions of the trained mind of our time when it contemplates the average man. The student of civilization contemplates the resident of Tenth Avenue, and finds him to be now this and now remarkably the opposite of this. . . .

Well, that is proper enough. Man has always been known as the creature in whom at any one moment you may find both this and the opposite of this. But it is the peculiar mark of the intellectual temper of our time that it denies to the average man the complicated soul structure of which we are a bit more than proud in our own educated selves. The average man must be wholly one thing, and now he must be wholly the opposite thing, depending on what particular formula I, the educated observer, have momentarily fallen in love with. For it has been the basic rule for the study of mankind in our days that we shall not look at common men and observe how they change under our eyes. The thing to watch is the formulas about common men. When a formula has served its purpose or lost its novelty we can look about for another formula. At no time is it essential to take a look at Jones.

Thus it happened, in the years after the war, that the average man was a man of granite, and also a man of straw, according to convenience. If you wished to express disapproval of the average man's aversion to experiment and progress you spoke of him as the slave of hereditary superstitions. He was a man chained to his taboos. He was a creature dominated by fears. He was the terrorized victim of his Medicine Men and his Old Men of the Tribe. Their vested interests required that the average man stay put, and he has learned the lesson so well that civilization consists of the mass of mankind being dragged forward against its will.

But the very next day, and sometimes on the very next page, this human clod, this sodden product of priestly taboos and terrors and superstitions, this dull, immobile brute entity, becomes, by the theory of propaganda, the most airy, fairy, gossamer thing imaginable. He becomes Mob. He becomes Herd. He becomes Puppet. Anyone can twist him around his finger. Anyone can make him go wherever he wishes. The clod with whom you could do nothing becomes the manikin with whom you may do anything. Which it will be depends entirely on which formula is indicated at the moment — the formula that man is fettered by taboos or the formula that man is ruled by propaganda.

What no self-respecting formula will admit is that both things might simultaneously be true of the average man; that he is a creature slow to move and easy to move, lumpish and impulsive, easily duped and with a millennial wisdom of his own; a clod with a spark at the heart of it. That the average man is a complex man rarely enters the formulas of the intellectualist observer, because formulas, to be beautiful, must be simple. They must fall pat. They must answer everything, without hesitation or reservation. Only in that way can a formula become eminently quotable in printed gossip and polite conversation.

III

One possible misconstruction I am anxious to avoid. When I speak of the educated observer and his fondness for describing the common man as a puppet I am far from arguing that the motive behind the act is always contempt or dislike. Very often the impulse behind the puppet theory is commiseration. There is present the wish to make excuses for the common man. How, the educated observer asks himself, shall I explain the extraordinary fact that a majority of the American people acquiesce in or even support a world war of which I, the serious student, heartily disapprove? How shall I explain the division of the American people into political parties which have ceased to have any real meaning for me? Or, taking a problem on which there can be no difference of opinion, how shall we explain the toleration of municipal misgovernment by millions of Americans? How shall we explain the upflare of ugly passions — religious, racial, regional — in these United States?

The answer that springs from contempt and dislike is the answer given by the H. L. Mencken school of anti-democratic thought. Of course it is not a new school. It is part of the old tradition which holds that mankind is incurably bestial. Here the answer to war and municipal misgovernment and religious bigotry and censorship and the rest is simple. The great majority of men are vicious, cruel, cowardly, gluttonous, lecherous, superstitious. But, chief of all, the mass of men are envious of superior status and superior merit and ever ready to favor the lower against the higher. The democracy is a herd of grunting and rooting swine.

Prohibition, for instance, offers no puzzle to Mr. Mencken. It was put over on the American people by the yokels of the back country whose convivial pleasures are restricted to swilling raw gin and hugging the blowzy kitchenmaid behind the barn. This uncouth herd saw to it that the city 'feller' should not drink civilized liquor in pleasant dining rooms and in the company of charming women. Things in this country are the way they are for the reason that the great majority of the American people are disgusting animals.

But this is precisely the view against which the usual educated observer strongly protests. He wants to believe in democracy. He believes in the decency and good intentions of the average man. Under the circumstances, what other explanation can there be, whenever the common man goes astray, than to suggest that he has been misinformed, misled, deceived, betrayed? The common man does not want war. He is always dragged into war by his leaders for their own selfish ends. The common man in Virginia is not by nature Democratic, or in Vermont by nature Republican. That is only a vicious state of things inaugurated by chance but perpetuated by the politicians. The common man wants a much better type of Presidential candidate than he is getting; the nominees are 'put over' by the Interests, who are notorious for their control of the machinery of both parties. It is not necessary to go into details. As against the Menckenites, who hold with old Thomas Hobbes that man is hopelessly brutish, we have the idealists defending the Jean Jacques Rousseau man, who is by nature and intentions altogether admirable, but is the victim of forces outside himself.

And yet in the final account much the harsher sentence upon the common man is pronounced, not by the 'roughneck' Menckenites, but by the kindly and well-meaning idealists. The most familiar contribution by Mr. Mencken to the American vocabulary and to American thought is the Boob. But as a matter of fact Mr. Mencken does not in the least think of his archenemy as a boob. A boob is a ninny with whom you can amuse yourself to your heart's content. A boob is a dolt with whom you can do what you like. A boob is the fellow to whom you sell a season's ticket for the Brooklyn Bridge or the Congressional Library. A boob, in short, is somebody whom you can notice when you choose and disregard when you have lost interest. But what are the facts about Mr. Mencken's Boob? Mr. Mencken does not twist the Boob around his fingers. It is the Boob who twists Mr. Mencken around his own uncouth fingers, by the Baltimore editor's own confession. It is the Boob that compels Mr. Mencken and the rest of us to dance to his own clownish piping.

If a boob is something ridiculous and ineffective, how can the name apply to the creature whom the Nietzschean school concedes to be in control of America? He imposes censorships and prohibitions. He dominates the legislatures which dominate the universities. He sets the standard for art and thought and taste. The Mencken yokel is not in the least a yokel, because he is not under anybody's yoke; it is Mr. Mencken who is under the yokel's yoke. The yokel is the confessed master. And Mr. Mencken on democracy is not thinking in the least of a collection of oafs and dolts. He is thinking of a mob of ravening wolves.

Rather is it the idealist friends of democracy that have made a boob of the common man, with the kindliest intentions. They look out on a world in which many things are amiss, and in order to absolve the common man from responsibility for this sad state of things they come dangerously near to adopting the methods of the successful criminal lawyer who obtains acquittals in murder trials by proving that his client is a victim of *dementia præcox.* Mr. Mencken pays the common American man the enormous compliment of regarding him as a dangerous fanatic, as a Force. But the would-be friends of the common man have reduced him to a nonentity.

In their accounts it regularly appears that the great majority of mankind are dolls dancing to hidden wires — vocal dolls whose powers of utterance are restricted to saying 'War,' 'Peace,' 'Country,' 'Flag,' in response to pressure applied at a point near the stomach or the heart; primitive intelligences who believe everything they are told to believe, and nothing else-primitive emotional machines which feel whatever the engineer that presses the button wants them to feel, and nothing else.

That the emotions of the common man may be fairly spontaneous and genuine, that his thoughts may be based in part at least on his inalienable human experience, that his acts may be dictated by something deserving the name of reason — such possibilities hardly enter into the evaluations of man as puppet. Here is a typical summation of the propaganda doctrine of human conduct as it flourished in the 1920's: —

> The range of subjects upon which men are fitted to form original opinions is very narrow. Most men are obliged to accept the opinion of someone having prestige in politics, in religion, in science, in morals. This is unavoidable, since it is possible for the average man to be expert only in the small field of his regular occupation.

And what, as a matter of fact, is the 'small field of his regular occupation,' outside of which the average man is precluded from framing judgments of his own? The average man's occupation consists merely in being born, growing up, earning his living by his labor, marrying a wife and trying to make a success of it, raising children and trying to understand them and get himself understood by them, affiliating himself with a church, a trade-union, a chamber of commerce, a life-insurance company, a fraternal order, enjoying good wages and resenting unemployment, finding out that food is good and lack of it is bad, seeing the sun rise in the morning and set at night, watching his son march off to war and, let us hope, return unharmed. The field of the average man's regular occupation is restricted to the business of actor and spectator in the parade of life and death, of laughter and tears, and of the two and two that make four. This is all that enters into the average man's range of intelligence and emotion.

One thing there is obviously in common between the Mencken interpretation of Man the Wolf and the kindlier interpretation of man as puppet. Both views arise out of the sense of amazement, with or without indignation, that the common man should insist on being what he is, instead of being what I, the Superman, or I, the Idealist, think the common man ought to be at this precise moment.

IV

So much, then, for the sense in which Mr. Hoover's victory over Governor Smith in 1928 vindicated the dignity of the average man. A bigot has more human value than a marionette. A good hater is more impressive than an empty meal sack. Caliban is a richer personality than Simple Simon. It remains only to ask in whose eyes the average man was vindicated. And the answer, again, is in the eyes of the intellectual observers; for it is not to be denied that the 1928 election taught them something.

It is the peculiar quality of this type of men that it requires an upheaval, or an eruption, or a cataclysm, or at the very least a hot Presidential election, to draw their attention to the existence of things of which we ordinary men are aware by looking at our neighbors and in the newspaper. Suppose, for instance, that the existing tension between Argentina and the United States, arising from our tariff on Argentinian meat products, should develop into a crisis. This crisis would come to some of our social idealists as a startling reminder that millions of Americans have bacon and eggs for breakfast.

In this manner the popular triumph of Colonel Lindbergh came to some of our social students as a startling reminder that hero worship is not dead among the American people. You see, they had seen it so often stated in magazine articles and in books that this is an age of skepticism and disillusion. They had omitted to take note of one hundred and eighteen million Americans who plainly were not disillusioned or skeptical. Apparently they had not heard of Babe Ruth.

In this manner the publication of official figures showing that life insurance in force in the United States in the year 1930 amounted to nearly one hundred billion dollars came to students of civilization as a startling reminder that family affection and responsibility are not dead in the United States. The student of American civilization was too busy elsewhere to take note that life insurance was growing at an amazing rate. And of course he was too busy to inform himself by personal observation that in the year 1930 men were still concerned about the future of their wives and children in case anything happened to the head of the family. The student of civilization had read so much about the Break-Up of the Family that it came as a surprise to find in the year 1930 families still in operation.

In this manner a play called *The Green Pastures* came in March 1930 as an almost catastrophic reminder that there were still alive in New York a considerable number of people susceptible to the old-fashioned emotions and pieties and traditions. The student of civilization had become so deeply absorbed in his own formulas about the Moral Revolution and the Collapse of Standards that he had forgotten to take note of several million people in New York City who were but imperfectly sophisticated or 'hard-boiled.'

All these startling reminders were necessary because observers of mankind had forgotten to look at their fellow men with the eyes of fellows and of simple men. You looked at Jones exclusively in terms of Revolution or New Ages or Herd Instincts or Glands, or whatever was the latest combination of capital letters, in which alone the Truth resided. You satirized Jones, or flayed him, or debunked him, or psychoanalyzed him, or extracted his teeth for focal infections, or put him under the X-ray and the ultra-violet and the infra-red, or looked at him in the manner suggested by H. G. Wells, through the magnifying glass which distorts while it enlarges, or photographed him in his Rotarian garments and in his atavistic reversions and his sexual neuroses — but you had no time to take note that crowds adore heroes and mothers love babies and people are fond of bacon and eggs for breakfast. Such methods of observation were too direct and too commonplace.

V

Now the vogue of propaganda as the explanation of American mass behavior is due to all of us in general, and to one interest in particular.

We all suffer, though in different degree, from the inability to understand how in the world it is possible for anyone not to think as we do on any given subject. The only way in which such extraordinary conduct on the part of the other man can be accounted for, assuming that the poor fellow is not insane, is propaganda. Some external compulsion has interfered with the ordinary course of nature when Jones refuses to share our views. We are all like that; and the less we see of Jones in the body, the more we are like that.

The particular interest that has contributed to the prestige of propaganda is the complex of occupations, professions, and trades that may be grouped under the general head of Advertising.

It is not quite a subject for surprise when advertising agents and agencies, publicity managers, good-will promoters, directors of campaigns and drives, salute with something more than satisfaction the doctrine that people can be taught always to do what they are told; that people indeed do only what they are told — provided one uses up in the telling enough white paper in the newspapers and magazines, enough pine boarding on the highways, enough electric current along the Great White Ways of the big cities. Yes, my friends, strange as it may seem, it is the professionals of publicity who most ardently testify to the irresistible efficacy of propaganda. They have even written books about it.

The efforts of the Grand Dukes of Publicity have been reënforced by one particular subdivision of the general class of All of Us mentioned a few lines back. I refer to the progressive economists and sociologists who disapprove of so many features of our business civilization. With them a favorite topic is the wastefulness of American business methods and especially the waste of advertising.

But mind you, when critics speak of the waste of advertising they do not mean that it is waste because advertising fails to make men do things or buy things. On the contrary, it is the heart of their case that advertising makes men do things they should not and buy many more things than they need or than are good for them. It is their contention that anybody who starts out with an advertising appropriation of $5,000,000 can make the American people buy anything, wear anything, eat anything, read anything, ride about in anything, smoke anything, believe anything.

Does this hideous charge arouse bitter indignation in the ranks of the advertising business? It does not. Perhaps it hurts a bit — in one's abstract after-business hours — to be accused of making people spend their money needlessly. But how helpful it is to the advertising business to be constantly so accused! How conducive it is to the encouragement of new $5,000,000 accounts from manufacturers desirous of imposing a little more waste on the American people!

And what is the more prosaic, less Napoleonic, truth about advertising — about its effectiveness in shaping men's lives and bank accounts in these United States, about its adequacy as a central explanation of American behavior? The truth about advertising is in kind the same as the truth about propaganda, though we may note a difference in degree. The printed advertisement is unquestionably more effective in shaping the buying behavior of the American people than are the propaganda headlines in shaping the nation's thinking and conduct. But the doctrine of an irresistible Advertiser having his own way with the buying public is nonsense.

That is to say: —

Advertising may induce a few people to buy frequently what they do not need and induce a great many people to buy occasionally what they do not need. But the number of such victims is small in the entire mass of consumers and the entire volume of the nation's business.

Advertising may succeed in forcing a novelty down the public's throat and into commercial success. But such achievements are trivial when compared with the vast body of commercial success based on sound human needs, mass movements, epochal changes, new turns in civilization.

You see so much automobile advertising about you, in the newspapers, magazines, on the road, in the window displays, that it has become a commonplace for students of the national civilization to say that Americans ride in automobiles because the advertisers make them.

But it is a commonplace that Henry Ford succeeded in selling fifteen million automobiles of Model T type with very little advertising. And it is a commonplace of everyone's experience that people buy automobiles primarily because the thing is in the air, because the Browns and the Smiths have an automobile — and the Browns and the Smiths are the most powerful motive force in human history. After the Brown automobile has laid Jones's trenches flat with its heavy guns, the automobile advertisement may begin to operate. Once Jones has decided to buy a car he begins to shop around in the advertisements.

Amazing force of nature, the Browns and Smiths! They are behind that mysterious rhythm of nature known as Fashion, which causes short skirts to come and go like the wind, blowing where they list.

The Browns and Smiths — that is to say, imitation — are all-powerful in the theatre. It is pretty well established by inquiry that most people go to see a show because a friend recommends it, next because of what the reviews say, and only thirdly because of the advertising.

It is the same with books. Advertising cannot make a best-seller, although advertising may 'snowball' a big best-seller into a huge best-seller. Advertising can make more people want the kind of book that many people already want; but advertising does not create the want. The common history of a best-selling book which does not reveal an authentic new talent is that the author's next book does not sell so well, though it is advertised much more extensively than the first book. With the third, fourth, and succeeding books the decline may be catastrophic. The reason is that the same people who said of the first book that you must not miss it told their friends that the second book was n't nearly so good. In the ears of the man with something to sell there is no gladder sound than 'word-of-mouth advertising.'

The enormous popularity of the cigarette was not made by the advertiser, but by the World War. There came then other mysterious forces which set everybody to puffing at the weed, including the women. A $5,000,000 advertising appropriation may 'educate' the public to a particular brand of cigarette, but one cannot be certain; and in any case the cigarette habit in itself came before.

Advertising stimulates package-food consumption; but the beginning came with the secular change in American civilization away from the kitchen; or perhaps it is a new form of the immemorial American picnicking habit. The thousands of cheap candy confections consumed by millions of Americans reflect the old quick-lunch habit, the old ten-minute railroad-buffet menagerie so sadly described by Mark Twain more than sixty years ago.

As to beauty preparations: the American people used to consume vast quantities of patent medicines when it was a pioneer people racked with malaria and indigestion and miles away from a doctor. As the country filled up and prosperity increased and houses were better heated and doctors multiplied, the patent-medicine bottle began to go out and the beauty jar began to come in. Advertising certainly helped to sell bottles for internal use and is now employed to sell bottles for external use; but the basic demand came not through advertising, but from a basic need, and the change has been a social change, a mass movement.

Advertising will help to sell radios,

mechanical refrigeration, and vacuum cleaners; but the compulsion to buy these things comes not from the advertisers but from broad currents of change in the national life as registered primarily in the Browns and Smiths.

VI

Always it is the basic needs of a community that determine its buying behavior; and the great bulk of advertising is concerned with basic needs. In New York is unquestionably the greatest concentration of purchasing power that the world has ever seen within anything like the same area. But in the newspaper which is far and away the most powerful advertising medium in New York the receipts from automobile and radio advertising are only one sixth of the receipts from department-store and financial advertising. Yet when the specialists complain of the coercive force of advertising they do not usually think of people being coerced into buying clothes, furniture, or a few bonds for investment.

Does it seem that the efficacy of advertising, a legitimate and useful pursuit and interest, is here being brought into question? That, of course, is not so; unless it is belittling a profession to deny it the possession of magic powers. And that is a claim which both the wise man who is out to buy advertising space and the wise man who has advertising space to sell will refuse to associate themselves with.

The advertiser is not a hypnotist, but a salesman. The advertising medium is not a siren, but a show window. In studying the advertisements, the public is really shopping around. That is actually what the woman of the house does when she goes through the department-store pages in the daily paper. The way in which these pages tell their story may unquestionably tempt Mrs. Jones to go at times a bit beyond her original budget estimate. But that happens to people who build homes, and parents who send children to college, and sometimes, it is said, even to Secretaries of the Treasury. Mrs. Jones feels after a particularly seductive statement on the department-store page that she really ought not to deny herself that ravishing pair of coonskin evening slippers with the enchanting Australian heel. But the general character of Mrs. Jones's behavior in the department stores will be shaped by her basic requirements as by herself determined; and these requirements were determined when she met Mrs. Brown in her new spring costume and for the first time realized how shabby she, Mrs. Jones, was looking.

Let us end on a lyrico-historical note:—

What a relief it is to escape from the rush and clamor of modern American life to the peace and leisure of another uncommercialized century and another non-hustling clime! How quaintly pleasant are the street cries of old London and of old Paris about which many books have been written: the characteristic cry of the hot-muffin man, and the fried-fish man, and the old-clothes man, and the cat's-meat man, and the knife grinder and the chimney sweep! But what they all were doing, of course, in those romantic days, was advertising their goods and services. For the moment it is hard to recall just what is the peculiar sound produced by the man who drives a pair of goats down the streets of Málaga in Spain, and will milk them at your doorway into your own pail; but the yell which he emits is not essentially different in purpose and in ethical content from the sound made by Messrs. Wanamaker, Filene, Field, and Hahn in the department-store advertisements.

A FEW PORTRAITS IN SEPIA

BY EDWIN ROGERS EMBREE

I

JAMES BURRUS was born a slave during the tumultuous fifties. His father, who owned a plantation on Stone River between Nashville and Murfreesboro, had bought at one time a slave girl and by her had three sons — James, John, and Preston. His father evidently held her in high esteem, for he never took for himself any other wife. After an early aversion to her white master and rebellion against his advances, the girl grew fond of him. James says that during his boyhood his parents lived together in affectionate companionship.

The father died suddenly just before the Civil War, and it was found that he had bequeathed his entire estate to his slave wife and her sons. But rights of inheritance were not permitted to slaves, and the estate went to a brother. Then came the war and marching armies and disrupted homes. After a long odyssey, during which the mother and sons kept always together, following in the wake of one army and another through Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas, the family returned to make their home in Nashville. The mother at this period married an old slave suitor. But he was inferior to her in personality and ambition, and after a time she separated from him and devoted herself during the rest of her life to her sons.

James and John worked and saved and entered the first class of the little mission school optimistically called Fisk University. While the brothers were struggling to get food and schooling, they heard of the gibe of the great Southern statesman, John C. Calhoun: 'Show me a nigger who can do a problem in Euclid or parse a Greek verb and I'll admit he's a human being.' Piqued by the taunt, the Burrus brothers accepted the challenge in behalf of their race. As they entered Fisk, John said to James: 'You take the mathematics and I'll take the Greek.'

The scholarly ambition of these two ex-slaves fitted into the plans and aspirations of Fisk. The founders were scholars, and they offered undiluted Greek, Latin, and higher mathematics to the blacks who came to them. For long years the brothers struggled, studying when they could and working day and night to keep food and shelter for themselves and their mother. Finally these boys with two other students formed the first class to graduate from the college course at Fisk.

John, who had distinguished himself in the classics, remained at his Alma Mater to teach, and James went for graduate study to Dartmouth College in far New England. There he received high honors in mathematics and was, by special vote of the faculty, awarded the degree of Master of Arts — a rare distinction in those days. Thus these brothers, born in slavery, passed Calhoun's dual test. They were recognized masters of Euclid and of Greek.

After his success at Dartmouth, James, in 1879, rejoined his brother on the Fisk faculty. In a few years both were called to the Alcorn Agricultural and Mechanical College of Mississippi — one as president, the other as professor. Working together, they built up this institution into one of the first of the modern state colleges for Negroes, maintaining high standards of scholarship and character in both faculty and student body and obtaining larger and larger support from the state treasury for this new kind of public school for Negroes. They took their mother with them to Alcorn, and there she presided over the president's house. Stories of her charm and of her fierce determination for the advancement of her sons and her race are current among those who came under her influence.

Although he was happy and successful as a teacher, James Burrus decided that if Negroes were to become really independent they must get money to support themselves and their institutions. So the two brothers resigned their posts at Alcorn, came back to Nashville, joined their younger brother, Preston, who had studied pharmacy, opened a drug store, and also began to buy and sell real estate. Both the drug business and the real estate prospered under the thrifty management of the Burrus family. Three years ago James, the last survivor of the brothers, died and left his entire estate of $122,000 to his Alma Mater, Fisk University.

A dramatic incident marked the close of this dramatic life. In the spring of 1928, as his health was beginning to fail, James announced to Dr. Thomas E. Jones, the new president of Fisk, his intention to leave his fortune to the University. He said that his affairs were all arranged save for one small debt, and that he was then on his way to the outskirts of the city to settle that account so that his estate would be entirely clear. Dr. Jones protested against the long, hard trip by the infirm old man, and offered himself to see to the payment at once. But Burrus insisted upon paying his last debt with his own hand. Painfully he climbed into a passing street car, took his seat in the rear section set apart for Negroes, and asked to be put off at the end of the run so that he could then walk the two or three remaining blocks to the house of his creditor. He leaned back in the seat and closed his eyes. When the conductor came to rouse him at the end of the line, he found James Burrus dead.

II

Jake works on the larry gang in a Pennsylvania coke yard. He is a Northern Negro; he has never lived South and despises that region. 'Full of poor white trash and knee-bending niggers,' he says. Much of the time Jake is simply a common laborer about the mine. Tamping ties, clearing refuse, repairing oven doors, he puts in his full menial day, checked by Pietro, the young Italian timekeeper.

But when the coke yard has a furious run, Jake's days are made up not of hours but of deeds. On these days each oven must be emptied and reloaded — and that is all. These are the days Jake loves. Like a huge imp, his squat black form silhouetted against the tinted smoke from the ovens, he perches on his little coal car, which they call a larry, and waits at the mouth of the mine till the car is filled. Then, with a turn of the electric switch, he drives the car careening along the narrow rails out over the thick masonry ovens, where, with another turn of the lever, he opens the bed of the car, and the coal pours into the oven to be burned to coke. A few strong thrusts of the crowbar by his gorilla arms, and the larry is emptied.

When the last oven is filled, Jake drives his larry screeching over the little track to the tipple at the mine head, throws aside his crowbar, and hurries his bowlegs out of the yard and down the dirty streets of the village to the shack which to him and four other dusky males is home. He washes off the outer coat of dirt, careful not to disturb the under layers of coal dust ingrained into his body through the years by the black gods of the mine as permanently as the pigment painted on by the gods of biology. He is a rough slab of graphite, not shiny like some blackamoors or smooth like the dark ivory of others. As he sloshes his head in the tepid water, flakes of carbon gleam here and there like insets of precious metal in dark stone.

In the winter in the drab mining villages about Pittsburgh there is nothing but work and sleep. One may break out occasionally and get drunk or beat up a woman, but after a dull spurt or two there is nothing but sleep and work, work and sleep. In the spring and summer, however, there is a little release. Even the god of routine slackens the chains a bit. The sap begins to run. The workers and the villagers begin to grope about, to search out almost human pleasures. On a spring or summer afternoon after his short, harsh day of oven stuffing, Jake takes his quick wash, thrusts his barrel chest into a baseball shirt, his curved legs into the short pants of the uniform, and, with the spikes of his shoes crunching on the floor, swaggers out with careless assurance and lithe dignity.

Jake's life is at the zenith. Unencumbered by wife or children, full of good hunger and delight in sport and mastery, competent with his larry, and captain of his baseball team, his life, if not rich, at least is strong. He orders his players about with nonchalant authority. He himself plays with easy skill at the post of catcher. Crouching behind the home plate, his legs bowed wide, he knots his gnarled fingers and thumps his big glove lovingly, muttering unmentionable epithets to the nervous batter before him.

It was at the peak of his work at the coke yard and his joy at the diamond that Jake's career broke. Not that he regarded it as anything out of the ordinary. But it was the beginning of a swift ebb in his life. And primitives, powerful and beautiful at the full tide of young strength, break rapidly when the turning comes.

At a decision by the umpire, Jake threw down his glove and rushed to protest. In the hot controversy, he seized a bat and bashed the umpire's head. The police dragged him to the hoosegow and later to the penitentiary, where he served a weary year. He came out and returned to the coke yard. But he had to take work of a more lowly order. A new and younger Italian kept the time. The baseball team had passed to the captaincy of another. Jake drifted on to another camp and worked as plasterer on the oven doors and later as common laborer about the mines. His place was with the aged pensioners. His joys were reduced to sitting before a sunny oven door and regaling younger men with libidinous tales, while still younger and more energetic Italian timekeepers regarded him with the scornful eye of the ambitious.

III

Uncle Jeb was sitting on the fence, when I passed by, gazing vacantly at the body of his mule. High overhead a dozen buzzards circled.

Uncle Jeb had lived in that Louisiana parish as a cotton farmer during all of his seventy-seven years. Four years after the Civil War, when he was seventeen, he had married one of the plump black wenches of fifteen or sixteen with whom the boys giggled in back benches as preachers shouted salvation and hell fire from the pulpit.

From that time on, life for Jeb and Sarah had been a succession of babies, crops, planting, and picking. The babies were not much more than an incident with Sarah. She worked in the fields or around the house until a day or so before they came. Ten days later she took her place, a new baby strapped to her shoulders, and held her own with any field gang picking or hoeing cotton. It would be a hard life for the city girl, but every woman that Sarah knew went through the same routine. 'Sixteen she borned and twelve she reared.' The children were an asset in a country where the size of a tenant's farm was determined by the 'working force' he had at his disposal. As soon as the children were five years old they could help make a crop, and by the time they were ten or twelve they could pick or chop cotton as well as any man.

There was no privation while Jeb and Sarah were strong and the children were growing up about them. Shoes were not needed except for the older ones for church, and a hard, hobnailed yellow pair would last a long time if one took them off gratefully as soon as church was over. No clothes at all were needed for the youngest children, and for the others a pair or so of fifty-cent overalls and a cotton shirt would last the year around. A steady succession of youngsters was always ready for the discarded apparel of the older ones. Food was plentiful about the place, and one could always get extras at the plantation store — a side of bacon, a sack of flour, a bag of meal, a gallon of molasses.

Uncle Jeb and Sarah never bothered about the race problem. Niggers were niggers, and white folks white folks. All those relationships between the races that seem unjust and abnormal to the outsider were a part of the system under which they had always lived. They accepted slights and hurts from the white man and the bites of the mosquitoes along with the sun and the rain. They realized vaguely that they were being cheated, but they did not get excited or think of leaving the plantation. They did not know where to go, and when their children in later years discovered that there were places where one could live by other means than making crops, Jeb and Sarah were too old to start a new life.

The old people did not worry over any of the conditions of their earthly lot. Their concern was for the future world of bliss or damnation. Uncle Jeb had been a deacon in the Baptist Church for forty years. Sarah had shouted her glorified faith down the aisles of that church on innumerable occasions. One by one the children had come through from the mourners' bench to the amen corner, had been baptized in the little creek that passed for the River Jordan, and been led shivering with cold, but with a strange ecstasy, to the mercy seat. Religion to Uncle Jeb and Sarah and their children was no cold philosophy or moral code; it was pageantry, song, a riotous release of spirit. It had little to do with their behavior. The preachers exhorted against dancing and card playing, and men and women were expelled from the church for these offenses; but as often as not they would be welcomed back on the next Sunday after penitential tears and frenzied confessions had softened the hearts of the members. All the moral teachings of their primitive religion were accepted with the resigned humor of a faith discounted from the beginning.

So Uncle Jeb lived his years. His children he taught to be polite to white and black. He went to church and worked hard, from February, when he ploughed over the land, through March and April, when he planted cotton, and through May and June, when he and the children chopped weeds from beneath the rows and loosened the ground around the growing plants. Then came a lull during July and August. This was the time for camp meetings and associations, when for weeks under the shade of some pleasant grove the entire community would gather for days of gorging and preaching and shouting and singing. They were praising God and enjoying themselves mightily.

With September and October came time for picking cotton. Uncle Jeb and his large family soon picked their crop and were then free to help out other farmers. Even in the poorest years one could get fifty cents a hundred for picking cotton, and the methodical arms of Jeb in his prime could account for four or five hundred pounds a day. In the years of low prices Jeb and his family had enough to eat and wear. When cotton went sky-high, Jeb prospered; Sarah bought a tawdry silk dress; the older boys invested in a second- or third-hand Ford or Buick from a shrewd city dealer. The boys would race the car over the country roads for a month or so until its patched tires or defective vitals gave way. Then, with all the money for the crop gone, the car would stand in the yard of the cabin, a mechanical ghost, slowly rusting away. In a few years there might be three or four of these melancholy wrecks sitting before every cabin in the community.

The World War came, and Jeb found his children slipping away one by one. Shreveport was only fifty miles away. Jeb had been there only once; his children would drive there nonchalantly, in the flush of their pride of ownership in a rickety car, in two hours or less. One would get a job on the railroad and settle in Shreveport, and later wander on to St. Louis or Kansas City, and from there to Chicago — the ultimate destination of migrating Negroes from the lower Mississippi Valley. One by one they drifted off, to movies and high wages, to bright lights and the freedom of the North, to crowds of people pressing around some garish corner in the city.

After the war, the plantation went under the hammer. It was taken over by hard-faced men who told Uncle Jeb that he was too old to earn his keep, since there were plenty of young men with large families to chop and pick the cotton. So Uncle Jeb moved on to another plantation where the soil was less fertile, and the difficulty of making a crop with only the aid of Sarah made his fingers even more knotted, his 'j'ints' even more rheumatic.

He managed to keep alive, though, and to hold on to one mule and a plough. Jeb had bought that mule during the flush years of the war, and in the days when it became increasingly difficult for him to rent a farm that mule had meant salvation. Younger men without stock could get a farm on 'halvers.' But no one wanted to take a chance on old Uncle Jeb. It was only because of his mule that he was able to get anything to do at all. And now that mule lay dead at the end of a cotton furrow, and Uncle Jeb sat astride a fence staring with vacant eyes while the buzzards circled aloft.

IV

Two dusky gamins were amusing a crowd on Canal Street on a night of Mardi Gras in New Orleans. That afternoon a Negro had shot and killed 'Tiny' Lawrence, Tulane football star, in a street quarrel. The papers were carrying streamer headlines. The stage was set for a race riot. In any city but mellow, tolerant New Orleans, vicarious sacrifices would probably already have been dangling from trees and telegraph poles. Even here some single incident might start the angry mob on a mad nigger hunt. The Negroes, sensing danger, had simply vanished from the streets. Not one of the hundred thousand Negroes of the city was to be seen anywhere during the whole night, save these two boys who were flaunting themselves on the busiest streets. Their display, oddly enough, while it teetered on the very edge of riot, in effect soothed and diverted racial feeling.

One boy, leaning over a strange contraption made of tin cans, wires, and leather straps attached to a soap box, holding a small harmonica between his teeth, thumping with both hands on the cans and bits of tin attached to the box and pounding with his feet on pedals and odd bits of metal, produced a weird, perversely harmonious cacophony. His companion, feet beating a persuasive tattoo on the pavement, arms revolving furiously, white eyes rolling, teeth flashing in gleaming contrast to the shiny blackness of his face, flapping rags of clothing showing glimpses of smooth black skin, danced — an eccentric, oddly graceful dervish.

The dancer stopped, sweat dropping from his face, lips parted wide in a grateful grin as the ring of spectators broke into applause. The other boy deserted his musical cabinet to circle the crowd with outstretched hat, bowing with impudently exaggerated gratitude as small silver coins dropped into it.

At just that moment a policeman broke through the circle and made a lunge for the boys. In a flash, leaving music box and audience behind, the boys ducked beneath the crowd like practised swimmers and came up safely a block away. The policeman stood before the crowd panting from his sudden exertion. With a kick he crushed the box into splinters and bent the tin accessories beyond use. From the crowd came a clamor of disapproval. A sailor scowled at the officer and grumbled, 'Aw, let the little niggers alone.' A young white boy yelped, 'You big cheese, why don't you pick on someone your size!' and dodged giggling from the policeman's arm. As the crowd dispersed, the officer took a final kick at the box and walked away mopping his brow. Around the corner the two gamins, emerging from the sea of the Mardi Gras crowd, busily counted their money, chortling gleefully.

This music making on the streets is forbidden, and the gamins wage a constant duel with their wits against the powers that be. They can make a new box in an hour or so, and the spontaneous appeal of the jazz tom-tom and clever dancing is sure to gather a few coins before the arrival of the patrolman. Often the police themselves are sympathetic and walk the other way when they hear the music start.

The gamins' life is as elemental as their music. Their needs are few. For food they can buy or steal one of the long French loaves that last through the day. Down on the wharf or on the railroad sidings, where fruits and foodstuffs are being unloaded, they can always find some defective produce that is theirs for the taking. If the watchman is suspicious and surly, they can steal behind his back. If he is friendly, they feast in peace. Few clothes are needed in the warm New Orleans climate. They make their home where they find it. The back room of a speakeasy or a corner of the street is their bed. They have a brother who is kind when sober, but most of the time he is stupefied by cheap gin and Marihuana cigarettes. Their father has another family out by the airport at Algiers across the river, and they seldom see him.

Both boys have finished what formal schooling they are to receive. The younger, now ten years old, dropped out in the middle of the third grade. The older, twelve, spent a few dismal weeks in the fourth. The teachers were glad to be rid of them, for they were always making trouble in the school yard, singing, dancing, or fighting. The boys feel no compulsion to return to school. And as for the truant officer — he might as well try to handle a couple of young eels.

When the boys have made a good night with their dance and music box, they wander on to a place on Billere Street where one may buy a bottle of gin for thirty or forty cents. If they have money to spare, they may invest in a manly plug of chewing tobacco. They steal intermittently, more as an exercise in ingenuity than from greed. On Rampart Street they stand for hours before a store where sample records drone out the newest blues. Whenever a song-and-dance show comes to one of the Negro theatres, they are among the attentive audience. Here they learn new dance patterns and weave these into their own steps with clever versatility.

No prophecy can possibly state their future. Perhaps it is a smoky cabaret where their artful artlessness will please sophisticates. Maybe it is within the walls and walk-around of the parish jail or the miasmal prison camp at Angola. Possibly it is on a glittering stage where they will strut like peacocks in fantastic costume at the opposite pole from their present rags. Whatever their future, those gamins that night in New Orleans, with their assured and impudent agility, amused the crowd and diverted the minds of common men from hates and prejudice.

V

Thousands of Negroes, North and South, are working in hotels as waiters, elevator men, and bell boys. Langston Hughes, who himself served such an apprenticeship, portrays this life in his poem, 'Brass Spittoons.'

Clean the spittoons, boy.
  Detroit,
  Chicago,
  Atlantic City,
  Palm Beach.
Clean the spittoons.
The steam in hotel kitchens
And the smoke in hotel lobbies,
And the slime in hotel spittoons:
Part of my life.
  Hey, boy!
  A nickel,
  A dime,
  A dollar,
Two dollars a day.
  Hey, boy!
  A nickel,
  A dime,
  A dollar,
  Two dollars
Buys shoes for the baby.
House rent to pay,
Gin on Saturday,
Church on Sunday.
  My God!
Babies and gin and church
and women and Sunday
all mixed with dimes and
dollars and clean spittoons
and house rent to pay
  Hey, boy!
A bright bowl of brass is beautiful to the Lord.
Bright polished brass like the cymbals
Of King David's dancers,
Like the wine cups of Solomon.
  Hey, boy!
A clean spittoon on the altar of the Lord.
A clean bright spittoon all newly polished —
At least I can offer that.
  Com'mere, boy![1]

VI

Such are some of the brown Americans. The Southern field hand and his family represent nearly half the race still holding on to the farm, living in the rural South, economically at the nadir, but not entirely devoid of pleasures and of those qualities that have for ages been praised in the 'sturdy peasant.' The larryman has a good deal in common with the hundreds of thousands of mine workers, factory hands, stockyard employees, — laborers in the 'heavy industries,' — who make up so large a part of the Negroes of the Northern industrial centres. The New Orleans gamins, and the spittoon polisher of Langston Hughes's poem, stand for the army of colored 'boys,' aged ten to fifty, who live from hand to mouth in the cities and towns or are on call for every menial service. The Burrus brothers are, of course, heroes of an earlier age. They are of the very small band who successfully bridged the tremendous chasm, reaching all the way from slavery to economic independence and intellectual attainment.

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[1] Copyright. Courtesy of Alfred A. Knopf

The gallery may well close with a portrait of a modern. There is no use pretending that this final portrait is at all typical of the race. In fact the man is superior in every way to the average member of any race in this nation which is a complex of so many races. But he is what any Negro may become if he has a stimulating home environment and a little more than half a chance in the world. He will be wholly unknown to the average white reader, yet he is what tens of thousands of the 'New Negroes' are approaching, if not quite equaling.

VII

Horace Mann Bond is a typical brown American in at least one respect, his blood mixture. His grandfathers on both sides were white men. Both his grandmothers had Indian blood, and one of them was half white. His ancestry therefore is ten-sixteenths white, chiefly Scotch, Irish, and English; three-sixteenths Indian, known to be partly Cherokee; and three-sixteenths African, with no knowledge whatever of which of the great kingdoms of that continent are involved.

His grandmother, Jane Arthur, who lived in one of the very few slave-owning families of the Kentucky mountains, was given as a wedding present to the bride of a plantation owner and followed her mistress to her new home in the blue grass. As lady's maid, she lived in the 'big house,' as was the custom, and she had children by her master, as was also the custom. All the children of the ménage grew up together, eating and playing and quarreling, regardless of color or condition of servitude. They all called the father 'Pa,' and the mistress 'Ma,' and the lady's maid 'Mammy.'

As soon as she could, after emancipation was finally understood and acted upon in this Kentucky plantation, Jane Arthur bundled up her two sons and started back to her people in the mountains of Knox County. There she found her parents and two of her sisters. Another two, Charity and Patience, had been sold to unknown parts and were never heard of again. The mother, whom Jane found in her old home, was an interesting character. She had come years earlier from the tidewater section of Virginia, the daughter of a slave girl by a Cherokee Indian. She had straight black hair which came to her waist, high cheek bones, and a strong lithe body. During her life in Virginia she had absorbed a vocabulary of old English which she held on to until her death — 'hapenny,' 'tuppence,' 'mought.' She also knew a lot of witchcraft, — how to keep spirits from knotting the horses' manes, and to catch 'hants' in sieves, — which her family supposed came directly from Africa, but which turned out to be simply the Scotch and English superstitions current in early Virginia.

Jane Arthur had returned to the

mountains, but she did not intend her sons to stay there. She had the current faith in the transforming power of learning, and she kept hammering at each of her sons to 'get an education and make a man of himself.' A subscription 'blab' school was organized among the few colored families of the mountain county and taught by 'Aunt America.' Here James Bond, Horace's father, learned the blue-backed speller if nothing else. Before he was ten he could spell 'incompatibility' and 'incomprehensibility.' In a manuscript autobiography, he describes how, knowing only words from the speller, one day while thumbing the family Bible he suddenly discovered he could read.

Driven by his ambitious mother, James finally trudged over the mountains to Berea, where white and colored were accepted on equal terms, into an institution that covered the gamut of learning from *a*, *b*, *c*, to A. B. He entered the second grade of the grammar school, got a job as college bell ringer, and for ten solid years rung his way through to graduation. On a scholarship he went to Oberlin College in Ohio, a kind of foster parent of Berea. There he was graduated in theology and met the girl who became his wife, attracted to her first, perhaps, because her given name was that of his heroic mother. Jane Echols had the conglomerate ancestry common to so many Negroes. Her mother — part Indian and part white, in addition to her Negro blood — had been a free woman, but she had lived as a servant in Virginia and the son of the family had fallen in love with her. The boy wanted to elope with her to the North, but his mother put a stop to that. And after having one child by her, Jane, he was sent off to college. James Bond and Jane Echols were married, and the fifth of their six children was Horace Mann Bond.

Young Horace was born in 1904. He grew up in a family which moved about as the father held pastorates in Kentucky, Alabama, and Georgia. During these early years his formal schooling was sketchy. His mother helped out the family income by teaching, and as the older children were all in school, Horace, when he was only three years old, was bundled off with them. There some of the older girls amused themselves by teaching the baby to read. His mother also coached him evenings and Sundays, and an aunt who had graduated from Meharry Medical College taught him by rote whole sections from medical textbooks. Thus, before the time most children would be starting to school, young Bond was by way of becoming a prodigy. He read omnivorously from his father's well-selected library and any other books he could get his hands on. Once a teacher promised to give him as many of the works of Dumas as he would read, and within a month he had the whole set of twenty volumes.

When his father became pastor at Talladega College, the boy had had but few months of schooling, yet he impressed his teachers so much by the general knowledge his wide reading had given him that at nine years of age he was entered in the ninth grade. The boy became interested in writing. Other students got him to compose their themes for them. Some girls in the normal class persuaded him that he was in love with a little girl of the village and got him to write her long, passionate, and flowery love letters, which those spiteful hussies took and, instead of delivering, read in their classes to the great amusement of all and to the shame and embarrassment (probably not unmixed with a little delighted pride) of the author. At any rate, he was started on a career of writing which has carried his work into many of the national magazines.

Later moves of the family sent the boy to Atlanta University and to Lincoln Institute in Kentucky, where at the age of fourteen he was the proud possessor of a diploma stating that he had completed sixteen high-school units and was ready for college. He chose Lincoln University in Pennsylvania. For two years he limped along, easily handling the literary subjects, but completely at a loss in mathematics and science. Then fortunately one of his fellow students taunted him with his low standing. He swore that he would beat that man at everything. He began to study hard and was at the top of his class during his last two years.

He was then given a scholarship at Pennsylvania State College, where he was stimulated by the all-white competition and consoled by finding that many of the students there were as stupid as any he had known among his own race. Then, with intermittent graduate terms at the University of Chicago, from which he received his Master's degree in 1926, he has taught for periods at Lincoln University, the State College for Negroes in Langston, Oklahoma, and Fisk University. Meanwhile he has carried on important research and has published findings from his factual studies as well as sketches from his creative imagination.

Young Bond was raised in a puritan home. Both his parents had studied at Oberlin College, which was a solidly pious institution. His father, while liberal, was after all a preacher. And Negroes who are conservative at all are apt to be even more conservative than white people. The boy grew up with 'don'ts' sprinkled all over the place: 'Don't smoke, don't swear, don't drink, don't play cards, don't be familiar with girls.' Into only one of the prohibited fields did Bond venture to any considerable degree. While in college he had some lucky breaks at cards. Suddenly he found himself with a reputation as a great card shark. The rumor went around the campus that he was a hardened gambler, who wore short trousers and pretended to be young simply to deceive the unwary. He confesses to one other excess. While in Chicago he met some fervid religionists. They persuaded him to meet with them and then to address them. He found he could move audiences easily. By sonorous sentences, eloquent gestures, passionately earnest manner, he could bring shouts or tears, could even produce exaggerated ecstasies. This was fascinating business. He did it a number of times and his fame as an exhorter spread. Suddenly realizing what he was doing and the hold this emotional drug might get on him, he stopped. He says he is n't concerned about most of his youthful acts, but that he is ashamed of his ventures into speaking with tongues. The use of language is his power and his danger.

Bond identifies himself with the South. He is a dark Southerner, it is true, but nevertheless a Southerner. Maybe he has the ability and the patience to see it through, to be among the first of the stepchildren to be accepted heartily as a part of the intellectual and literary wealth of this historic section of the United States. When the South realizes and acts upon the great potential wealth of the brown Americans who make up a third of its population, it may not only greatly increase its productive labor and its purchasing power, but add appreciably to the intellectual and artistic renaissance which is already under way. Bond, with his cosmopolitan blood, his excellent home environment, his modesty and humor, his loyalty to the South, and his unquestioned ability as a student and writer, is one of a small but growing band of whom this section may well be proud.

SONG OF MOTHER EARTH AT EVEN

Cool hands of night, give ease
Unto myself and these
Children of land and seas.
Hushed are they now asleep,
Wakeful I watch and keep,
Close to my heart who weep.

Cool hands of night, assoil
After this day of toil
Us from all sin's despoil.
After day's heat and stress
And from all lusts' duress
Heal us, O night, and bless.

Cool hands of night, who place
Stars' light in countless space,
Touch thou my heart, my face.
That I may see and know
How those I bear shall grow,
Unto what end we go.

Teach their small hearts that they
Shall know the things of day
Fade and must pass away.
That gain may turn to loss,
That gold may turn to dross,
And Love hang on a cross.

Cool peace of night, mine eyes
Search deep your starry skies
That I may counsel wise
All lives who my life share,
In sorrow, joy, or care,
In travail and despair.

Cool hands of night, give ease
Unto myself and these
Children of land and seas.

ARTHUR E. LLOYD MAUNSELL

NANTUCKET'S FIRST CUP OF TEA

A Colonial Record

NANTUCKET ISLAND
Sept. 20, 1735

MY OWN DEAR MOTHER: —

It seems a very long time since you and my honored father and my ever beloved sisters and brothers started for your new home. But I suppose you have not, at this writing, reached your destination and I think of you every day and all day, marching, following the lonely trail through the interminable forests, and sometimes I am tempted to repine in that my father thought it best to remove to that far-away settlement. But my grandfather tells me that the entertainment of that sentiment would be unworthy of the daughter of a pioneer, and since it was thought best for me to remain behind for a season, I must improve my time to the best advantage. This I try to do with cheerfulness, and Aunt Content is so kind as to say that I am of service to her in our household duties and in spinning and weaving.

Peradventure my letter shall be a puzzle to you. I hasten to say that I endite a paragraph or two at a time upon leisure, and whenever anything comes into my mind that I desire you to know, I straightway go to my uncle's desk and set it down. I do this, dear mother, that you may share in my pleasurable thoughts, and may know of my daily life, also that my brothers and sisters may in a measure partake of my enjoyment.

The principal news I have now to tell is, my cousin Nathaniel Starbuck, Jr., has returned to Boston from his late long voyage to China, and is now hourly looked for here. There are divers preparations for his coming. My grandfather walks restlessly up and down the yard with his stout stick, peering anxiously up the roadway by which our traveller must come. Uncle Nathaniel says with pride, 'The boy will have many stories to tell.' Aunt Content flits about the house with a smile on her face, and, anon, tears in her eyes, concocting some favorite dishes of which her son used to be fond, while dear old Grandmother knits and knits because she says, 'Thaniel never yet wore any stockings but of my make, and I must have a supply for him to take on his next voyage.' I, even I, am to have a new blue gown made from Aunt's last web, which is the softest piece of flannel ever made on the Island.

My cousin has come. He is tall and lithe with handsome hair and eyes, but his complexion is bronzed with ocean winds and Eastern suns. He says it seems to him like a fairy tale that I was the same little dumpling of a cousin he used to toss in the air when he was last at home. He is much grieved to find you all gone and is planning a hunting expedition, whose objective point shall be your far-away settlement. The neighbors all congregate around our kitchen fire to hear his wonderful stories and adventures, which he was relating to us all day and far into the night.

For all he has travelled almost all over the world, he is as pleased as a little boy to be at home, on the dear old Nantucket plantation again. We are all happy as we can be with our divided hearts. We all have a frequent thought for our wanderers, and Grandfather remembers you each morning and evening at the throne of Grace. My cousin has brought a great many curiosities and presents for us all. One is a silken, creamy shawl for me, woven and embroidered with beautiful flowers, another is a gown of foamy Canton crape, as white as snow. They are so pretty I am sure I shall never dare to wear them. Grandma says they shall be kept for my wedding day, but Aunt Esther says it is not seemly for such thoughts to be put into a maiden's head. Yet Aunt Content gave me the other day a whole piece of linen from the fall bleach, 'to be kept,' said she, 'for a day of need.' At all events, my foreign finery is packed away in a foreign box, and is not likely to turn any silly maiden's head at present.

Cousin has returned to Boston and yesterday he sent by trusty messenger another sea-chest — in it a large box of tea, the first that was ever on the Island, real Chinese tea, which Nat himself procured from China. It is of a greenish color with little shriveled leaves, and when eaten dry has a pleasant spicy taste. Perhaps, when I have opportunity to send this letter, I can enclose a sample quantity, that you may see what it is like. He has sent by the same hand a letter, saying when he returns to Nantucket the owner of the ship on which he voyaged — Captain Morris — will come with him from Boston to pay us a visit. We are again making preparations for visitors, and if you will believe it, the large parlor, which has not been used since Aunt Mehitabel's wedding, is to be used. The floor has been newly waxed and polished, and we have spread down here and there beautiful mats and rugs which Cousin Nat brought from foreign parts, and with the many curious and handsome things which are hung on the walls and spread on the table and mantelpiece, and the huge fire of logs which the sharp weather now renders necessary in the chimney, you have no conception how finely the room appears.

While I was admiring it this morning Aunt Esther rebuked me gravely, saying, 'The bright things of this world are of short duration,' but dear, gentle Grandma observed with a smile that it was natural for the young to admire beauty, at which Aunt Esther seemed displeased. I sometimes think she dislikes me because I am young, but that cannot be, yet I cannot quite understand how, being my own sweet mother's sister, she can be so unlike her. We have just had tidings that Cousin Nat and his friend, Captain Morris, intend to arrive here on the 31st of December. Uncle Nathaniel says he will have a tea party and invite Lieutenant Macy's family and Uncle Edward Starbuck's family, and a few others, to meet our distinguished guests and to sit the old year out and the New Year in.

We cooked a beautiful dinner and our guests all came. I wore my new blue gown with some lace that Grandma gave me in the neck and my own dear mother's gold necklace. I tied back my curls, which Cousin Nat will not allow me to braid, with a blue ribbon which he bought in London. Aunt Esther said, 'Men dislike to see girls so brave,' but Grandpa kissed me, calling me his bonnie bluebell.

Aunt Content has been much pestered in her mind because she knew not how to cook and serve tea, and after our neighbors had assembled she confided to them her perplexity. They all gathered round the tea-chest, smelling and tasting the fragrant herb. Mrs. Lieutenant Macy said she had heard that it ought to be well cooked to be palatable, and Aunt Edward Starbuck said a lady in Boston, who had drunk tea, told her that it needed a good quantity for steeping, which was the reason it was so expensive. So Aunt Content hung the bright, five gallon bell-metal kettle on the crane, and putting a two quart bowl of tea in it, with plenty of water, swung it over the fire, and Aunt Esther and Lydia Ann Macy stayed in the kitchen to keep it boiling. While I was laying the table, I heard Lydia Ann say, 'I have heard that when tea is drunk it gives a brilliancy to the eyes, and a youthful freshness to the complexion. I am afraid that thy sister-in-law failed to put in a sufficient quantity of leaves.' So Aunt Esther put another bowl full of the tea into the bell-metal kettle.

When the tea had boiled about an hour, my Cousin and Captain Morris appeared. The tea, which had boiled down to about a gallon, was poured into Grandma's large silver tankard and carried to the table, and each guest was provided with one of her silver porringers, also with cream and lumps of sugar. The Captain talked with me before dinner, and I told him, before I knew that I was getting confidential, how you were all off in the wilds. He said enterprise was what the new country needed and that it was not best to have Nantucket peopled with Starbucks, and that I was one of the old stock, it was plain to be seen, if my name was Wentworth, and he looked pleasantly around the circle of Starbucks. I suppose I do resemble them all. I saw Aunt Esther looking at me so sharply that I remembered that she had often told me that it was not seemly to talk with men, and I presently became discreetly silent. But when dinner was announced the Captain took me out and made me sit by him.

After Grandma had asked the blessing on the food, Aunt Content said to her son and his friend, 'I have prepared a dish of tea for you, but am fearful that I have not prepared it as hath need and would like to have your own opinion,' whereupon my cousin and the Captain looked and sniffed at the tea and my cousin made answer, 'As my beloved mother desired my opinion I must needs tell her that a spoonful of this beverage which she has with such hospitable intent prepared for us would nearly kill any one of us here at the table.' The Captain said laughingly that Aunt could keep the concoction for a dye to color the woolens. He further said he would, if she desired, instruct how to draw the tea himself, and 'this young lady,' he continued, turning to me, 'shall make the first dish of the beverage used in Nantucket.'

Dinner being over, they all remained at the table except Captain Morris and myself (for Aunt Content bade me to assist him as he should direct), and we searched for a suitable vessel wherein to draw the tea. At last I saw Uncle Nathaniel's grey stone pitcher, into which our guest instructed me to put as much of the tea as I could hold between my thumb and forefinger for each person and an additional pinch for the pitcher. Then he told me to pour upon it boiling water sufficient for us all and set the pitcher on the coals and let it remain until it comes to a gentle boil. The tea was then poured into the tankard which Aunt Content had made ready and the Captain carried it to the table for me and helped me to pour it into the porringers for the guests. He was so kind as to say it was the best dish of tea he ever drank.

We had a wholesome dinner and an

enjoyable one withal. Cousin Nat told stories and sang songs, in which latter recreation Captain Morris joined, and the Happy New Year greetings took the place of good-byes when our neighbors left for their respective homes.

My cousin's friend still lingers for the shooting and there is not much spinning or weaving done — it takes so much time for the cooking and the eating and the visiting. He is very agreeable and calls Grandfather the Miles Standish of Nantucket. I heard him tell Uncle Nathaniel that we had good blood and that ever since he became acquainted with Cousin Nat he had conceived a great admiration for the Nathaniel Starbucks, and he said something about a wife. Perhaps he remains so long on Aunt Esther's account, but, dear me, she is so prim (I write with all respect, dear Mother) and he is such a jovial gentleman, I do not understand how such a union could be harmonious. If he has regard for her it must be on account of the Starbuck blood. . . .

Oh! my mother! How can I tell you! It is not for the love of Aunt Esther that Captain Morris remains, but me, your own little daughter, and all the Starbucks indeed (saving Aunt Esther, who declares with quiet wrath that I ought to be put back in pinafores) have given their consent that I shall be married and sail away with my husband in my husband's ship to foreign parts, to see for myself the beautiful and wonderful things of which I have heard so much of late. But I will not give my consent until I have that of my father and mother; so there is a company being made up to go with Cousin Nathaniel and the Captain through the winter snows to your far-away home. And so after all it will be this new friend of whom I have written so much who will take this long letter to you. I am sure, dear Mother, that you, who know my heart so well, will not think it unseemly for me, that the Lord will guide your heart and that of my honored father to feel kindly disposed towards the gentleman, for indeed, he is of good repute and is so good as to be fond of me, and I feel that if I can have your consent and that of my honored father, together with your blessings, I shall be very happy and take an honest pride in being his honored wife.

The Captain declared laughingly that I am sending him off on a quest, like a knight of old, to prove his love. I cannot help thinking it strange, his wanting to marry me, and when I said so one day he replied gravely that it was all on account of the tea that had got into his head, and indeed, it may be so, for I was so flighty and hardly closed my eyes to sleep that night, and even dear old Grandmother says she would not answer for the consequences of what she might be led to do were she to make use of it every day. I send along with other small things a quantity of this famous tea and a bit of the white crape which I shall, if it seemeth best in the judgment of my honored father and mother, wear in good time as a wedding gown.

The household all join me in sending loving greetings to you.

I remain now and ever, your dutiful daughter,

RUTH STARBUCK WENTWORTH

THE HARDENED ARTERIES OF BUSINESS

BY GEORGE E. PUTNAM

I

EVER since October 1917 the Western world has been waiting for the Soviet régime to collapse. It has seemed inconceivable to the Western mind that an economic system so thoroughly imbued with communistic philosophy and so definitely committed to a programme of tearing capitalism out by the roots could maintain itself for any considerable period. Yet the fact is that Sovietism has more than survived. It has not only strengthened its hold upon the imagination of the Russian masses, but, since 1921, it has scored notable successes in increasing the production of the nation and in carrying through an ambitious modernization programme. In the face of these successes the Western world has stood agape, wondering whether the 'fight for a cause' — that powerful motivating factor in Soviet achievement — is not, after all, a force to be taken seriously.

The man in the street, the business man, the social worker, the college professor — all have become intensely curious about the world's newest and greatest experiment in communism. While it is obvious, of course, that a great deal of the business man's interest springs from a desire to know more about the potentiality of Russia as a market for his products, his fancy is at once caught by the magnitude of the modernization programme now going forward and by what he hears of the much-heralded 'Five-Year Plan.' The idea of planning carries a natural appeal to the business executive.

There are other points of appeal in the Russian experiment. Under the system of state planning — whereby the state, virtually the sole capitalist, sets a definite goal for the quantity of agricultural and industrial goods to be produced, the quantity to be exported and imported, the number of factories, office buildings, and houses to be constructed, the total money to be expended by the state and the total to be collected — the Soviets have been able to sidestep that incubus of capitalism, the 'trade cycle,' with its alternate periods of prosperity and depression. More than that, they have dealt a decisive blow to the unequal-distribution-of-wealth problem which has never ceased to harass capitalism.

The ability of the Soviets so to plan their lives as to make such problems nonexistent has touched a sympathetic chord both in Western Europe and in the United States. In the light of the difficulties we have been having during the past two years and in the light of the remarkable recovery Russia has made under communism, it has been suggested again and again that something must be inherently wrong with the capitalistic system when it requires periodically that factories be closed, that labor be thrown out of employment through no fault of its own, and that the entire economic organization be disrupted for months on end.

There can be no question but that the Russian experiment has already had a far-reaching influence on the social philosophy of the outside world. Men are asking whether it is not better to be guaranteed a job even at lower wages than to run the risk of being jobless; and the small investors who recently suffered heavy losses in real-estate and stock-market securities are wondering why they should attempt to save when their savings are so easily wiped out as the result of 'overproduction,' 'overspeculation,' 'overbuilding,' and other circumstances over which they have no control. When it is reflected that communism has now extended itself over an area comprising one sixth of the land surface of the world, that this system has forged ahead unmistakably during the past ten years, and that it has succeeded in solving some of the most vexing problems which beset capitalism, can it be expected that capitalism will be unscathed by Soviet influence? Assuming that Sovietism will continue to function successfully over the next two or three decades, will not capitalism have to mend its ways to hold its own?

II

Not the least of the difficulties which capitalism must face in the competition with Sovietism is the overflowing enthusiasm of the Soviet protagonists and of those reformers whose social sympathies have been aroused by the earnest fight that is being made for the cause of the proletariat. It is the habit of these enthusiasts to spotlight the accomplishments of the Soviets over the past decade and to make no mention of, or pass over lightly, the darker side. The result is that the capitalistic world is in danger always of having to compare itself unfairly with a distorted picture of the new order. As a defense measure, it should be the avowed goal of capitalism to make its darkest side compare favorably with the best that Sovietism has to offer.

The advantages of an economic system in which there is a large measure of economic freedom far exceed the disadvantages. Take, for example, the competition that comes from freedom of enterprise. Although competition is often decried on the ground that it gives rise to endless duplication of human effort, duplication of physical plant and equipment, and is socially wasteful, how much more waste would be incurred if the state owned and operated all industry, assigned wage earners to their tasks, and regulated all prices. Human incentive would be shackled, inefficiency would be substituted for efficiency, progress would be impeded, and the product of industry would be diminished. With fewer products to be divided among the members of society, there would be less to eat, less to wear, less to live in, and fewer luxuries to enjoy.

Notwithstanding the progress that Russia has made in supplying increasing quantities of the crude necessities of life and in modernizing her backward industries, no visitor to that country can fail to note the frightful waste of state enterprise — waste in the location of factories, waste in their utilization, and above all, waste in human talent. The thought which keeps haunting the visitor from the West is, What strides the Russians could make in the development of their natural resources and how much more efficiently their efforts would be coördinated under an enlightened form of free enterprise!

It is a commonplace, in the Western world at least, that when men are free to choose their own destinies some will have both the incentive and the ability to forge ahead. Under the system of free enterprise, almost any worker who is thrifty and industrious can aspire to become a salaried employee, a property owner, a small capitalist, economically independent in his declining years. The more valuable he chooses to make himself to his employer, the further he advances on the road to economic independence. It is next to impossible to hold down the man who really wants to get on and is willing to make the effort.

The business man, as distinguished from the wage earner, is exposed to the same urge. Having power and some degree of security, he naturally aspires to more power and more security. And he is impelled by necessity no less than by choice. If he would protect the position he has attained, he cannot afford to stop making progress. The moment he lets down or slackens his pace, some competitor stands ready to take advantage of the situation and win away his trade.

It is this pecuniary incentive under the capitalistic system — an incentive which Sovietism deliberately seeks to destroy — that makes for large production, high wages, and large profits. Experience shows clearly that wages and profits are high where output is high. A man's wages are nothing more than the things he can buy with his weekly pay check. They consist of the food, the shelter, the clothing, the luxuries, and the protection he can provide. These things cannot be secured out of thin air; they can be provided only out of the products resulting from effort.

Wages in the United States are materially higher than in any other country and several times as high as in Italy. Contrary to popular notions on the subject, our high wages are not due to our high protective tariff. Nor can they be explained on the absurd ground that American employers have willed to pay their men high wages. The simple truth about wages is that the American laborer working with the aid of up-to-date machinery in a country having great natural resources can turn out a greater volume of products in eight hours than can the laborer in any other country; and large production per man is translated into high wages by the competitive bidding among employers for labor power.

The profit rewards that remain for business are in many respects like wages. They are high when production is high. They are the inducement which capitalism holds out for those who keep their minds on the job and who are constantly on the lookout for improved and cheaper ways of doing things. It does not follow, however, that business can retain as profit all the savings it is able to effect through the discovery and use of low-cost methods. On the contrary, competition sees to it that more and more of these savings are assigned to the public — to the wage earner, to the producer of raw materials, and to the consumer of finished products. Every class in society shares to some extent in the benefits which flow from the maintenance of the profit incentive.

III

The position of the capitalistic system would be secure for all time if only its brighter side were visible. The trouble is that the darker side of capitalism is more plainly visible to the rank and file. This side has been so conspicuous for its shortcomings during the past one hundred years that various restrictions have been placed by society upon men's freedom of enterprise — the very corner stone of capitalism — as a means of protecting the weak against the strong.

In the early days of the factory system it was customary for employers to hire women and children to tend unguarded machines in their factories. It was found that, in the absence of restrictions on the freedom of employers, men, women, and children would work long hours per day in dangerous and insanitary surroundings. In more recent years it has been found that economic freedom may give rise to all sorts of practices which are 'opposed to the public interest,' such as the adulteration of foods and the use of brand names and advertising to mislead the unwary. Out of these defects in the workings of free enterprise have come the labor legislation of the past century and the more recent legislation against unfair trade practices.

Considering the known weaknesses of human nature and the prevalence of the reform spirit, it is rather surprising that society has made so little effort to curtail the freedom of the individual with a view to protecting him against himself. In all probability the great majority of people need protection of this kind. Although it is commonly assumed that when men are free to forge ahead each will have an incentive to work, to save from his earnings, and to provide for the rainy day, casual observation shows that such an assumption is unfounded. There is only a small minority in society that has the will both to work and to save. Having a job, it is natural for one to assume that the job and the income from it will continue and that saving may be postponed. As a result of this human tendency to discount future possibilities, it invariably happens that when factories close, and work stops, whole strata of workers are taken unawares without the means of self-support because they have not saved.

In 1919 and again in 1929 it was generally believed that we had reached a new economic era. Everyone seemed prosperous. Jobs were fairly plentiful and wages were high. New enterprises were going forward at a vigorous pace. While it was clear to any close observer that there was trouble ahead, the momentum of the pace could not be stopped. Old economic laws were in the discard. Prosperity had become a permanent institution.

It is hardly necessary to recount the events that followed. The stock market, which had mounted by leaps and bounds under the stimulus of 'prosperity' and mass speculation, wavered, and then by degrees virtually collapsed, bringing losses to thousands of investors, large and small. On top of these collapses in speculation came trade depression marked by the closing of factories, the curtailment of practically all business, widespread unemployment, and discontent with an economic system that had turned pleasant dreams into horrible nightmares.

Recent experience clearly brings home the fact that the darkest side of capitalism is, after all, business depression and unemployment. As yet society has done nothing to prevent the recurrence of these depressions and little indeed to alleviate the distress that accompanies them. The problem has not seemed to lend itself to social control. There is, nevertheless, an insistent demand that something *must* be done about it — and justly so. It is a serious reflection on enlightened capitalism that there should be recurring depressions. The argument for the superiority of capitalism over communism is only half-convincing so long as periods of depression are tolerated.

Suppose capitalism should undertake as a matter of self-respect and self-preservation to rid itself of the periodic disease of industrial depression. It would first be confronted with the problem of finding the cause of the disorder; then with the problem of removing it.

IV

Without delving into all the intricacies of the trade cycle or the refined theories that trade-cycle studies have contributed, it is sufficient to note that, whatever the fundamental causes of depression may be, the outstanding difference between periods of prosperity and periods of depression lies in the amount of consumer spending and in the volume of industrial production. These factors are intimately related. When times are prosperous, it will be found that both spending and production are at a high level; and when business is depressed both spending and production are constricted. The close relationship between these factors is due to the controlling position in which the consumer stands — he is the final arbiter as to the kinds and quantities of goods that shall be produced.

Another point to be noted in this connection is the important part played by credit in these spending and production cycles. When consumers are once in the mood to spend, an abundant supply of credit facilitates their spending because it enables them to borrow and buy. Consumer spending, in turn, stimulates producers to borrow money and to expand their operations. The extensive use which consumers and producers make of credit for these purposes eventually leads to a situation where the credit structure, like an inverted pyramid, becomes dangerously topheavy. In the process of getting the volume of credit readjusted to its gold base, it is found that those who have borrowed to buy must save in order to pay. The excesses which have been generated during 'prosperity' by the misuse of credit must be corrected by depression before normal business can be resumed.

Assume, for the sake of illustration, that there arises a good demand for motor cars. Thereupon Mr. A, a manufacturer of cars, borrows money and expands his production. He and other car manufacturers employ more labor and buy more raw materials. Mr. B, a producer of the raw materials used in the manufacture of cars, immediately apprehends a better outlet for his products. He too borrows money, employs more labor, and expands his output. Mr. C, who represents the labor employed in these operations, now finds himself in possession of new income, which he proceeds to utilize. Having satisfied his immediate demands for food, clothing, and shelter, and feeling secure in his job, he buys a radio on the installment plan, paying 'a dollar down and a dollar a week.' The thousands of radios demanded by these C consumers give a much-needed fillip to the business of the radio manufacturers, who respond by borrowing money, buying raw materials, employing more labor, and expanding their output of radios. At length Mr. D, representing the workers in the radio industry, finds his income so improved and his prospects so bright that he buys a motor car on the installment plan.

A whole cycle of spending has now been completed. The original stimulus which the motor-car industry felt has reached out in an ever-widening circle to affect the income and spending power of various classes of workers and has then returned to the source from which it started. Here it gives a fresh stimulus to motor-car manufacture — and another cycle is started on its way.

Thus it is that prosperous business, once started in a few important lines, gains momentum as the effects reach out from one class of producers to another and as producers and laborers expand their buying power with the aid of borrowed money. This process may continue for a long period of time if the credit supply is abundant. Sooner or later, however, the point is reached where the supply of credit begins to run short. As more and more credit is used up, signs of shortage are evidenced by a substantial rise in interest rates. Bankers, scenting danger, investigate more carefully than ever the credit status of their debtors. Many borrowers are unable to renew their loans on favorable terms and are forced to sell something for cash in order to pay off their maturing obligations. Then the trouble begins — for the weak borrower and for others as well.

Credit shortage is the spark that usually ushers in periods of liquidation, falling prices, and depressed business. The disease itself, however, is variously diagnosed. Sometimes it is referred to as 'overproduction.' It could as easily be diagnosed as 'underconsumption.' The point is that when credit shortage has forced weak borrowers to curtail their operations, to reduce their working forces, and to convert goods into cash for the purpose of paying off loans, there is less purchasing power available for consumption purposes — and all the time more and more goods are being offered for sale. A condition of this kind quickly reaches out from the weak borrowers to the strong borrowers until the latter are also forced to curtail their operations because of the restricted outlet for their products. Then follows a period of industrial stagnation, unemployment, low purchasing power, and forced saving. Once started, depression, like prosperity, gains momentum until practically all industry is affected.

The low spending power which characterizes periods of depression is due only in part to unemployment; it is due as much to the debt-paying difficulties in which the C's and D's find themselves. For example, during the period leading up to the present depression it was common practice for the consumer, the workingman, the white-collar employee, and others of greater means to increase their spending power by going into debt — by mortgaging their future earnings. They bought radios, motor cars, washing machines, furniture, and so forth, on the installment plan. In recent months these same individuals have been confronted with the task of maintaining their installment payments out of restricted incomes. They have had less money to spend on new purchases because a large part of their incomes was bespoken by creditors' claims.

The position of the man who borrowed money and bought common stocks for the rise is even worse. When he saw a profit on paper in the stocks he had purchased he jumped to the conclusion that he was a richer man and could raise his scale of living. His expenditures for luxuries increased. His standard of living rose. The unfortunate feature is that he had no more income to spend than he had before stocks went up. The appreciation in the value of his securities did not increase his income in the slightest. It only increased his borrowing power. In order to obtain more spending money with which to satisfy his pent-up desires for luxuries he had to borrow it.

Those who were led astray in this manner — and the number was legion — found themselves in a serious situation when the stock-market boom collapsed. They awoke to discover that they were hopelessly in debt — in debt for greatly depreciated stocks and for a mode of living which they could not maintain. During the past eighteen months these borrowers have had to concentrate on the task of paying off their debts and of recovering from previous spending excesses. Their debt-paying burden has been aggravated by the fact that debts contracted when incomes and prices were high must be liquidated during a period when prices and incomes are on a substantially lower level. Little wonder that the business of the manufacturer, merchant, and wage earner has been depressed when so many consumers have been forced to save in order to take care of excessive debt burdens.

Is there not something that society could do to prevent the recurrence of disorders of this kind? The search for fundamental causes has not been entirely successful. Granting, however, that fundamental causes may yet be found in some combination of human nature, mass psychology, and the modern credit system, are there not immediate causes that could be dealt with effectively? Suppose, for example, that spending could be kept within reasonable bounds when times were prosperous, would there not be less need for periodic depressions, widespread unemployment, and forced saving? The smoothing out of the spending process so that it will be free from the disorders which breed depression is without question the outstanding need of the times. It is the problem which confronts capitalism to-day. What is to be done about it?

V

In a few instances attempts have already been made in an organized way to alleviate some of the distress that comes from industrial depression. In both England and Germany there are now in operation unemployment-insurance schemes for certain classes of wage earners. The general view prevailing at the time these schemes were adopted was that a certain amount of periodic unemployment was inevitable under capitalism, and that if employed persons were required by law to contribute a portion of their wages to an unemployment fund, supplemented by contributions from employers and in some cases from the state also, there could be created a reserve fund of sufficient size during prosperous periods to permit the payment of reasonable out-of-work benefits in time of depression — or whenever men became unemployed through no fault of their own.

In principle a great deal can be said for unemployment insurance as a device for protecting men against their own weaknesses. It is a form of compulsory saving for rainy-day purposes. At the same time it should be recognized that such insurance relies too much upon the financial assistance of the state rather than upon the principle of developing in the individual a determination to help himself. There is an element of real danger here. What was begun both in England and in Germany as unemployment insurance has in each instance, as the result of special and unforeseen conditions, degenerated into a dole system with the finances of the state heavily involved. Perhaps the fairest appraisal of the insurance plan at the moment is that its value as a corrective of the unemployment evil is limited. It does not go to the root of the matter.

A proposal which has gained vogue in high places both in the United States and in other countries during the recent depression is that in periods of business slackness it would be proper for the governing authorities to appropriate public money and engage on a grand scale in the building of roads, in the construction of public buildings, and in the carrying out of various other public projects. The avowed purpose in making these expenditures would be to give employment to the unemployed, to inject new purchasing power into the pockets of the C's and D's, and to lift business out of the slough of depression.

While the proposal is indeed a specious one, it would prove to be a great disappointment in practice. It completely overlooks the fundamental that depression is nothing more than the earmarks of a disease, contracted during a previous period, which must be cured before normal business can be resumed. The injection of new purchasing power into a system which is about to suffer, or is already suffering, from previous spending excesses would only prolong the day of reckoning or aggravate the disorder. It would be like trying to cure a man of indigestion by forcing him to overeat. The proposal, in short, only confuses the issue — it offers no suggestion for removing the cause.

VI

The conclusion seems inevitable that if the problem of depression is to be dealt with seriously, some device must be employed to stimulate greater thrift among the masses during prosperous periods. It is here that the core of the problem lies. Timely thrift would prevent the development of those excesses which breed disorder. The substitution of orderly saving for reckless spending would smooth out, to some extent at least, the ups and downs of the trade cycle, causing prosperity to be less prosperous and depression less serious. While it is hardly to be expected that the practice of thrift during periods of employment would completely remove the cyclical element in business or prevent all unemployment, the thrift habit would strengthen the reserve position of the workingman and so contribute something toward the maintenance of his independence in periods of slack business or whenever jobs became scarce.

In spite of all the thrift evidence revealed in the records of saving deposits, experience shows that the habit of orderly thrift is none too common. In how many families, for example, will one find a savings and expense budget? The stock objection to orderly saving — and one hears this objection from every class whether the family income is $1000, $5000, or $10,000 a year — is that the income is too small to permit saving.

There is need that sentiment of this kind be made unpopular, and that more people be taught to recognize timely thrift not only as a living possibility but also as a definite social obligation. The truth of the matter is that few incomes are so small as to make saving impossible. Where the standard of living is too high to permit saving, there is something wrong with the standard. Barring unforeseen contingencies such as sickness or accident, anyone who is able to pay for food, clothing, and shelter can make definite provision for savings. Failure to make such provision voluntarily is to invite compulsory saving for one's self, and for others as well, at a later period.

Coupled with the programme of popularizing thrift habits during prosperous periods there should be an educational programme in investment matters so that what is saved may be profitably utilized and not dissipated in speculative ventures. How little the masses know at the present time about the investment of savings, and what difficulties confront the small investor! There are countless widows, spinsters, wage earners, and even college professors who have a complex about going to a banker to talk over the matter of investing small savings.

It would be unjust to charge against the banker the failure of the present investment machinery to meet the needs of the small investor. Capitalism itself is at fault. Modern mass-production and mass-distribution methods take small account of the peculiar needs of the minority. There are, of course, bankers who cater directly for small customers, but for the most part their appeal does not reach far enough down into the rank and file.

Our present educational system is also at fault in that it fails to acquaint the younger generation with the atmosphere or machinery of careful investing. Beyond stimulating school children to build up savings accounts, the primary and secondary schools provide nothing in the way of investment atmosphere. Even in the universities there is no organized stimulus or training in the subject except in the Schools of Commerce, where a few students are temporarily exposed to a descriptive study of the various kinds of investments. It is a strange and unfortunate fact that our educational system does not instill into the masses the first principles of orderly thrift or investment — the principles every breadwinner needs to have at hand when he is thrust out into a world of individual responsibility.

Little wonder that small investors periodically suffer such heavy losses. Not having been taught the principles of conservation, they are inclined to subscribe to the notion that anything which smacks of conservatism is out-of-date; that the only road to wealth is via the speculative route rather than through consistent saving. It is sentiment of this kind that causes the small investor to borrow and plunge, to take chances when the odds are heavily against him, to seek more than average returns in the securities he buys, to live extravagantly on the strength of inflated prospects, and, in the end, to suffer substantial losses. Losses, in turn, breed resentment against the capitalist class and discontent with the capitalistic order.

A vast amount of good could be accomplished for the cause of orderly thrift and more orderly business if sound principles on investment matters were disseminated in an organized and authoritative way. As an illustration of one of the principles that should be popularized, take the question of bonds versus stocks. The small investor should be taught to save for the purpose of buying sound bonds before buying stocks of any kind. The small investor cannot afford to take unnecessary risks. His first $500 investment represents bread and butter in an emergency. He needs stability of both principal and income. As his wealth and savings increase he would be justified in purchasing a few carefully selected investment stocks in the interest of yield, diversification, and the power of growth that inheres in first-class common stocks. The time might come when he could conservatively carry a large proportion of investment stocks to bonds. As for speculative stocks, these are only for the well-to-do.

Clearly, there is much educational work to be done in forestalling the depression ailment. The nature of the problem is such that an entirely new type of thrift and investment organization is required to deal with it. The express purpose of this organization would be to popularize conservative investing, to teach and encourage the masses to adopt and follow a consistent programme of saving (particularly during good times), and to advise any small investor free of charge as to suitable investments. Such an organization would have no securities to sell and would earn no profits. Its recommendations, free from all profit motives, would be dispassionate and of a strictly investment character.

To be successful, an organization of this kind would require the support of extensive and continuous advertising. It would be confronted with the task of making itself, its purpose, and its services known to the man in the street. In performing its educational and hortatory functions it would have recourse to the most effective media of advertising known to business, reaching down, with the aid of poster advertising, into every factory and office building. The advisory work of the organization would be carried on under the direction of a staff of practical men, responsible in all matters of investment policy to a board of trustees.

There is a legitimate field here for a new form of philanthropy. We now have hospitals, universities, public libraries, and various foundations to promote the general welfare, but no organization of a corresponding nature to stimulate people to help themselves through saving and conservative investing. It stands to reason that there would be less need for philanthropy if more of our philanthropy were directed along the line of helping people to help themselves in a bread-and-butter way.

There are fundamental reasons why those who favor the capitalistic system should seek to perpetuate it by sponsoring some such programme of self-help. Capitalism is badly in need of repair. If the repairs are not made from within by those who understand what is to be done, they are apt to be made from without by those who know little and care less about the delicacy of the machine. Capitalism needs more capitalists and less unemployment. The best way to strengthen and perpetuate the institution is for capitalists themselves to take a hand in our educational affairs, educating more people to become capitalists, and helping, incidentally, to remove or minimize the blight of industrial depression and unemployment.

VII

Is it visionary to believe that organized influence could be brought to bear upon the thinking and habits of the masses so as to bring about greater stability in business through timely saving and conservative investing? One does not usually think of the aims of a government as visionary when it sets out in time of war to educate its citizens on the things it is fighting for. Nor is it customary for business men to underrate their ability to influence the masses when they have a new idea or a new commodity to sell. Business, no less than government, resorts to advertising on a large scale as a means of educating the public to appreciate its wares — and it usually 'puts over' its programme.

Neither is Sovietism contemptuous of its powers to alter the ways of the masses. One of the most interesting and powerful forces in Russia today is the propaganda — propaganda against alcohol, carelessness, ignorance, religion, and capitalism. And there is no mistaking the fact that Soviet propaganda gets results. The whole world can take lessons from the Soviets in the matter of mass-propaganda methods.

If Sovietism and Soviet propaganda can win millions of converts to communistic doctrine, capitalism, in spite of hardened arteries, can win and hold its hundreds of millions if it mends its ways — if it stops relying upon the superiority of its brighter side to blot out the tragedy of its darker side; if it deviates slightly from the traditional path, abandons its self-complacent attitude, and utilizes Soviet educational methods to rid itself of its chronic disorders. The position of capitalism is not so secure that it can afford to be scornful of taking a lesson or two from its new competitor.

ALL IN THE CONGRESSIONAL FAMILY

BY GEORGE FREDERIC NIEBERG

> YET as the undue attachment to friends or favorites assumes the dangerous forms of favoritism, so does the excessive attachment to the members of one's family become nepotism. — LIEBER, *Political Ethics*

I

DURING the last days of the Seventy-first Congress a sparkling news cocktail was served the jaded Washington correspondents when the Honorable U. S. Stone, Congressman from Oklahoma, introduced H.R.16700. The bill, in part, proposed that all Senators and Representatives be prohibited from appointing relatives to jobs on the Federal pay roll. After a century and a half of *laissez faire*, nepotism had been finally called to account by a 'lame duck' member of the House!

Up in the press gallery, the correspondents leaped upon the story as a gift from the journalistic gods — and wrote sombre, facetious, and ironical requiems for the bill that was doomed to die. On the floor, Congressman Stone's confreres shrugged their shoulders and remained discreetly silent. Undaunted, the Oklahoman pressed for a hearing and supplemented his request to the committee chairman, Congressman William Williamson of South Dakota, with this vigorous assertion:

> I will state for your information that I have received a great many letters which are a reflection on both houses of Congress, and I am certain that the Members accused would be glad to have an opportunity to appear before the Committee and exonerate themselves, and I know those who are not guilty of the practice are only anxious to have their names cleared, as a great deal of publicity has been given this bill.

But Chairman Williamson shook his head: —

> As you know, I was ill all last week with the influenza. . . . As you know, it has been my practice to grant hearings at the earliest practicable date . . . but in view of the hearings already arranged . . . I can see little prospect of reaching your bill in the immediate future.

As predicted by the political illuminati on Capitol Hill, there was no hearing, and H. R. 16700, a delicate piece of legislative dynamite, failed to explode. And so died the first anti-nepotism bill introduced in an American Congress. Once more nepotism had survived the critical onslaught of its enemies, as it has survived all attacks since the beginning of the Republic.

As early as 1803, Thomas Jefferson condemned the practice of placing relatives on the Federal pay roll, and in an arraignment of one flagrant offense he remonstrated: —

> The public will never be made to believe that an appointment of a relative is made on the ground of merit alone, uninfluenced by family views; nor can they ever see, with

approbation, offices the disposal of which they intrust to their President for public purposes, divided out as family property.

Nevertheless, nepotism endured. It emerged unscathed from the Jeffersonian assault, fended off the savage thrusts of Andrew Jackson, and blithely turned a deaf ear to the philippics of lesser statesmen who followed in the wake of the seventh President. It ignored entirely the furtive, desultory attacks of the American press.

The public, inured to these bloodless raids, regarded the business apathetically — until the Stone bill was trumpeted from the headlines. And then it was shocked into action. Indignant voters began to sniff and bay at official heels, while the great dailies thundered a noisy *obbligato*. Overnight, nepotism became a brisk controversial topic in the forty-eight sovereign states. But when the Congressional inquisition failed to materialize, the hue and cry of the citizenry sank to a faint *pianissimo;* the newspapers delivered the conventional salvo of regrets, patted the Oklahoma crusader on the back, and turned to other subjects for editorial material. The storm was over.

II

It is quite likely, however, that nepotism will be dragged again into the spotlight, for its critics cling tenaciously to the belief that it is nothing less than a vicious form of pay-roll racketeering — a shameless exhibition of official greed not to be tolerated. It is possible that the criticism is just. Or it may be grossly unfair. Let us see.

The controversial warfare rages over the old Congressional custom of awarding secretarial positions to the various members of Congressional families. Each year Congress spends in excess of $3,000,000 for clerk hire, and it is charged that an army of Senators' and Representatives' wives, sons, daughters, nephews, nieces, and in-laws collect the major portion of this amount.

In 1929, Congress raised the salaries of its office employees. Previous to July 1 of that year, each Senator received an annual allowance of $8590, distributed among four clerks; while each Representative invariably confined his $4000 allowance to two. Committee chairmen in both houses were granted more substantial allotments, the amount varying with the clerical requirements of the several committees. The new bill provided for an increase of more than half a million dollars and boosted the allowance of each Senate and House member, not a committee chairman, to $10,320 and $5000 respectively. Cynics in Washington still wax facetious over the popularity of that bill, and the speed with which it was passed. In the House, a lone statesman — a new member from Arkansas — made a gallant gesture when he boldly announced that the $4000 allowance was enough. It should be added that while this heretical utterance startled his four hundred and thirty-odd colleagues, it did not change their votes.

No Federal red tape governs Congressional appointments to secretarial positions, barring a single ruling which states that no appointee shall receive a salary in excess of $3900 a year. The determination of personnel is left entirely to the discretion of the Senators and Representatives, and astute political observers estimate that from 60 to 70 per cent of our national lawmakers appoint relatives to these desirable office jobs on Capitol Hill. Incidentally, a survey of the records tends to authenticate that estimate. Congressional appointive activities, however, are not confined to these purely personal nominations. The entire government service is littered with job-holders who owe their snug berths to the direct, or indirect, influence of members of Congress. Nevertheless, public disapproval is voiced chiefly over the personal appointments of the legislators, and the rank favoritism displayed in the distribution of these clerical plums.

To the withering cross fire of its critics, the defenders of nepotism counter sharply with the assertion that the practice is quite legitimate. It is — when the ethics are observed. But its more belligerent champions raise a debatable point when they add that their family appointments are 'nobody's business.' Judging from the tenor of the mail and telegrams which deluged Congressman Stone during the last two weeks of the Seventy-first Congress, it would appear that the constituents back home entertain a diametrically opposite view. Following the introduction of the Stone bill, one South Carolina paper, the Charleston *News and Courier*, rumbled ominously: —

> The appointment of members of their families to places on the government pay roll by Senators and Representatives is not a decent custom.
>
> No one of the nine Senators and Representatives in Congress from South Carolina at this time will dare to say on the stump in 1932 that he expects to see that some of his kin draw salaries from the Federal Government.
>
> Not a man of them, whatever his practices in the past, will dare to say, if asked the question, that he will request the appointment of his cousins or his uncles or his aunts, his wife or his daughter or son, to a secretaryship or clerkship.
>
> This 'nepotism' of which Mr. Stone complains is practised in the dark. Nothing that a Congressman cannot defend in the light is defensible anywhere or at any time. It is only when these things are not mentioned that Congressmen are not punished on account of them, and they know it.
>
> The *News and Courier* has heard of Congressmen who obtained appointments for persons who were seldom in Washington, who performed nominal public duties, but assiduously attended to the private business of the Congressman at home, saving him the expense of paying a private employee out of his own pocket. No incident of that kind in South Carolina has been heard of lately, but there have been such doings and they have been done by persons who advertised themselves as economists and reformers.

In the progressive State of Wisconsin, the *Milwaukee Journal* contributed a sardonic note: —

> Congressman Stone of Oklahoma, who, the more's the pity, retires March 4, has started something down at Washington that ought to be finished. Mr. Stone has a bill to separate the relatives of Congressmen from the government pay rolls. And what a hornet's nest he has stirred up. He himself has been ostracized by the pay-roll pensioners until, no doubt, he will be glad to get back to the Cimarron country. But his work ought to go on.
>
> . . . Here is something for Wisconsin Congressmen — and Senators — to espouse, those that are not working the racket themselves. The other day our own legislature passed a joint resolution declaring it to be the policy of the state that both husband and wife should not be on the state's pay rolls, except at institutions that required the services of a married couple. Here is the same question, almost exactly. If our progressive legislature is against it, our progressive Congressional delegation ought to be. Will Senators Blaine and La Follette, for instance, take up the fallen banner?

III

Apparently this barrage laid down by the American press failed to satisfy the voters. Citizens, hot on the Congressional trail, clamored for more sanguinary warfare and demanded the names of the offending legislators, particularly the Congressmen from their home districts. But if any newspaper in

America checked up the records of the Senators and Representatives from its own state, it neglected to publish its findings — a journalistic anomaly which still remains a puzzle to students of the Fourth Estate. In all fairness, it should be explained that the compilation of a complete list of statesmen with nepotic tendencies is an involved and laborious business. An accurate check of the family ramifications of more than five hundred legislators is, obviously, a job to be sidestepped by any alert Washington correspondent, especially when the investigator knows he will be confronted with a maze of endless red tape, evasions, and downright hostility.

But to any individual who is courageous enough to attempt the task, two government publications will be found invaluable as research aids: the Annual Report of the Clerk of the House of Representatives and the Report of the Secretary of the Senate. It is highly probable that the average citizen will experience some difficulty in obtaining these reports through his Congressman; it is very likely that he will encounter infinitely more difficulty when he essays to analyze them — the House document particularly. But in the statistical jumble of these reports is an authentic, if somewhat obscure, record of the names and salaries of all Congressional appointees in the Senate and House Office Buildings and the Capitol.

In the office of the disbursing clerk of the House, a rigid censorship has been placed on the dissemination of information pertaining to the Congressional pay roll. The writer encountered the official frown when, in an endeavor to ascertain the names of the few Congressmen who do not use their entire $5000 quota for clerk hire, he was advised that orders had been issued prohibiting the release of any information to newspaper men. This dictum was supplemented by the statement that 'the newspapers have made enough trouble for us.' It is possible. The press did raise an infernal din for a week or two, and prominent among the agitators was the *New York World*, which, shortly before its demise, tossed this ironical brickbat into the verbal mêlée:—

> Just think of having private, personal family affairs aired in public! Just what business is it of yours, Mr. Stone, that one Southern gentleman, a member of the House, had his father or grandfather down on the pay roll as a clerk? What if the father or grandfather did draw $16,000 without ever having set foot in Washington? . . . It is of record that one Western representative who was chairman of a committee employed his son at $2240, a daughter at $1440, and a nephew at $2230 a year. It is of record that one Senator had his wife for a secretary, his father-in-law for a clerk, and a son engaged as a page. And one Congressman had his fifteen-year-old daughter down on the pay roll for $940 a year, which helped pay the child's way in school and gave her the pin money that any schoolgirl can use incidental to getting an education.

In some sectors, the criticism assumed a graver tone and sinister charges were hurled into the ranks of the nepotists — of pay-roll 'dummies,' of forced 'drawbacks' from secretarial salary checks, and of hypocrisy in the last Congress over the relief of the unemployed. At the time, violent exception was taken to the performance of the $10,000-a-year statesmen who sympathized profusely with the jobless sufferers — and continued to keep members of their families on the government pay roll, thus augmenting, directly or indirectly, their own personal incomes.

Lately, the 'working secretaries' of Capitol Hill have added their voice to the clamor and strenuously maintain, usually in anonymous communications, that while they are responsible for all the work done in the offices, favored relatives receive the bulk of the salary spoils. A dispassionate investigation discloses that their charges are often backed by irrefutable evidence. Unquestionably, many of the 'preferred' appointees are paid for nebulous services rendered.

An amusing side light is afforded in the case of J. Thomas Heflin, Jr., son of the redoubtable 'Tom-Tom' Heflin who was recently defeated for reëlection to the U. S. Senate. The metropolitan newspaper files attest that on April 9, 1929, young Mr. Heflin arrived in New York from Panama. According to Universal Service, he was in a 'hilarious mood' and appeared to have an 'aggravated case of sea legs.' On June 19, he was arrested in Washington, charged with driving under the influence of drugs. On September 3, he was arrested for drunkenness in Phœnix City, Alabama, and charged with violation of the prohibition law. All of which is merely a recital of stale news of dubious interest except for the fact that during the period Mr. Heflin, Jr., was having his unpleasant experiences with the officers of the law he was also on the government pay roll as a clerk to his father, the Senator from Alabama. The average citizen may wonder how the young man could be in Panama, New York, and Phœnix City, Alabama, and still attend to his clerical duties in Washington. A satisfactory answer does not occur to us — and we pass on.

Even to the casual observer it is apparent that other members of the upper house have been influenced by family blood ties in making their secretarial appointments. At least the Report of the Secretary of the Senate for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1930 (the latest available pay-roll record of the Seventy-first Congress), reveals an interesting similarity between the names of various Senators and their office employees: —

Senator	*State*	*Clerk*	*Clerk's Salary*
J. G. Townsend, Jr.	Delaware	Paul Townsend	$3,900
Park Trammell	Florida	Lee R. Trammell	2,400
		Daisye L. Trammell	2,220
Walter F. George	Georgia	Heard F. George	2,400
John Thomas	Idaho	Mary E. Thomas	2,220
Smith W. Brookhart	Iowa	Florence Brookhart	2,220
Daniel F. Steck	"	L. O. Steck	2,220
Alben W. Barkley	Kentucky	David M. Barkley	3,900
		L. L. Barkley	1,800
David I. Walsh	Massachusetts	John W. Walsh	2,400
A. H. Vandenberg	Michigan	A. H. Vandenberg, Jr. (until September 15)	2,220
Thomas D. Schall	Minnesota	M. H. Schall	3,900
Hubert D. Stephens	Mississippi	Hubert Stephens, Jr.	2,400
Roscoe C. Patterson	Missouri	R. H. Patterson	1,800
Burton K. Wheeler	Montana	John L. Wheeler	1,800
Lynn J. Frazier	North Dakota	Vernon A. Frazier	1,800
Gerald P. Nye	"	Donald O. Nye	2,880
Simeon D. Fess	Ohio	Dorothy Fess	2,220
Elmer Thomas	Oklahoma	Edith Thomas	3,900
Frederick Steiwer	Oregon	Elisabeth Steiwer	1,800
Felix Hebert	Rhode Island	Marguerite R. Hebert	1,800
Peter Norbeck	South Dakota	Kermit Norbeck	2,400
Kenneth I. McKellar	Tennessee	D. W. McKellar	3,900
William H. King	Utah	Paul B. King	2,220
Reed Smoot	"	E. W. Smoot	2,700
Wesley L. Jones	Washington	Saline W. Jones	2,220

The list is not complete. Research among the multitudinous family affiliations of the Senatorial members discloses a more impressive representation, but the foregoing exhibit may serve as an index to the sentiment which prevails in the greatest deliberative body in the world.

IV

At the other end of the Capitol a majority of the four hundred and thirty-five Representatives have assembled under their office banners an army of wives, sons, daughters, and miscellaneous relatives. Occasionally, alert political opponents point out these family favorites to the citizenry, and it is a matter of record that as a rule the indignant constituents do the rest. Take, for example, the case of Mr. Edgar C. Ellis of Kansas City, who spent ten years in Washington as a Representative from the fifth district of Missouri. In last November's finals, Mr. Ellis, seeking reëlection, was pitted against one Mr. Joseph B. Shannon. As the campaign winged to a stormy close, nepotism became a bitter controversial issue when the Shannon forces announced that Mrs. Ellis was on the Congressional pay roll as a clerk in her husband's office at a salary of $2000 a year. Incidentally, Mrs. Ellis's age — she was past seventy — was dinned into the ears of the amazed Missourians, and when the votes were counted it was discovered that both Congressman and Mrs. Ellis had been retired to private life.

It is interesting to note that while the wives of most American business and professional men rarely become a part of their husbands' office personnel, Congressional wives continue to remain in vogue on the House pay roll. These salaried helpmates, together with the legion of lesser relatives employed on Capitol Hill, form an imposing list with some diverting side lights. For instance, there exists in the lower house, in addition to the more conservative legislators who make but one 'family' appointment, a more radical group of statesmen who keep their entire $5000 allowance within the confines of the family. Official confirmation lies in these informative excerpts from the House report: —

W. P. Lambertson (Kansas)	
Elise Lambertson	$3,000
Floy Lambertson	2,000
Charles I. Sparks (Kansas)	
Charles A. Sparks	3,000
Marjorie Sparks	2,000
Maurice H. Thatcher (Kentucky)	
F. H. Thatcher	3,040
A. B. Thatcher	1,960
James O'Connor (Louisiana)	
Florence O'Connor	3,600
John O'Connor	1,400
Conrad G. Selvig (Minnesota)	
Helen M. Selvig	2,900
Marion W. Selvig	2,100
Thomas Hall (North Dakota)	
Edna Hall	3,300
Ellen J. Hall	1,700
Charles J. Thompson (Ohio)	
Katharine H. Thompson	2,500
Samuel C. Thompson	2,500
John N. Garner (Texas)	
E. R. Garner	3,900
Tully C. Garner	1,100

For some inexplicable reason, legislators hailing from the rural districts of the South and Middle West appear to be particularly susceptible to the nepotic urge. The Eastern states, with a population largely urban, have comparatively few 'family men' representing them in Washington. Further probing among House statistics discloses that the 'regulars' of both parties have an infinitely larger proportion of nepotists in their ranks than the insurgent bloc; that the Drys succumb more readily than the Wets; and that the appointive records of headlined Congressmen often compare unfavorably with those of their unsung compeers.

The following instances may be of

general interest: the name of Fame Cramton appears on the office pay roll of Louis C. Cramton of Michigan, a Republican regular of regulars and militant prohibitionist who was defeated in last November's elections and later awarded the government post of 'dictator' of Boulder City, Nevada. Thomas Alva Yon, Democratic Congressman from Florida, whose oratorical flights have aroused so much facetious comment both off and on the floor of the House, has a secretarial aide at $3200 per annum, listed simply as D. M. Yon. This may or may not be Congressman Yon's wife, Daisy Mullikin Yon. Congressman Jeff Busby, who in a spirited debate over a $306,000 road contract in Dixie divulged the amazing information that more than 20,000 Union soldiers are buried in the national cemetery at Shiloh, has a Joanna M. Busby, at $3300 per year, serving him in a clerical capacity. Congressman William Williamson of South Dakota, committee chairman who frowned upon the Stone bill, has a C. D. Williamson, at $1260, employed in his office. C. D. Williamson has for a co-worker one C. L. Dice, whose salary is $3740. Inasmuch as Mrs. Williamson's maiden name was Clara Dice, it would appear that the Williamson–Dice family alliance has a 100 per cent equity in the monthly pay check. These are only a few high lights in the nepotic parade. It is an endless procession — with both political parties actively represented.

The writer cannot subscribe wholeheartedly to the statement of the Carolina editorial writer that nepotism 'is practised in the dark.' At the same time he will admit there are some instances of political shadow boxing in Congressional circles where nepotism is involved. Interesting examples are offered by Congressman James G. Strong of Blue Rapids, Kansas, and Congressman Charles G. Edwards[1] of Savannah, Georgia. After scrutinizing the biographical sketches in the *Congressional Directory*, — all 'based on information furnished or authorized by the respective Senators and Congressmen,' — we are forced to the conclusion that the Strong and Edwards hagiographies, while probably accurate, are also incomplete.

For instance, we learn that Congressman Strong

> married Frances Erma Coon. . . . They have two children, George E. Strong . . . and Mrs. Paul E. Haworth, whose husband is an ex-service man and is engaged in the real-estate business in Washington, D. C.

The Washington directory confirms the assertion that Paul E. Haworth is in the real-estate business, and the House pay-roll records indicate that he supplements his income from that source with a $3300-a-year job as clerk to the War Claims Committee, of which his father-in-law is chairman.

Congressman Edwards's biography includes the information that he

> married Miss Ora Beach; they have one son, Charles Beach Edwards, a practising attorney at Savannah, Georgia.

The Savannah telephone directory does not list the name, but there is a Charles B. Edwards, $2700-a-year clerk, employed in Congressman Edwards's office in Washington.

In making a study of the extent of nepotism in the lower house, the following list may prove interesting. It is admittedly incomplete, citing as it does only the instances where the names of the clerical aides correspond with those of the statesmen who appointed them. In a single instance, identity of name proves nothing, of course, but the identity of 115 pairs of names seems to indicate something: —

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[1] Congressman Edwards died on July 14, 1931

Representative	*State*	*Clerk*	*Clerk's Salary*
Bankhead	Alabama	Florence Bankhead	$2,000
Jeffers	“	Ruth B. Jeffers	2,000
Patterson	“	Nannie J. Patterson	3,900
Fuller	Arkansas	May Fuller	1,100
Ragon	“	Mattie Ragon	1,100
Wingo	“	Blanche Wingo	2,600
Carter	California	Martha L. Carter	2,000
Englebright	“	Grace Englebright	1,600
Swing	“	Nell C. Swing	2,600
Taylor	Colorado	Etta Taylor	1,500
Freeman	Connecticut	F. B. Freeman	3,800
Cox	Georgia	Grace Cox	1,700
Rutherford	“	Juliette Rutherford	3,000
Tarver	“	Jewell Tarver	2,000
Vinson	“	Mary G. Vinson	1,400
Wright	“	Rosa M. Wright	2,200
Allen	Illinois	John C. Allen, Jr.	1,400
Holaday	“	Helen E. Holaday	2,800
Kunz	“	Stanley H. Kunz, Jr.	3,000
Rainey	“	Ella M. Rainey	2,500
Ramey	“	Lena Ramey	3,900
Reid	“	Jean Reid	1,100
Yates	“	Helen W. Yates	3,500
Greenwood	Indiana	Netty B. Greenwood	1,200
Rowbottom	“	Elizabeth Rowbottom	1,100
Vestal	“	H. M. Vestal	1,736
Dickinson	Iowa	L. Call Dickinson	3,300
Sproul	Kansas	Kathryn Sproul	3,560
Blackburn	Kentucky	Anne Blackburn	3,400
Gregory	“	Noble J. Gregory	2,500
Newhall	“	Nellie G. Newhall	2,400
Walker	“	Ethel Walker	2,300
Aswell[2]	Louisiana	E. S. Aswell	2,000
De Rouen	“	C. I. De Rouen	2,000
Kemp	“	Bolivar E. Kemp, Jr.	2,000
Montet	“	Bonnie J. Montet	1,200
Wilson	“	Riley J. Wilson, Jr.	2,900
Nelson	Maine	John A. Nelson	3,900
Connery	Massachusetts	Lawrence J. Connery	1,440
Foss	“	Ruth H. Foss	1,200
Underhill	“	Phoebe W. Underhill	3,300
Bohn	Michigan	Martena Bohn	1,800
Hooper	“	Gertrude C. Hooper	2,500
Hudson	“	Helen M. Hudson	2,400
Andresen	Minnesota	Julia Andresen	3,000
Christgau	“	Marion Christgau	2,000
Clague	“	Stella Clague	2,600
Goodwin	“	Alden N. Goodwin	2,600
Maas	“	Gene Maas	1,100
Collier	Mississippi	Emma B. Collier	2,260
Collins	“	A. G. Collins	1,900
Hall	“	Edward C. Hall	3,900
Quin	“	Aylett B. C. Quin	1,100
Rankin	“	Annie Laurie Rankin	2,600
Whittington	“	Anna A. Whittington	2,300
Halsey	Missouri	Clara E. Halsey	3,900
Johnston	“	Mildred K. Johnston	2,900

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[2] Congressman Aswell died shortly after the adjournment of the Seventy-first Congress

Representative	*State*	*Clerk*	*Clerk's Salary*
Manlove	Missouri	Alma W. Manlove	$3,500
Milligan	“	Mary K. Milligan	1,200
Palmer	“	Hazel Palmer	3,000
Romjue	“	Lawson R. Romjue	2,500
Evans	Montana	B. P. Evans	1,500
Leavitt	“	Elsie E. Leavitt	1,100
Howard	Nebraska	Elizabeth Howard	1,000
Johnson	“	L. Maude Johnson	1,520
Morehead	“	M. Morehead	1,700
Sears	“	Sigsby S. Sears	1,100
Sloan	“	William M. Sloan	2,500
Arentz	Nevada	Harriet K. Arentz	2,200
Hale	New Hampshire	Alice A. Hale	2,500
Hartley	New Jersey	Henry A. Hartley	1,400
Cooke	New York	Eileene J. Cooke	1,680
Crowther	“	Peggy Y. Crowther	1,900
Griffin	“	Katharine L. Griffin	2,000
Pratt, H. J.	“	Rowena Pratt	1,100
Abernethy	North Carolina	Mary N. Abernethy	2,100
Burtness	North Dakota	Zoe Ensign Burtness	2,500
Sinclair	“	Muriel J. Sinclair	1,100
Brand	Ohio	Vance Brand	3,080
Chalmers	“	Nellie E. Chalmers	3,000
Crosser	“	Justine Crosser	2,500
Speaks	“	Anna Speaks	1,500
Thompson	“	Samuel C. Thompson	2,500
Cartwright	Oklahoma	Carrie Cartwright	2,100
Johnson	“	Beatrice Johnson	2,500
McClintic	“	May McClintic	3,500
O'Connor	“	Larry O'Connor	3,200
Brumm	Pennsylvania	Susan I. Brumm	2,300
Cochran	“	Olive P. Cochran	2,000
Esterly	“	Paul H. Esterly	3,000
Magrady	“	James Magrady	2,200
Menges	“	Mary S. Menges	3,300
Shreve	“	L. C. Shreve	2,000
Temple	“	Edward L. Temple	1,500
Turpin	“	Charles M. Turpin	2,700
Dominick	South Carolina	Harry W. Dominick	1,100
Fulmer	“	Willa E. Fulmer	3,500
Gasque	“	Bessie M. Gasque	2,200
Davis	Tennessee	Carolyn W. Davis	1,400
Eslick	“	Willa B. Eslick	3,200
Reece	“	Lem L. Reece	2,000
Blanton	Texas	Anne L. Blanton	3,000
Box	“	John C. Box, Jr.	2,900
Mansfield	“	Margaret Mansfield	2,500
Sanders	“	Noma Sanders	2,500
Williams	“	Marie Williams	3,800
Colton	Utah	Grace Colton	2,240
Garber	Virginia	Lucy H. Garber	1,200
Whitehead	“	Janie Whitehead	1,250
Hill	Washington	Barbara W. Hill	2,100
Wolverton	West Virginia	Laura V. Wolverton	1,700
Browne	Wisconsin	Tom A. Browne	1,440
Hull	“	Lois M. Hull	3,200
Peavey	“	Ella S. Peavey	2,900
Schafer	“	Elsie W. Schafer	3,500

V

Obviously, the persons most affected by family favoritism on Capitol Hill are the 'working secretaries,' and they are responsible for a bewildering and caustic verbal shellfire — directed chiefly at the non-working relatives. The compulsory return of part of their salaries to the employing Congressmen is also denounced in no uncertain terms. A flood of mail which deluged Congressman Stone's office signalized the beginning of this secretarial rebellion. Full of bitterness and sardonic humor, the letters are a merciless indictment of the vicious system. Unfortunately, most of the missives are anonymous and, in fairness to the legislators accused, cannot be reproduced here. However, to show the iniquitous possibilities, I will quote from a statement by a clerk whose name is of course withheld: —

> I have been a secretary on the House side for over five years. The Member I am secretary for has a member of his family on the pay roll who does not perform any work whatever connected with the office, but is attending school. My name appears on the pay roll for quite a good salary, which would lead the average observer to think I was well paid. The fact, however, is that I am compelled to return to the Member almost half of the amount for which my name appears on the roll. The half which I return is given to his wife. I am receiving $1500 a year and his family the remainder of the $5000 given for clerk hire.
>
> This same Member has educated all his children with the money which was intended for his secretary and clerk. He is a man of considerable means and there is absolutely no justification for this graft at the expense of the laborer who is worthy of his hire.

Although indignant protests against nepotism are the rule throughout the country, most Washingtonians, inured to the practice, are inclined to regard it with an amused tolerance. While America at large grew excited over the Stone bill, a dispassionate calm prevailed on the north bank of the Potomac. In official circles, opinions were discreetly noncommittal. At the White House, President Hoover, while reported to be interested, did not voice his personal views to the gentlemen of the press. In the House, however, there was an undercover hostility from some legislators — a resentment that found expression in an anonymous note which was laid on Congressman Stone's desk. Attached to a newspaper clipping relating to the anti-nepotism bill was the brief and belligerent query: *Just how far are you going with this?*

To the sporadic demand for action from voters in the remote sectors little hope can be offered. Vague rumors indicate a possible reopening of the nepotic controversy, but it is hardly likely that when the Seventy-second Congress convenes in December another statesman will jump into the shoes of the Oklahoma crusader, for it means tampering with highly explosive political dynamite. After all, nepotism is an entirely legal practice, however dubious its ethics may be, and it should be remembered that ethics are defined variously, in Washington as elsewhere. It would be possible, of course, to restrict the business by placing all clerical appointments under the Civil Service, but with no powerful 'people's lobby' in Washington to force a Congressional show-down any unorganized drive in that direction would probably resolve itself into an absurd and futile gesture.

Even the newspapers of America seem to be in a bit of a quandary over the nepotic menace. It is diagnosed by them as a cancerous political growth, but none has yet suggested to its readers the press panacea for all political ills: *Write your Congressman about it!* Obviously the old nostrum won't do. A new prescription is required.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WASTED YEARS?[1]

KAH-NAK-TOO's long legs swung tirelessly. His broad feet seemed scarcely to touch the snow as he skimmed forward, head low beneath the weight of the branching antlers that it bore. Clouds of steam jetted from his nostrils. His mouth gaped wide. At frequent intervals, without breaking his stride, he turned his head sideways to snatch a cooling bite of snow. He seemed oblivious of the low, flat sled on which I sat, of the guiding line of sealskin leading from his halter to my hand. Not a sound broke the silence save the rhythmic click-click of his flying hoofs and the noisy panting of his breath as he wound swiftly in and out among the azure ice piles of the frozen Arctic.

I closed my eyes. The rush of icy air drove the breath back into my lungs, went tingling through my veins. Bits of snow, flung back by flying hoofs, stung my face. I had the sensation of being hurled alone through space, of being encompassed by infinite isolation.

This isolation expressed itself in a complete absence of color. In the Eskimo village of Wainwright, huddled upon the tundra's rim above the Arctic Ocean, for nine months of the year whiteness was all we saw — a vast, level expanse of white stretching to the north, to the east, and to the south. On the west lay the Arctic. There icebergs upreared their bulk; pinnacles of ice, like scintillating church spires, pierced the sky; pressure ridges, crushed fifty feet in air by the momentum of meeting ice fields, crisscrossed the pack in all directions, rose, a jagged silhouette, against the western sky.

Out from the shore into that chaos wound the trail leading to the Eskimos' larder, the ice fields where hours beside a seal hole might furnish sustenance for another day. From the village the trail was clearly visible, a discolored, twisting thread, hard-packed by the feet of many dogs and men and reindeer, the weight of many loaded sleds. A fresh snowfall alone blotted it out.

In the village itself the same monotone prevailed; from the government schoolhouse, which was my home, to the low mounds huddling about it, all was whiteness. Snow lay everywhere: over the igloos of sod and driftwood; over the tipsy-looking caches, their open platforms piled high with all the household treasures for which there was no space within the crowded quarters of the igloo — snowshoes and sleds, bolts of bright gingham, heaps of deerskins, pelt of polar bear and fox and lynx. Snow lay, too, over the translucent golden oomiaks, upreared on stilts out of the reach of hungry malemutes, awaiting the open water of July and August; over the dogs themselves, huddled thickly upon the snow beside each igloo, dark balls curled caterpillar-wise, sifted over with white.

During three years that white landscape was our world. To the north our nearest 'white' neighbors lived at Point Barrow, one hundred miles across tundra and ice pack. To the south, three hundred trackless miles lay between us and our next-door neighbor. Three times each year an Eskimo mail carrier fought his way northward across hundreds of wind-swept miles, bringing us letters. Each August a revenue cutter ploughed through Arctic ice floes to bring us fleeting contact with the world outside. In thirty months we conversed with five men in our own language, saw no white woman. Sled deer and dog team were our only modes of travel. Newspapers reached us three-months stale. Every drop of water used for cooking, bathing, and laundry was ice, laboriously melted. The drift of snow before the schoolhouse had not yet vanished that first summer before September re-covered the tundra with a fresh sheet of white, the ocean thickened to a whispering mush.

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[1] The Contributors' Club this month is given over to the two papers which have been awarded first prizes in the Atlantic Monthly Essay Contests for 1930–31 — one open to college students, the other to high-school students. In order to encourage sound thinking and good writing on the part of the younger generation, from whose pens will come the literature of to-morrow, the *Atlantic* has conducted similar contests for some years past. This year a greater number of manuscripts were entered in the competition than ever before, and many of them were decidedly above the average, both in maturity of thought and in facility of expression. The winning paper in each contest is here presented upon its own merits. — THE EDITORS

Three years of that, you say. Wasted years! Buried alive! For what? Finances to return to college? Love of adventure satisfied? Yes, both of those. But that was not all. Buried alive, you say. And I ask you, What is your measuring rod for gauging the worth of passing years? For we were cut off from none of the great, fundamental things of life. There were, first of all, the two of us. That meant companionship, duties and pleasures shared, harmony of thought. And beauty was all around us, beauty of primitive nature.

Step out with me under the northern lights. Luminous white serpents are writhing all across the vault of the heavens, ceaselessly coiling, twisting — never for an instant motionless. Suddenly a shimmering iridescence whips across the sky, spanning its arch, a fringe of color, sea green and delicate rose, rippling continuously from right to left as though a Master Hand swept across vibrant strings. Step out again into the silvered moonlight of a December midday — diamond sparkle of crusted snow; chill glitter of broken ice; shimmering reaches, infinitely cold and pure and measureless. Surely you cannot call one bereft of beauty who has the azure glitter of the ice fields, the unearthly splendor of the aurora borealis, the silver glory of December middays.

But perhaps happiness, not beauty, is to you the ultimate goal in life. You picture us lonely and unhappy, watching the slow days drag past. If so, your picture is all wrong. For life was full of happiness, the satisfactions found in work and service. Along the road of progress which our forefathers followed through the ages, we endeavored to hurry a primitive people, prodding their slow steps to greater speed.

We struggled to lighten the inevitable hardships of the Eskimos' lives. We urged the filling of the ice cellars with whale and seal and walrus meat during the flush summer months to tide the people over the lean-hunting seasons of the year. We taught the improvement of the reindeer herds by retaining the best deer for breeding purposes rather than killing the tiny fawns, a few weeks old, because their skins were prettiest then for parkas. We encouraged the mining of coal when weather conditions were favorable, the keeping of a supply on hand against the days of blizzard. Incessantly we toiled to teach these people to rise superior to their environment, to put behind them the old hand-to-mouth existence.

We knew the satisfaction that comes with the relief of suffering. A tiny girl, creeping on the igloo floor, was terribly scalded by a kettle of boiling walrus. 'Maybe he die,' the despairing parents told us. 'Many times before, baby burn like that, he die.' But the baby did not die. It was a long, hard pull, but her life was saved; she was not even badly scarred. That is but one of many cases.

Life was too full to be monotonous. I challenge you to match the thrill that sweeps through one at the first glimpse of the sun after months of lamplit days. It is noon. I climb the twenty-foot drift behind the schoolhouse. In the southeast the sky burns a dull red. It has been red for several days, but to-day it is a deeper, warmer crimson. Breathless I wait, as the crimson deepens and deepens. Then, abruptly there flames on the sky line a leaping fire, dazzling the eyes, warming the heart — the barest segment of a rim of gold. The glorious sun is back again!

As to one shut away in a quiet room the minutest sounds are magnified, so to us, shut away in that isolation, every emotion was intensified. Those days and nights of waiting for the coming of the first ship each summer are like nothing else. Someone on watch day and night in the unending sunlight, sitting astride the ridgepole of the schoolhouse, telescope trained on the southern ice pack. Days of taut nerves, of hearing preternaturally keen, of jumping at each malemute's scream, at each shout in the village. Then at last, upon a morning late in July, the triumphant shout rings out: 'Oomiakpuk! Oomiakpuk!' Pandemonium breaks loose. Men, women, and children run, shout, leap into the air; everyone gone mad — and we no saner than the rest.

Three times each winter the dog-team mail arrived. An excited messenger rushed in, face beaming, shouting, 'Mailman come!' We snatched our parkas from their hooks, pulling them on over our heads as we raced down the hallway, through the outer vestibule, on out through the great outer tunnel of snow blocks. The mail team, thirteen sturdy malemutes, lay stretched upon the snow before the schoolhouse. Kotook had already spread back the stiffly crackling sled cover, was dragging forth bulky, frosted sacks of mail. Eager hands seized them, carried them indoors. We shook hands with Kotook, then hurried after. The natives followed. They expected no mail themselves, but they liked to watch their 'oomaliks' reading theirs. They crowded the doorway while we emptied sack after sack in the centre of the carpet, then dropped beside the heap to sit hour after hour, tearing open a letter, scanning its contents, reaching for another — the latest four months old.

Buried alive, you say. But the dead do not feel. Say, rather, that for three years we dwelt upon a hilltop, life all around us, naked, close at hand; yet vistas, too, spread out before our eyes, humanity seen as a whole, struggling — towards what? It is good to withdraw for a time from the rush and noise and competition of modern civilization, to the eddy beyond the crash of the cataract. One finds quiet there for introspection. Religion becomes an elemental thing. To the Eskimos it is very real. They have a childlike faith in God.

Three seal hunters were caught out upon the ice pack by an offshore wind, carried to sea to almost certain death. The village gathered at the schoolhouse. One after another knelt, prayed earnestly that the wind would change, the men drift safely back to shore. Out on the ice pan the hunters, too, knelt in prayer. And the wind changed. Miraculously it veered, carried the men back to their waiting families. You smile skeptically. Is your doubt more admirable than their faith?

I have seen bared heads bowed above a cup of tea, out upon the frozen ocean, beside the tundra trail while sled deer pawed for moss beneath the snow; and I have felt humbled in spirit. For it might well be that the tea was made with leaves which had been boiled repeatedly for weeks; it might be that salt was added to the kettle in lieu of the precious vanished sugar; it might be that this steaming liquid was the only nourishment these men would know for hours. Yet not a swallow was taken before heads were reverently bowed, thanks returned to 'the Giver of all good things.'

As religion is an elemental thing, stripped to essentials, so with the code of ethics in the Arctic. An Eskimo rises in the morning to an empty larder. He emerges into the village, casts his eye about, and then philosophically directs his mukluks toward that dwelling from which the bluest twist of smoke is winding. For smoke means food in process of preparation, food which he feels free to share. 'Thou shalt not steal.' Month after month the caches stand heaped under the open sky. Nothing ever disappears. Laws are few, essential to the well-being of the community, unwritten — and obeyed. Murder is practically unknown. Death is faced daily, it is true, but it is faced of grim necessity on tundra and on ice pack in the bitter struggle for existence.

Drama is in this struggle, and drama was all about us. Not the drama of cinema and stage, I grant you. But on every hand was the stuff from which novel and drama are woven. The childless wife came begging permission to adopt her neighbor's newborn baby, to carry, a joyous burden, upon her back inside her parka, in emulation of her more fortunate sisters. A young girl passionately devoted to a youth of her own age was married out of hand to a rheumy-eyed old widower, possessor of a commodious igloo and numerous head of reindeer. A mother, making the rounds of her trap lines in the desperate effort to provide food for her children, was caught in a blizzard, found frozen on the tundra.

All around us was material that might have been crystallized into play and story. Must it be written down, interpreted for us, before we are able to appreciate it? Must it, like our prepared foods, be predigested, enclosed in attractive wrappings, before it will make an appeal to our jaded appetites? Should not the raw drama of life — the hungry-hearted mother, young love selfishly bartered, a mother's sacrifice — have the same power to make us thrill and weep when we see these tragedies enacted in the dim and congested igloo as upon the spacious, brilliantly lit stage? If it has not, if we cannot see past the sordidness and dirt, past the unlovely husk to the sweet white kernel of the nut, then our civilization has given us either too much or too little.

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URBANITY AND SOPHISTICATION

THE difference in character between the present time and certain periods in the past is strikingly exemplified by the use nowadays of 'sophistication' instead of 'urbanity' in expressing the earmark of a citizen of the world. 'Sophistication' and 'urbanity' are certainly not interchangeable words, and 'urbanity' has not yet fallen into desuetude; nevertheless, the one word has supplanted the other. I fear the explanation is not simply that styles in words shift as they do in clothes, but that people of the world are merely sophisticated and no longer urbane.

I say I fear it, because, although to become sophisticated is the desire of many adolescents, to prevent them from becoming sophisticated is the anxiety of those parents who are sensible. Now, surely no parent ever grieved to think his son might become urbane. Urbanity was the most delightful attribute of a gentleman, the least often met with, and the clearest indication of gentility. To see it manifesting itself in an offspring was a delight and a joy, for one felt that it was the dividend from a university training, the Grand Tour, and polite society. Sophistication, one is almost induced to feel, is the pitiful return from a zealous patronage of the movies and the poorer magazines. In truth, the difference between sophistication and urbanity is a difference like that between false hair and healthy cheeks, the one being of doubtful advantage and the other of unquestioned value. Sophistication runs the risk that 'all things false fade quickly,' as Cicero said; while urbanity, which has its roots in the soul, is a permanent characteristic, continually bringing forth fruits.

If I were to describe sophistication, I should not liken it to anything deeper than a coat of paint; I believe it is a pose. The outstanding thing about a sophisticated person is his chatter, the revelation of his mentality. He can talk about things that a plainer person is ignorant of, and he can make these trivialities — for trivialities they generally are — seem truly consequential. They appear, in fact, to be consequential not to him (which sounds most astonishing) but to the person who is so abysmally out of touch with the world as to know nothing of them. The sophisticate himself has presumably seen too much, lived too hard, and experienced too many excitements to care longer for them in any but a condescending way. He is burned out, so that one could substitute him for King George IV in that famous description which denied the king any flesh and blood, reducing him to a bundle of clothes, paint, and wig. After all, there is not much to sophistication but a kind of stock knowledge concerning horses, theatres, song hits, dances, hotels, clothes, and other tinsel things. There is, of course, and one must not leave it out, an understanding of the amount of bad manners that can get by in society without causing ostracism. This paltry knowledge is borne as if it were all knowledge, with the implication that any other learning is stodgy and ridiculous. The sophisticate, even though he is weary of life, does get occasional snobbish pleasure from scorning those who do not have this particular information.

One can seldom credit the sophisticated person with being original, for he feels that if he does n't do what all the 'smart set' are doing he will be a little crude. In the matter of following the crowd, however, he is not likely to take Mr. Pickwick's advice and 'shout with the largest' mob, since he credits his narrow group of fellow sophisticates with a point of view that is superior to any that common souls might arrive at. His attitude of superiority is unbearable; it shows in a hint, a smile, a shrug, a stare. There seems to be scarcely any tolerance in his superficial soul; all who are not sophisticated are consigned by him to insignificance and inferiority.

I think the best proof of the worthlessness of sophistication is the fact that anyone who chooses to learn the ropes may become sophisticated, for the only persons who do not have it in them to cover their characters with sophistication's veneer are the ones who would never wish to anyway.

Urbanity is different. It is not just a surface icing. One cannot, for instance, bring it before one's eyes as one can bring sophistication by picturing a cocktail shaker, a pair of pearl-gray gloves, and a theatre lobby. One does not think of anything material in considering urbanity, since urbanity is abstract and grows up in one as an enduring love might grow. An urbane person may have the same knowledge of places and things that a sophisticate has, but this knowledge is incidental to his sense of proportion, which is the *sine qua non* of urbanity. He could not so confuse the importance of things as to ridicule a group of people because their accent was not exactly like his, or quarrel with his landlady over the length of time he might leave his electric lights burning, or scorn a Virginia farmer because he had never heard Paderewski play — things which I think a sophisticated person might do without feeling that he had stepped out of character. I'll wager that if one placed in a small Wisconsin village of limited horizon a sophisticate from Broadway and an urbane gentleman from wherever he could be found the sophisticate would grow irritated, scornful, and unhappy, but the urbane man would adapt himself to his environment and make himself admired by his less polished neighbors. Toleration for individual idiosyncrasies and local customs has always been characteristic of urbanity, which is essentially courteous and suave. Sophistication, however, has not enough body to it to survive any but its own rarefied atmosphere. One would expect an urbane man who had retired to the country to remain urbane, but one knows that two or three years of seclusion would take the sophistication from anyone. Sophistication, therefore, out of self-defense, is forced to be narrow. Urbanity, because it is no artificial attitude, but is completely interwoven with the character, is liberal. One might measure the relative depths of these two by reflecting that it is possible, and not infrequent, for a child to be sophisticated, but that mature persons alone can be urbane.

Urbanity affects a man's whole outlook on life. It is a sort of philosophy of toleration and courtesy which makes a person possessing it at ease in any society. In essence, it is a delightful blend of intelligence, dignity, experience, education, and sufferance. I feel strongly that the prevalence of sophistication over it is a serious criticism of our times, and that if we were to produce a few urbane gentlemen like Sir Thomas More we should be far better off than we are with our myriads of foppish pretenders, who are no more citizens of the world than are the wax figures in Madame Tussaud's galleries.

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FINCH'S FORTUNE

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

XXVIII

Finch was back in his own room. It was unbelievable. He had passed through terrific things and was home again — back in the very room where he had dressed for his birthday party a year ago. He had landed at St. John from a steamer armored in ice; he had rumbled through days and nights on the train; Piers had met him at the station in style, driving the new car. When they had turned into the side road at Weddels', what drifts, what ruts there had been! All the trees along the drive drooped their branches under the weight of snow. On each side of the porch rough mounds of it had been shoveled from the steps, but on the lawn it lay virgin white and unbroken.

The first greetings were over and he had run up to see his room before dinner. It was all ready for him, clean counterpane and pillowcases — why, the curtains were freshly laundered and a new rug had been laid on the worn spot before the chest of drawers! He could scarcely believe in his room or in himself. The room seemed to turn about — and he turn in it — as the snowflakes floated and turned outside the window. There was the very chair he had sat in, wrapped in his quilt, waiting for the moment of his birthday dinner! There was the table, ink-stained and shabby, at which he had swotted for his exams! There were the shelves with his books! Lord, there was the stain on the ceiling where the roof leaked, and there was the basin on the floor waiting for the next drops!

He opened the door of the clothes cupboard and looked in. There were the clothes that had been too old to take away with him! They would come in very well now that he was home again. Why, there was the brand-new sweater that Uncle Ernest had not allowed him to take because it was too loud for England! He had forgotten all about it. How he wished that he had bought a new supply of clothes in London! What a dud he was! The fellows would be sure to ask him what new clothes he had got.

The gong sounded for dinner. He felt so natural descending the attic stairs that all the past year seemed suddenly a dream. Yet he realized that it was no dream when Mooey appeared outside his mother's door grown almost half a head taller. And there was Pheasant, — he had only seen her for a moment, — how terribly different she looked! Her little face looked tired and white and her body so heavy that movement seemed painful. Poor young Pheasant! She had looked like a boy in her tweed coat and cropped head the day he left.

'Hello,' he said to Mooey, 'do you remember me? I'm Uncle Finch.'

'What did you b'ing me? Mummy says Unca Finch will b'ing p'esents.'

Finch almost staggered in his dismay. He had been in such a hurry to get home that the thought of presents had never once crossed his mind. What a blasted fool he was! The first day he had been in London he had stared in shop windows choosing imaginary presents for each one, and then, when the time came for buying them, he had forgot! He gave a sickly smile at Mooey.

Mooey took a threatening step forward. 'I want my p'esent,' he demanded.

'Why, look here,' stuttered Finch, 'look here, the presents are n't unpacked yet.'

'Unpack them, then,' commanded the child.

'Mooey,' called Pheasant's voice from within the room, 'you must not ask for your present till after dinner!'

Finch skulked down the next flight of stairs to the hall. The family were already in the dining room. He stood hesitating, knitting his brow, as he tried to think what to do about presents. He would just have to say that the bag they were packed in had gone astray. At the first opportunity he would go into town, ostensibly to inquire about it, and buy presents all round. He must make sure that each was marked with the name of an English firm. It would be terrible to be caught in so callous a deception.

He stood for a moment in the hall, absorbing the feeling of home. Old Benny and the two spaniels lay beside the round stove, which glowed, almost red-hot. He thought of the cellar-like atmosphere of the hall at Lyming. And not a dog in the house — not even a cat. He remembered the dining room — he and his aunt facing each other across the not too well laden board. It needed long absence and experience abroad to make one appreciate home.

The Vaughans had come to dinner. Finch sat between Piers and Wakefield. On his left, Wake's narrow, olive-tinted hands. On his right, those of Piers, whitened by the long winter, broad, strong, the sight of them bringing recollections of rough handling, of hearty thumps. How often Finch had felt helpless in the grasp of those hands!

Across the table was Meggie smiling at him, looking even plumper than before, but rather pale.

'Just the tiniest bit of beef, Renny! No — not a scrap of the fat! Perhaps — when spring comes — I shall get my appetite back!'

Renny scowled as he watched her help herself to a morsel of cauliflower from the dish Rags held. He said, 'You are not eating enough for a baby. You will never get your strength back at this rate. Does she go on like this at home, Maurice?'

'Just the same,' returned Maurice.

'Well, you should force her to eat.'

Alayne gave an impatient movement and began to talk to Ernest on her left.

Meg said, 'The doctor insists that what I need is a change. He suggests a month in Florida. Fancy suggesting Florida to me, when he knows it has almost ruined us to pay for my operation!'

'Oh, no! Not quite,' objected Maurice, somewhat embarrassed. 'But certainly a trip to Florida is out of the question.'

Rags ostentatiously proffered a dish of buttered turnips to the convalescent.

'No, no, Rags! But how nice they look! I only wish I could!'

Renny asked Maurice in an undertone, 'Does she have many little lunches at home?'

But Meg overheard. She replied for her husband.

'I have nothing else. I have never had a real meal since . . .' She did not need to finish the sentence. She put her elbow on the table and rested her head in her hand. She smiled, but her smile was pensive.

Finch remembered a letter in his pocket, and said, 'Oh, Meggie, I have a letter for you from Aunt Augusta!' He pushed it across the table to her.

It had the desired effect. Meg must peep into the letter to see what Augusta had written.

Finch said, 'Look here, I've just discovered that a suitcase is missing. The worst of it is that it was the one that had the presents in it. I must go to town and see about it.'

'Are you sure you're not bluffing?' asked Piers.

Finch flushed angrily. 'Of course I'm not!'

'What did you bring me?' demanded Wakefield.

'Wait and see.'

'May I guess?'

'No.'

'Why not?'

'I see that you're as great a nuisance as ever.'

'Tell him what you have brought him,' said Renny. 'He'll like to be thinking about it.'

'Very well. . . . I brought you a camera!'

Wake shouted, 'One of the sort you can take moving pictures with?'

'Yes.'

'Good! Good! Oh, splendid! Oh, thank you, Finch!'

The family was genuinely impressed. Each speculated pleasurably on what Finch had brought him.

Finch was the last to leave the dining room. Rags said, with an ingratiating smile, 'I do 'ope as 'ow the little purse you were kind enough to accept on your birthday 'as been of use, sir.'

Finch muttered that he did not know how he should have got along without the purse. Outside he thought, 'Lord, he expects something, too!'

Renny and Piers were standing by the stove in the hall. They were smoking, and Renny was pulling the ears of his spaniels, which had reared themselves against him. Both brothers turned toward the traveler, their faces expressing amused friendliness. Here he was, young Finch, back in their midst with the varied experiences of a year behind him. They wondered what he had been up to during that year. At that moment he felt very much the man of the world, almost patronizing toward these stay-at-home brothers. Piers offered him a cigarette and looked him over.

'I can't say that you've improved,' he said. 'You look half starved as always. Have n't you any new clothes? That's the suit you went away in.'

'I bought a few things. But I have n't unpacked them yet.'

'Perhaps they're in the suitcase with the presents.'

Finch colored. What a shrewd devil Piers was! It was plain that he suspected something.

'Just what did you buy in the way of clothes?' asked Renny. 'They're so much cheaper over there that I hope you got a good supply.'

'Not as many as I should, I'm afraid. You see, I was in the country almost all the time.'

His brothers stared.

'How long were you in London?'

'A fortnight,' he answered heavily.

They could scarcely believe him.

'And Paris. How long were you there?'

'I did n't get across to Paris.'

Good God! He had n't got across to Paris!

Had he seen the Derby? Had he been to Newmarket? Any boat races? Polo? What shows had he seen?

As they questioned and he answered, he felt that his stock had irrevocably gone down so far as they were concerned. He thought what either of them would have done with a year in England. He could not tell them all his real experiences. He mumbled his negations, avoiding their eyes.

'By Judas!' exclaimed Renny. 'You are the limit! I send you off when you are twenty-one to see the world. You take two aged uncles with you and spend ten months in the house with an aged aunt! You've seen nothing — done nothing so far as I can see but mope about a village green, passing the time of day with the village idiot. Did you keep up your music?'

A shiver ran across Finch's nerves. He began to feel that this questioning was too much for him. He was relieved to see Maurice emerge at that moment from the coat room behind the stairs, where he had been in search of his pipe. He came up to them, filling it from the pouch which he held in his disabled hand.

'Come and join the wonderstruck circle,' said Piers. 'Hear what this bright young man is telling us poor yokels about his trip abroad.'

Maurice grinned expectantly. 'Well, the girls are out of the way. Let's have the dregs! I have n't been shocked for a dog's age.'

'Well, I am shocked,' said Renny. 'What do you suppose Finch has just told us? He spent a fortnight in London — that was with the uncles when he first arrived — and the rest of the year he never left his auntie's side! What do you make of it, Maurice?'

'He's telling you just what is good for you to know, are n't you, Finch? Meg and I have said all along that you must be having a devil of a time, since you never put pen to paper.' He lighted his pipe with a sly look at Finch.

Renny said, 'No, Maurice. You're wrong. He has n't been having a devil of a time. I've never known anyone so absolutely incapable of enjoying himself. Set him down in the middle of a harem and he'd have all the houris and himself in tears inside of the hour.'

'The point is,' returned Maurice, 'that he's too subtle for you. He has ways of enjoying himself that you know nothing of.'

'You've hit it!' ejaculated Piers. 'Why did n't we think of that? He has spent the whole year in sucking up to Aunt Augusta. He's after her money! Gran's was n't enough. He wants to be lord of the manor at Lyming!'

Although Piers was laughing as he talked, it was clear that he was half convinced of what he said. The other two looked suddenly serious. Through the tobacco smoke that enveloped them, they stared at Finch with misgiving.

'Lord, I had n't thought of that!' said Renny.

'You'll think of it,' said Piers, 'when Auntie's will is read and you find yourself, with all your charms, left out in the cold.'

'Don't be an ass!' growled Finch. 'If you think I want another legacy, you're mistaken. I went through too much with the last one.' He searched his mind for something to say that would astonish them, something that would show himself in a quite different light from their stupid imaginings.

He burst out, 'Well, I'll tell you one thing I did. I went on a honeymoon — not my own, either — a whole month by the sea.'

'Whose honeymoon?' asked Piers, unbelievingly.

'Arthur's and — Sarah's.'

He cursed himself instantly for having told of it. There was a roar of laughter.

Piers said, 'Well, you certainly must have been a death's head at the feast! However, I can believe anything of that sissy Leigh.'

Renny made a ribald remark in the vein of his grandmother, and Finch, furious with himself, as with them, turned away and went into the drawing-room.

XXIX

He stood in the doorway a moment quieting his nerves with the peaceful, reassuring scene.

Ernest had got his magnifying glass and was showing Wakefield, who perched on the arm of his chair, the texture of the skin on the back of his hand. 'Oh, Uncle Ernest, you're just like a lovely pink hippopotamus!' Nicholas, his gouty leg stuck out stiffly, was on the piano seat, thoughtfully strumming one of the frothy melodies of his youth. Alayne sat near by on the sofa. She held a book, but was gazing appreciatively at Nicholas's massive gray head silhouetted against a window. Meg had unearthed an old photograph album and sat by the fire, in a low comfortable chair, turning its pages with an expression of pensive sweetness. Finch went across to her and sat down on an ottoman embroidered in beadwork in the design of an angel carrying a sheaf of lilies.

'I have been looking at old photographs,' she said. 'Is n't this an adorable one of the uncles and our father in braided velvet dresses? Do you think Patty is like Papa?'

'A bit. But she is like Maurice, too.' He lifted her hand from the album and raised it to his cheek. 'Meggie,' he whispered, 'I can't bear to see you ill. You must go to Florida. I'll foot the bill.'

She beamed at him. 'That would be lovely! And I could take Wake with me. The change would do him so much good. And, as he often says, the child has been nowhere.'

'Right you are. I'd intended doing something for each one of you and this will be your treat and Wake's.'

The three men entered from the hall. Renny went straight to Alayne and sat down by her side. He picked up the book she was reading, looked at the title, and laid it down with a grimace. Maurice turned toward Ernest and Wakefield, putting his fingers inside the boy's collar. Piers joined Meg and Finch. He regarded Finch with animated interest, having convinced himself that Finch was a subtle devil well worth watching.

Nicholas continued to play half-forgotten fragments. The dogs also had come in and stretched themselves, with intermingled bodies, on the hearthrug.

Rags entered, carrying the coffee, which was taken in the drawing-room on festive occasions such as this.

From above, the laughter and pattering feet of the children could be heard.

Meg raised her voice. 'What do you suppose Finch has done? He has promised to send me South for my health. And I'm to take Wake with me.'

'By George, that's good of you, Finch!' said Maurice warmly. He was glad he had not joined in ragging Finch in the hall.

Wake uttered three staccato yells of triumph.

Nicholas stopped playing to demand, 'What's the to-do?'

'It's Finch,' answered Meg. 'He's going to send Wake and me South for our health.'

'Well, I call that handsome of him. If you two enjoy your trip as much as Ernest and I enjoyed ours, it will certainly be a success.'

Renny said, looking at his boots, 'I can't let you take the kid away on a long trip like that without me.'

'Not let me take him! You must be crazy, Renny! Do you think I can't look after him properly?'

'You'd let him over-exert and eat too many sweets. The last time he visited you he came home and had a bilious bout.'

'Rubbish! As though you watched him all the time!'

'I do.'

'Then a change from so much coddling would be good for him. I hope I can look after my own little brother!'

Wakefield sat, his bright eyes flashing from one face to another, while his fate was being discussed. Even while he had shouted in triumph he had not really believed that the adventure would come to pass. It was too stupendous. Such things were not for him.

Everyone was against Renny in the matter with the exception of Alayne, who had not spoken. Meg turned to her and said, 'Surely you agree that Renny is being very perverse, Alayne!'

Alayne thought he was, but she said, 'I think Renny understands Wake as no one else does.'

'Well, I suppose he must decide, but it seems rather hard that the child should be deprived of such a change.'

Nicholas rose from the piano seat. He said, 'Give me an arm, Piers. My gout is very bad to-day.'

Piers went to him and assisted him to an easy-chair. He sat down beside his uncle.

'I suppose,' he said, with his prominent eyes on Finch, 'that you have all heard of Finch's honeymoon.'

'I have not heard of Finch's honeymoon,' returned Meg with solemnity. 'But I have heard other things about Finch that have upset me terribly.' She took a deep breath, drew in her chin, and looked accusingly at Renny. He had offended her.

Finch gave her an agonized look. What was she going to say? To what new torture was he to be subjected? Involuntarily he drew away from her, but she laid her arm about his shoulders, her hand with fingers outspread, in a gesture at once pliant and commanding — such a gesture as that with which a cat draws her kitten to her.

Renny did not like the look or the gesture. He stared aggressively at her.

'Finch has brought me,' she proceeded, 'a letter from Aunt Augusta. I have managed to keep what she says to myself until dinner was over.' Finch writhed under her arm.

'What the devil does she say?' asked Renny.

Meg answered, 'I need not read you all her letter. Just the bits of it that I think you should hear.' She had it ready in her free hand and held it close to her eyes, for she was shortsighted. She read: —

'"I have been observing Finch closely."' Meg turned from the letter to observe him closely herself. All the family observed him closely. Then she went on: —

'"He has been in a state of melancholy brooding."'

'Brooding on his honeymoon, I suppose,' said Piers.

'Sh-h!' exclaimed his sister furiously. 'This is not a matter for joking.'

'Look here,' exclaimed Finch, 'I don't know what this is all about, but you're not to read that letter!'

'I must read it!' she continued. '"No wonder he broods, poor boy. It is terrible for him to think that he has been the *victim* of *mercenary* relatives. I feel that I must speak out to you, Meggie, so that you may use your influence to prevent my mother's money from being scattered to the four winds. I should write this to his guardian, Renny, but I find from careful questioning of Finch that Renny has *utterly failed* in his duties as a *guardian*. He has given him not *one word* of advice regarding investments. He has allowed this inexperienced boy to lend his money (to *give* it, one might better say) to *any* and *every* one who importuned him. I shrink from the disclosure I am about to make, but I feel it is my *duty*. I have discovered that a certain Rosamund Trent of New York —"'

Ernest interrupted in a shaking voice: 'I will not have Miss Trent brought into this!'

Nicholas gave vent to subterranean chuckles.

Ernest turned on him with an air of outrage. 'Nick, this is your doing!'

'I never mentioned Miss Trent's name to Gussie,' answered his brother.

'Finch, then it was you!'

Finch answered heavily, 'I only told Auntie that I had lent money to Miss Trent and that she had lost everything in the Wall Street crash. I did n't mind a bit lending it. You must know that, Uncle Ernest.'

Nicholas exclaimed, 'You lent her money! This is the first I've heard of that. Ha, the hussy! So she was just making a dupe of you, Ernie! She got at Finch's money through you, eh?'

Ernest was too affronted for speech. He sat making faces, his fingers twisted together.

Meg could be almost heard to purr. She never released her protective hold on Finch. She said, 'I think Miss Trent is your friend, is n't she, Alayne?'

Alayne answered in a controlled voice, 'Yes. She met Finch through me. No one can regret more than I do that Finch lent her money. I honestly believe that she will pay it back.'

Renny, with hands deep in his pockets, continued to stare at his boots.

'What's this,' asked Piers, 'about Uncle Ernest and Miss Trent?'

Nicholas answered, his voice indistinct with mirth, 'Why, Finch and I were almost frightened to death on shipboard! We thought he was going to propose to her. You should have seen them clutched at the fancy-dress ball — she in a pink domino, he in a mauve.'

Ernest's face went a violent pink. 'I'll not forgive you this in a hurry!' he snarled.

Nicholas ignored him. 'Why, he toddled all over England after her, ransacking the country for antiques for her shop!'

The color in Ernest's face subsided as quickly as it had risen. He said, 'Miss Trent is a charming woman. It was a pleasure to me to have her company on shipboard. I enjoyed going about with her a little in England. I did not know that I was making myself ridiculous.'

Piers said, 'Well, Miss Trent evidently has a gathering eye. How much did you lend her, Finch?'

'Ten thousand.'

'It's perfidious,' said Nicholas, 'that my mother's money should be thrown about like this.'

'Miss Trent will pay it back, never fear!' exclaimed Ernest.

Meg said, 'Now I will read a little more of the letter. "I do not know whether you are aware of it, but Finch borrowed money before he attained his majority in order to maintain Eden in France while he worked on his new book. Arthur Leigh, from whom he borrowed it, told me this as an evidence of Finch's magnanimity. Finch himself told me that he gave (why should I trouble to say *lend!*) another thousand to Eden before his return to France in December. Eden *must* be looked after until his health is regained or he has become famous, but why should Renny shift the responsibility of this to Finch's young shoulders?"'

'I sent him a thousand in the summer!' put in Renny hotly.

To two of those present the bringing in of Eden's name was almost unbearable. The others were conscious of this, so the loan to him was allowed to pass with no more than a faint sputter of exclamation.

Meg was obliged to remove her arm from Finch's shoulder in order to find the next part of the closely written letter. He straightened himself, and a certain mordant pleasure in the scene took possession of him. Well, let her go through with it! Let them see what he had done with the money they had made such a howl about his inheriting!

'Here endeth the first lesson,' said Vaughan, jocularly. 'Now for the second.'

'The second,' said his wife with her eye on Piers, 'is the piggery.'

'I'd like to know what anyone has to say against the piggery!' exclaimed Piers.

Meg replied by reading from the letter. '"If Mamma had wished to build an expensive piggery, she would have built one long ago."'

'Yes, indeed,' agreed Ernest, glad of the introduction of a subject so far removed from himself. 'She detested piggeries.'

Meg read on: '"If Mamma had wished her money to be spent on an expensive motor car, she would have bought one long ago. The one motor ride she had was the one which conveyed her to her grave. She would turn over in that grave, I am sure, if she knew of all that has been going on."' And Meg added briskly, 'I quite agree.'

Piers eyed her truculently. 'I suppose you do. But what about the mortgage?'

'What mortgage?' she asked, in a shocked tone.

'Why, your own mortgage. The one you chivied young Finch into taking over. I'll wager that you've never paid the interest on that yet!'

Meg's glance was benign as she turned to Finch. 'Tell him, Finch.'

'She paid me this morning. As soon as she came over.'

'Before she'd read that letter?'

'Yes.'

Piers shouted with laughter. 'You've managed to save your face, Meggie!'

'Nothing but extreme necessity because of my operation delayed the payment,' she returned.

'I like the new motor car,' said Wakefield.

'Of course you do,' Piers answered. 'And you're not the only one that likes it. Everyone here seems willing to make use of it. You jumped at the chance of being driven to the hospital in it, Meg.'

Meg folded her short plump arms and surveyed Piers with sisterly disapproval. 'You are far too critical, Piers, for a young man who has had no more experience of life than you have. Where have you been? As far west as Niagara Falls. As far east as Montreal. Think of it! Yet no one in the family is so aggressive as you!'

'Where have you been yourself?' he flared.

'I leave shortly for Florida.'

'That's still in the future. In the past, all you've done is to move across the ravine just in the nick of time to have a baby!'

'Maurice!' shouted Meg. 'Are you going to let him insult me?'

Maurice made himself heard above the general laughter. 'You let my wife alone!' He scowled, as he knew Meggie expected him to scowl, at the brother-in-law who was also his son-in-law.

Piers, unabashed, continued, 'As for the piggery, it's not mine at all. It simply adds to the value of Jalna. It belongs to Renny.'

'The hell it does!' said Renny. 'I won't have it!'

Piers turned to Finch. 'Whom does the piggery belong to?'

'Jalna,' answered Finch. Gradually, from being most unhappy, he had become rather pleased with himself. Here he was, the centre of a row, yet no one was blaming him. He took Meggie's hand and replaced it on his shoulder. She gave him a tender smile. 'What this poor boy has suffered!' she exclaimed.

Nicholas said, 'The great mistake was to allow him absolute control of the money at twenty-one. I should have been made his trustee.'

Renny shot him a look. 'You! I was his guardian.'

'A lot you've guarded him,' retorted Nicholas. 'You've allowed him to follow every whim.'

'I wanted to keep out of the affair.'

'But why? It was your business more than anyone's, as you say.'

'It would have been very different,' said Ernest, 'if Mamma had given me control over the money.'

'Hmph!' growled his brother. 'Out of the frying pan into the fire, I should say.'

'What I have never been able to understand,' said Meg, 'is this. Why did Granny leave me nothing but her watch and chain, and that old Indian shawl? No one carries such a watch now. And she thought so little of the shawl that she used to let

Boney make a nest in it. And then to give Pheasant that gorgeous ruby ring!'

'For God's sake, forget about that ring!' ejaculated Piers. 'When Gran's things were divided you got two rings.'

'Neither of them could compare with the ruby! And how can I forget it when Pheasant is so ostentatious with it? Why, she's taken to wearing it on her forefinger!'

'She'll wear it on her nose if she chooses!'

Maurice scowled without any urging from Meg. He refilled his pipe and lighted it with a coal from the fire.

'All I got was her bed,' said Renny.

Meg curled her short upper lip in a sneer. 'A pity about you, truly! When you have the whole estate!'

'Yes,' grunted Nicholas. 'Jalna thrown in!'

Ernest added, 'He did not think Jalna worth considering!'

The face of the master of Jalna became as red as his hair. 'Gran had nothing to do with my getting Jalna! I got it through my father.'

Another silence ensued, in which each seemed to be searching his own mind for a weapon to turn against the others. Alayne refilled the coffee cups. The pot was emptied. She thought, 'I cannot endure to stay here. I must leave them to have their row out in their own way.' But she did not go. Since her return the life at Jalna had become her life, as never before. If she left the room she would be tacitly acknowledging that she was of weaker fibre than they. She would stay, no matter how her head ached, no matter how she inwardly shrank from the things they said.

Wakefield's clear voice was heard. 'Was there anything more in the letter, Meggie?'

'Yes. There is more in the letter.' There was an increased tension as she read: '"Are you aware that Finch invested thirty thousand dollars in New York stocks and lost it? He informed me of this without *visible* emotion. But he was never the same again. He seemed *sunk* in apathy. As for me, no words can express my pain at seeing the fortune, so many years *hoarded* by my mother, come to such a queer, *unnatural* end. Writing without violence, I may say that I consider Renny's *callous* neglect to be at the bottom of the disaster."'

A smile flickered across Finch's pale face. Now what would they make of this? He clasped his knee in his hands, and his eyes, in which the large pupils were unusually bright, took in the scene before him without moving.

Nicholas's voice came from a long way off. 'You have lost thirty thousand dollars in stocks! What stocks?'

Finch answered, in a low, hurried voice, 'I bought on margin. Fifty thousand each in Universal Autos, Upstate Utility Corporation, and Cereal Foods. . . . I put up a twenty per cent margin. My broker cabled me, when the crash came, that I must put up the eighty per cent balance if possible — if I was to save my holdings. . . . I refused.'

'You refused!' shouted Piers. 'You blithering young ass!'

'You let the money go!' said Maurice. 'My God! But why?'

'I was sick of the business. I was n't going to throw good money after bad.'

Alayne cried, 'Oh, Finch! And I cabled you, too! Oh, why did n't you hold on? I never dreamed that you would let it go!'

Ernest turned on her. 'So you were in it, too, Alayne! I'm astonished at you. This is terrible.' He took out his handkerchief and mopped his brow.

Piers asked of her, 'Did you hold on? Finch told me that you had invested.'

'Yes, I am holding on.'

'You're lucky. They'll be rising again.'

Meggie spoke. 'Alayne Archer, it is your fault that my brother has lost all this money. You excited him by your own speculations. The decent thing for you to do is to make up his loss to him out of what your aunt left you. He is only a poor misguided boy!'

'She'll do nothing of the sort,' said Renny emphatically.

Nicholas said, 'You evidently knew of the investment, Piers, and you told us nothing. It's a damnable shame!'

'He told me in confidence.'

'It was your duty to speak. You were the only one who knew.'

'You are greatly to blame, Piers,' said Ernest.

Maurice and Meg, who had both approved the investment, kept silent.

'Let us calculate,' said Nicholas. 'There is this absolute loss of thirty thousand. There is the ten thousand to the Trent woman — '

'He will get that back,' interjected Ernest.

'Don't be a fool!' rejoined his brother, and continued, 'That's forty thousand. Then, we'll say five thousand for Eden. Another five for the motor car and that accursed piggery —'

Piers put in, 'Don't forget your trip abroad, Uncle Nick!'

Nicholas went on imperturbably. 'Well, add another five thousand for that. Then, there's the fifteen thousand mortgage for the Vaughans — '

'Merciful heaven!' cried Meggie. 'You're not counting that as a loss, are you?'

Nicholas regarded her skeptically. 'That remains to be seen. Now, my friends, this lad has about thirty or forty thousand dollars left of Mamma's bequest to him. And by the time he has paid for this visit to Florida he will have still less. Interesting, is n't it, to see how rapidly money can be dispersed?' He tugged at his gray moustache and smiled bitterly at his kinsmen.

'Renny, Renny,' said Ernest, 'you are greatly to blame for this! You treated Finch as a child till he was twenty-one and then you threw him out from the nest to do what he willed.'

'It's true enough,' said Piers. 'Several times, in my hearing, Finch asked Renny's advice about his affairs and Renny simply turned away and left him.'

'His pigeons will come home to roost,' said Meggie.

'A fat lot they will,' said Piers. 'Here's his wife with a fresh fortune left her.'

They all looked at Alayne. She had probably never felt quite so embarrassed in her life. To add to her embarrassment, Renny began sulkily to play with her fingers. For the first time in her life she could think of nothing to say. She opened her mouth and shut it. Her mind floundered among the wreckage of argument and complaint that had been cast upon this sea of dissension. They did not wait long for her to speak; they were all talking at once. The talk surged about her and Renny, who also was silent. Finch, hedged around with Meggie's solicitude, sat clasping his knee, an enigmatic smile on his face, now and then replying to a question in the same untroubled tone.

XXX

At last Piers rose, stretched himself, and went to the dining room. He returned with a decanter of whiskey, a siphon, and some glasses.

'How about something to light up the old innards, Uncle Nick?' he said. 'Have a spot, medicinally, Uncle Ernie.'

Finch drifted to the piano. He could not understand why it was, but he wanted to play to the family. All the tremors of the past months had left his nerves. He felt strong and free and, for some subtle reason, rather proud. They had been waiting for, watching Gran's money since before he was born. He had suffered obloquy because it had been left to him. Now two thirds of it had melted and they were still talking, but blaming each other now rather than him. His music had come back to him, flowing through his veins like wine. The past year was not wasted. He had loved and he had suffered. He was home again in his own place. He would work hard and become a great musician yet. He would spend every cent of what he had left on his music. He felt his heart go out with longing toward Renny.

He played Chopin to them. He pictured himself as sweeping them along with him on those deep masculine waves of melody. Through Brahms and the faint sounds of Debussy he led them to the tolerance and tranquillity of Mozart. He played for an hour. Then he looked round with an almost mystic curiosity to see the effect of his spell.

Nicholas, Maurice, and Piers formed a group around the siphon. From them came a rumble of talk that was apparently agreeable, for it was broken by low laughter. Wakefield now sat on the ottoman beside Meggie. Finch could hear them discussing means of transportation to Florida, and whether or not, in the event of his going, Wake should take his fishing tackle. Ernest was on the sofa beside Alayne. They were apparently discussing him. They smiled at him and Ernest said, 'Splendid, Finch!

I've never heard you play so well!' Alayne said nothing, but there was a glowing look in her eyes that meant more than words.

Rags brought in the tea. There was a fruit cake which Finch particularly liked and small cakes filled with custard and covered with cocoanut icing. He was ravenous.

Alayne asked Meg to pour the tea, and said, 'Run and find Renny, Wake, please! I do hope he has not gone to the stables.' She wondered if he had been very angry when he had left the room. His expression had been gloomy, and no wonder, after so much combined criticism. She herself felt tired out. There had been a time when she would not have been able to eat a morsel after such a wrangle, but now she found herself eagerly devouring bread and jam like the rest of them. A lock of hair had loosened and hung into her eyes. She looked pale and wan.

Meg began talking to her in the most friendly way, asking her advice about clothes for the South. Alayne waited impatiently for Wakefield's return.

He came running in and instantly snatched up a piece of bread. 'I can't find him anywhere,' he said, with his mouth full. 'I've been up to his room and down to the kitchen. Wright had just come in and he said Renny was n't at the stables. His hat is hanging on the rack and his dogs are lying in the hall.'

'I should think he would hide his head,' observed his sister. 'I think he has taken Aunt Augusta's letter very much to heart. He realizes, too, that we all blame him in this matter.'

'He'd be deaf as a post if he did n't,' said Piers.

'He has found,' said Ernest, 'that such high-handedness only reacts against himself.'

Nicholas growled, 'Renny has inherited all the worst traits of the Courts and the Whiteoaks combined.'

'And yet,' cried Meg, 'I have heard him boast that he had inherited the best from each family! What was that he said to us, Maurice, just the other day?'

'He said, "From my English forbears I got my love of horses. From my Irish the instinct for selling horses. And from my Scotch my horse sense."'

'That was it!' cried Meg delightedly. 'Did you ever hear of such conceit?'

Piers said, 'I'd forgotten that Renny's mother was Scotch.'

'She was Scotch,' affirmed Meg, 'and of an excellent family. Very different from —' She did not finish the sentence.

'Just the same,' said Piers, 'I think the poor old chap should have his tea. I'll have a look for him myself.'

'Oh, I wish you would!' breathed Alayne.

Piers left the room and before long returned with a puzzled expression on his candid face.

'He's gone to bed.'

'To bed!' they echoed, in one voice.

'But I was in his room,' said Wakefield. 'He was n't in bed then.'

Piers answered, 'He's not in his own bed.'

Once more the family turned and looked at Alayne. She felt her face tingling with the blood that had rushed to it. Like Ernest, earlier in the afternoon, she could utter no sound, only make grimaces.

Ernest laid his hand on hers. 'Never mind, dear girl,' he said soothingly. 'It's only natural.'

Finch gave a loud guffaw and his eyes sought those of Piers, which beamed back full of laughter.

Piers said, 'He's not where you think he is. He's in Gran's bed — the old painted bed he inherited from her.'

Food which was being masticated lay undisturbed in the mouths of the Whiteoaks, or was hastily bolted. It was as though old Adeline herself had walked into their midst, her velvet tea gown trailing, her cap with the purple ribbons set for their subjection, her rings, which had been divided among them, again flashing on her long fingers. 'Renny in my bed? Well, why not? I left it to him! I bore his father there. Renny is bone of my bone. . . . Let him rest his red head on my pillow and cool his hot temper in my bed. It's his own place.'

Nicholas got himself with difficulty out of his chair. He hobbled toward the door, and, after a moment's wavering, all the others rose and followed him. They went down the hall, where the late sunlight diffused through the stained-glass window cast bright splotches of color upon them.

Rags had built a great fire in the stove. Its sides were red and the smell of overheated pipes made the air heavy.

Nicholas opens the door of his mother's room and looks in. There, propped on two pillows, lies the master of Jalna. His eyes closed, his thin muscular hands clasped on the coverlet, he appears to be lying in state. Boney, on his perch by the head of the bed, his plumage less bright than the plumage of the painted birds on the headboard, lifts his wings in a rage at the intrusion. He is moulting, and with the flapping of his wings bright feathers are thrown from him and drift on to the bed.

'Shaitan! Shaitan ka batka! Iflatoon! Chore! Chore!' He pours forth a volley of horrible Hindu oaths. All the curses that have lain simmering in his drowsy brain, without utterance for the past three years, now come hurtling through his beak. His eyes revolve like the lamps in a lighthouse. At one moment he turns them, full of ire, on the family collected about the bed. At the next they beam, full of possessive affection, on the occupant of the bed.

'Is he ill, do you think?' whispers Ernest.

'I don't like it at all. He has gone too far,' growls Nicholas.

'To think that Boney should talk again — after all these years!' says Meg. She goes to the bed and lays her hand on her brother's forehead. 'Speak, Renny. Are you ill? Or is it just that your feelings are hurt?'

'Oh, their glorious lack of self-consciousness!' thinks Alayne. 'How I wish that I could so grandly let myself go! That I could be so magnificently a fool!'

'Bring Wakefield! He will notice the child,' says Meg.

Piers, his teeth gleaming, pushes the boy forward.

Wakefield has been sadly overwrought. He bursts into tears and wrings his slender hands. 'Renny, you're not dying, are you?'

Renny opens his eyes. They look black in the dim light.

'Somebody —'

Nicholas interrupts him. 'You are not to say that! That's carrying things too far!'

'Somebody fetch me a cup of tea.'

'Go and fetch him tea, Piers!' cries Meg 'Oh, Renny dear, whatever is the matter?'

He turns and hides his face in the crook of his arm. 'Everyone is against me. . . . No one has ever understood me but Gran.'

XXXI

It was Finch's first Sunday at home. Sitting in church, he thought of all that had happened to him since he last sat in that seat, and it seemed unbelievable. His brothers had jeered at him for sticking in one spot while away, but he wondered whether, if he had toured the whole of Europe, he could have had deeper and more varied experience. He had left in Nymet Crews a part of himself that could never be regained. He had brought away something within himself that would not die. The mood of hope and purpose that had risen in him the day before had not failed. He still felt that he would do great things with his life.

He left the church with Renny and Wakefield in the old car.

'I'm driving round by the fox farm,' observed Renny. 'I must see Mrs. Lebraux for a moment on business.'

As the car stopped before the fox farm Wakefield asked, 'Are you going to let me go to Florida, Renny?'

Renny gave him a rough caress in passing. 'You will stay with me,' he said.

When he had gone Wake threw himself back in the car, exclaiming, 'I might have known! It was too good to be true! Yet — I shall always look on you as my benefactor, Finch, even though I don't go!'

'Don't be a young ass,' admonished Finch. He added, 'Tell me about Mrs. Lebraux and Pauline. How have they been getting on?'

'Not very well. You see, they have no man about the place.'

'I can't see what good Lebraux was to them.'

'Well, he made them a widow and an orphan. Women cannot be even those without a man having been about.'

Finch laughed and looked curiously at his young brother. He noticed his growing length of limb, the new curves of mouth and nostril. Whom was he going to be like? There was something of Eden about the lips, something of Gran in the eyes. A strange combination. One for poetry, passion, and pride.

'Finch, will you be my friend?'

'Of course I will.'

'Will you shake hands on it?'

'Rather.'

Finch grasped the slender hand in his and they smiled into each other's eyes.

They saw Pauline Lebraux approaching along the empty white road. Her movements were uneven as she walked over the deep ruts in the snow. The sun had the warmth of approaching spring in it and the snow was becoming soft and wet. As she drew near, Finch saw that she still wore no touch of color, but that her face, under the black beret, was flushed delicately pink by the exertion. She wore goloshes, above which her black-stockinged legs showed long and thin.

He opened the door of the car and sprang out, but when he was face to face with her he did not know what to say. He just stood smiling inanely, noticing the worn little prayer book and rosary she held in her hand.

Wakefield was out beside him. He said, in the patronizing tone Finch found so irritating, 'Pauline, do you remember my brother Finch?'

She smiled and gave Finch her hand. Again he saw that shadow of pain in her smile. It was purely physical, — the sensitive curling of the lip, — but it moved him to a strange compassion toward her. In spite of the hardships which he knew she must undergo in her life, he thought of it as an idyllic one. He thought of her as a lovely young wilding, untouched by common things.

'I am glad you are back,' she said.

Did she really mean that, or was it just politeness?

'Won't you come and see our foxes?' she asked Finch.

She led the way, and as the boys followed her Wakefield whispered, 'Her education is being neglected. She knows almost nothing — except French. Renny tried to make Alayne read French with her, but Alayne refused. We had a terrible time.'

'I feel very sorry for her. Think of her walking almost four miles to Mass! I think we ought to send a car for her.'

'I might go with her. I think it would suit me very well to be a Catholic.'

They found Mrs. Lebraux and Renny standing in deep snow by the enclosures. Mrs. Lebraux wore a heavy jersey that had been her husband's, breeches tucked into gray woolen stockings, and moccasins. She stood leaning on a snow shovel and smoking a cigarette. She was bareheaded, and her hair, with its unusual shadings of brown and tow color, stood out about her face in short thick locks. Finch's eyes moved from mother to daughter. He was disturbed by the sharp contrast between them.

Renny put his arm about Pauline and drew her to his side. 'Are you feeling better?' he asked. 'Have you got over the tragedy?'

Mrs. Lebraux explained to Finch: 'Pauline has been inconsolable. One of the vixens got out of her own pen into the next one and the foxes there attacked her. They tore off a leg and she had to be killed.'

'It was not the pet fox, I hope.'

'No, but one of her favorites. She is far too tender-hearted. Life is going to be hard for her.'

Finch felt angry with Mrs. Lebraux. Why should she be dressed as a man, shoveling snow, sending her child to church alone? Yet, though he felt angry, he could not help liking her.

The snow in the pens was indented by many little footprints, but most of the foxes had hidden themselves in their kennels at the approach of strangers. However, the old dog fox stood at a distance surveying them, his clear-cut shadow bluish on the snow. Pauline had run into an outhouse to bring fox biscuit to tempt them from their dens. She had put her prayer book and rosary into Finch's hand to hold for her. Clara Lebraux glanced at them, then into his eyes, and said, 'Poor child!'

What did she mean by that, he wondered. There was something mysterious about her. He felt a troubling, exquisite intimacy in holding these things belonging to Pauline.

She came back running, and threw biscuits into one pen after another. The foxes, surprised at being fed at this unusual hour, crept out timorously, snatched the biscuits, and fled with them to their kennels. But her pet fox ran to her, bounding about her like a dog. She went into the run and brought him out in her arms, displaying him proudly to Finch and Wakefield. Her face showed lively above his long fur that was electric with health and the keen air.

On the way home Finch said, 'Wake tells me that they are having rather a hard time of it.'

Renny sent the car over a drift that almost threw the boys from their seats. 'Yes. Things are rough for them. But they will make a success of it yet. Clara Lebraux is one woman in a thousand and that little Pauline is wonderful with the foxes. She has a stove in the outhouse. Cooks meat for them. Makes all their mashes herself. The worst is that they must sell some of their best stock this spring just for lack of capital.'

Finch asked hesitatingly, 'How much would it take to tide them over?'

'A few thousand would do wonders for them. Practically save the situation.' Finch was sitting in the front seat with him and Renny had lowered his voice so that Wakefield might not hear. 'I let them have a thousand myself — last year. But this spring — I simply had n't got it. They'll have to get along as best they can.' He sighed.

'I'd love to help them — if you think they would n't mind,' said Finch in a low tone.

Renny shot him a quick, grateful look. 'Oh, would you? That would be splendid. There would be no risk, but she could not pay a high interest.'

As they turned into the drive he muttered, 'Don't say anything of this to the family. They are down on Mrs. Lebraux.'

Finch was elated. He was hand in glove with Renny. Between them they were going to look after Pauline. . . .

What of Pauline? He could not put the thought of her out of his head. That sweet face, delicately flushed by the long walk through the snow, was between him and all he saw. A bright stream flowed between Jalna and the fox farm. Along it his spirit moved in exaltation, like a ship with all sails spread in full moonlight. That other face, clear, remote, with its close-set mouth, was as a distant promontory, veiled by clouds.

XXXII

Pheasant had her mind set on one thing. That was that her baby should be born on Finch's birthday.

In the first place, it would be a remarkable coincidence. A double birthday in the family would be an event of great importance. In the second place, she thought the date a lucky one. Finch was talented, and he had inherited a fortune. In the third place, if the baby was born on Finch's birthday, Finch would, in all probability, take a keen interest in it, feel a personal pride in its advancement.

Now here it was five o'clock in the afternoon on the first day of March, and no baby! The doctor had been to see her and was coming back in a few hours. Her time was drawing near. Yet so was midnight, and the second day of March. She had had a cup of tea, but she could not eat anything. She sat by the window in her dressing gown, her face flushed, her eyes feverish, her short brown hair in damp tags on her forehead. Piers was walking about the room. He fidgeted with things on the dressing table, played with the tassel on the blind. He had a reassuring smile ready for her when their eyes met, but when he looked at her unobserved his face wore an expression of acute anxiety.

Above the treetops, in the translucent green sky, he saw the pale curve of the new moon.

'There's the new moon, little one! It's a good omen!'

'Oh, oh!' she said. 'I must wish on it! But don't let me see it through glass! Open the window.'

He opened it and the cold air came in on her. There had been a fresh fall of snow; every twig bore its fragile burden of whiteness. She placed herself sideways in the window. 'I must see it over my right shoulder!' He took her head in his hands and turned it so that she faced the new moon across her shoulder. He pressed his fingers against her head, and a well of tenderness rising in him constricted his throat, blinded his eyes with tears. She opened hers.

'Now,' he urged, 'wish quickly! I must not let you take cold.'

She fixed her eyes on the moon that looked no more than the paring from a silver apple, and murmured to herself, 'Oh, let it come soon — before midnight, please, moon!'

Piers put down the sash.

'There,' she sighed, 'perhaps that will help! But I don't feel as much like it as I did two hours ago.'

'I wish you had n't set your mind on such an idiotic thing,' he said. But in spite of himself he was influenced by her. Then there was the anxiety to have it all over. He counted the hours till midnight. 'Try to eat something, to please me!' He brought a plate on which was a thin piece of bread and butter. He cut it into small bits and fed them to her. She held up her mouth like a young bird for the morsels. As he put the bits of bread into her mouth and saw the confiding look in her eyes he thought, 'I did n't feel like this when Mooey was born. . . . She must be going to die.'

They could hear Mooey and Patience laughing and running in the passage. Patience had been brought to spend the day with her small cousin.

'Do those kids annoy you?' asked Piers. 'Where the dickens is that Alma Patch? She ought to be minding them.'

'Bring them in here for a moment. I'd love to see them.'

He opened the door of the bedroom and the two came running in side by side, with the air of having intended to do this particular thing at this particular moment. They had been having their tea in the kitchen, and they wore their bibs, on which were buttery crumbs of toast. Patience carried a toasting fork.

'I made toas'!' she cried. 'I made my own toas'! And Mooey's.'

Mooey went to his mother and stood gravely by her knee. She laid her fingers among the soft rings of his hair. 'Darling, would you like a baby sister?'

'Yes!' He spoke emphatically, softly thumping on her knee with his shut fist. 'She could fall downstairs.'

'Oh, but she would n't! You'd take care of her, would n't you?'

'Yes. I'd pick her up and put her in a bastick.'

'Patty, would you like a baby cousin, this very night?'

Patience made her eyes enormous. 'Oh, the darling! I'll wide her on my pony!' She looked about the room. 'Where is she? Patty wants to see her!'

Pheasant said, 'Open the window, Piers, and let the children wish on the new moon.'

'Don't be silly!' He patted her back. 'It will only let in the cold and it will do no good — if that's what you're thinking of.'

'One can never tell. Why, I've heard tell how, in the War, Kitchener or some other great general said, when he heard a battle had been won, "Somebody must have been praying!" Just think of that! A great general and a battle! And this just the matter of a different birthday for my baby! Surely it might help!'

To please her he opened the window. She turned the two little faces up toward the moon. 'Now say after me, "I wish that the new baby may come before to-morrow."' Obediently they lisped the words after her.

'I don't see anything religious in that,' observed Piers. 'It's purely pagan.'

'I am tolerant,' she said sagely, 'of all religions.'

'Not only tolerant. You believe in them all.'

Patience stabbed her toasting fork in the direction of the moon. 'Patty wants the moon!' she cried. 'Come down, moon, and be toasted!'

'I'm not f'ightened,' said Mooey.

Piers shut the window. Already the lower point of the moon had touched the treetops. She was fast sinking. Pheasant looked at Piers with a strange stare in her eyes. Then she uttered a cry.

'Take them away! Oh, take them away from here!'

Piers caught a child in each hand and hurried them from the room.

But five hours later, when he and his brothers and uncles were waiting below, the birth had not taken place. Pheasant had asked for an egg and was eating it. . . .

Finch stood by the window looking into the starless night while the others played a half-hearted game of bridge. How could Piers play cards when his girl lay in dreadful anticipation in a room above! He pictured himself in Piers's position. He would not be able to endure it. His spirit would bear every pang. . . . He shrank from the thought that any woman should go through that because of him. No, let him go childless to his grave rather than that. Even though it were possible to bring his child into the world without pain, better far that no child should inherit the torment of his nerves. Had he ever been really happy? He could not remember it, even in childhood. There had always been that haunting of fear, that moving shadow of the unknown.

He could discover just one pale star. The soul, perhaps, of this new Whiteoak waiting to descend, when the moment came, into the troubled body.

Nicholas was dealing and he said: 'I remember well twenty-two years ago to-night. We sat at this very table playing cribbage — Ernest and I — your father walking the floor. We were waiting for young Finch to arrive. And he was tardy enough about it.'

'Philip was very nervous,' said Ernest. 'I remember that when we gave him a glass of rum and water, to quiet him, the glass rattled in a quite alarming manner against his teeth. Poor Mary was suffering greatly.'

Piers held his hand above the table. 'Look at that. Steady enough, eh?'

'Yes,' agreed Ernest, 'but all is not over upstairs.'

'Pheasant will be all right,' said Renny. 'The doctor is with her. And Mrs. Patch. Meg and Alayne in the next room.'

Piers was examining his cards. 'Alayne ought to be having this baby. It's her turn,' he muttered.

'We don't all of us have families,' replied Renny. 'I've responsibility enough as it is.'

They played out the hand.

Piers looked at his watch. Half-past ten.

'A year ago to-night,' observed Ernest, as he dealt, 'we were in the midst of your birthday party, Finch.'

Finch turned from the window. 'It was a very different birthday from this. It seems years ago.'

'You made a good speech that night,' said Renny. 'You had everybody laughing.'

Finch looked pleased. 'I forget what I said. It was awful rot, I guess.'

'No. It was very good. By the way, I met Mrs. Leigh and Ada in town to-day. They're expecting Leigh and his wife next month. But you did n't like her, did you?'

'No, I did n't like her.'

'Play!' said Nicholas. His tone was testy because of the delay.

Finch turned again to the window. Why had Sarah been mentioned to-night? Why had that pale face, with its indrawn mouth, been introduced into his thoughts? It was there, outside the pane, looking in at him, mocking, beseeching, by turn. It was of the figment of night. Of pale starlight. Of shadow darker than darkness. And from it issued that voice which would always trouble his soul, that voice sweeter than the sweetness of her violin.

From above came a piercing cry. Piers threw down his cards and ran up the stairs.

At twenty minutes to twelve the new Whiteoak came weeping into the world. Meg brought the news down to them.

She put her arms about Piers and kissed him. 'A little son, Piers! Quite strong and well. And on your birthday, Finch!' She kissed him, too. 'Many happy returns to you both, darling boys!'

Piers said, 'He did it, by the skin of his gums!'

'Did what?'

'Arrived on Finch's birthday. Pheasant had her heart set on that.' His face was contorted. He was between laughter and tears.

Nicholas hobbled up and down the room. 'Well, well, this is good news! Another boy, eh? And on your birthday, Finch! A new Whiteoak. I remember how a year ago to-night we sat up till dawn in this room celebrating.' And he began singing, in an undertone, —

'Sumer is icumen in.
Loudly sing, cuckoo.'

Piers's head was hidden in the long maroon window curtain. His shoulders were shaken by sobs.

XXXIII

The next day was Sunday. Just as breakfast was over, Wright brought a package addressed to Finch which he had got from the post office the night before. Wakefield carried it, with an important air, to Finch.

'Wright is awfully sorry that he forgot this last night. Whatever do you suppose it is?'

He stood by expectantly while Finch undid it. It was a book, fresh from the press. Poetry, by the look of it. Wake read the title — '*New France*, by Eden Whiteoak.' He wanted to take it in his hands, but Finch held him off. 'No — let me see first.'

He took off the jacket. The cover was green with gold lettering, and there was a design of lilies. How well Eden's name looked in the gilt letters! How jolly nice of him to have sent this to Finch for his birthday! Finch had not known it was published yet. He raised the cover and looked inside. On the dedication page he read, 'For Brother Finch.'

Wakefield read it, too. They looked at each other, stunned by the magnificence of it. Eden had dedicated his new long poem, which had taken him a year to write, to Finch! Finch was overcome. What had he done to deserve being singled out for such an honor? Eden . . . *New France* . . . for Brother Finch! God, life was terrific!

He carried it to the dining room to show it to his uncles and Renny, who were still at the breakfast table. They were duly impressed. Rags, with a tray in his hands, bent his inquisitive gaze upon it.

'I'm sure we're all proud of both you and Mr. Eden, sir,' he said. 'You've both on you turned out better than we could 'ave 'oped.'

Wakefield had rushed back to the sitting room at the sound of a plaintive cry there. Now he hastened back to the dining room, exclaiming, 'Come quick! Piers has something to show you!'

Nicholas made his table napkin into a ball. Renny heaved him to his feet. Nip, who had been on Nick's knee, circled about the table yapping joyously. One of Renny's spaniels reared itself beside the table and licked the toast crumbs from his plate. Ernest surreptitiously took an indigestion tablet. All these excitements tended to discourage the gastric juices. . . .

In the wintry sunlight Piers was holding something on a pillow. In his eyes was pride, and on his lips a deprecating tenderness.

They gathered about the newcomer, staring at him ruthlessly, while his weak eyes shrank from the light and he made a shamefaced grimace as though he would ask nothing better than the opportunity to obliterate himself. Young as he was, he had been put into clothes. Bands, napkins, safety pins, hampered him. His tender arms had been thrust into sleeves by Mrs. Patch. He had been washed, the faint down on his head had been brushed. His nose had been wiped. He was ready for life.

Renny caught sight of Mooey in the hall. From a disorganized household the tiny boy had escaped to the coal cellar and was smudged from head to foot. With a stride Renny was on him. He snatched him up and carried him to join the circle.

'Mooey, you sweep!' he shouted. 'Mooey you miserable tripe! Come and see your baby brother!'

Mooey, with a sooty forefinger in his pink mouth, stared long and dubiously at the newcomer. Then — 'Oh, hell! I'm not f'ightened!' he said.

His uncles and great-uncles agreed that, while not handsome, the infant showed unmistakable signs of having the Court nose.

Piers fixed his prominent blue eyes on Finch's face. He had got an idea. 'Why, look here,' he said, 'this kid's got a long nose, a long, melancholy face — he's a depressed-looking cuss! By George, we'll call him Finch!'

'Not after me?' cried Finch, incredulously.

'Yes. Why not? Pheasant was awfully keen to have him born on your birthday. Thought he might shine in your reflected rays. I believe he's going to take after you. I'd like damned well to call him Finch — if you don't mind!'

'Good idea!' said Nicholas.

'Splendid!' said Ernest.

'He might do worse than take after his uncle Finch,' said Renny.

'Do you mind?' reiterated Piers.

'Mind!' Finch was touched to the heart. His features broke into a tender smile. He took the tiny pink hand in his large bony one. 'Mind! Why, it's the most beautiful thing I've ever had done for me in all my life!' His voice trembled with emotion.

(*The End*)

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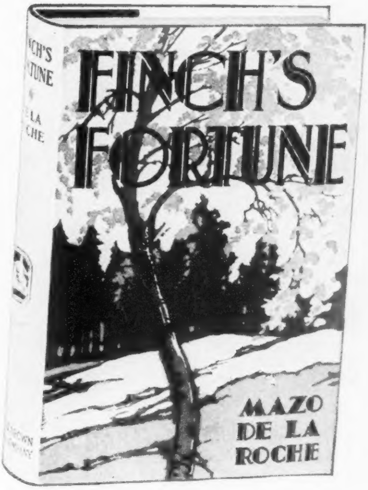

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A Guide to Good Books

In an age when the telephone, telegram, and radio have made a combined and ruthless assault on letter writing, it is a privilege to have set before us the correspondence which during thirty years passed between Ellen Terry, the most graceful actress of her time, and George Bernard Shaw, the most brilliant wit in England. The theatre provoked this correspondence, and personality did the rest, and what makes it doubly delightful, as Alexander Woollcott points out, is that here is no masculine monopolization, but a dialogue in which Ellen Terry has indeed 'the better-written part.'

Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw

A Correspondence

Edited by Christopher St. John

[Putnam, $5.00]

In May 1922, Ellen Terry — a gracious, sunlit, twinkling old woman whose name, as Shaw once told her, rang like a chime through the last quarter of the nineteenth century — gathered herself together and went up to Scotland to receive at St. Andrews, all in a flutter, the honorary degree of LL.D., which I am sure she left in the train on the way back to London next day. Since Haig and Galsworthy were hooded on the same occasion and the Lord Rector was J. M. Barrie, one may surmise that the affairs of the University were in the hands just then of a born impresario with an acute journalistic instinct. Graduation exercises can rarely be said to glow with more than a local news value, but even the cables hummed with the smallest details of the ones at St. Andrews that year, and I remember relishing, at a breakfast table on the other side of the world, the pretty nosegay the Lord Rector tossed to Ellen Terry: —

'The loveliest of all young actresses, the dearest of all old ones; it seems only yesterday that all the men of imagination proposed to their beloveds in some such frenzied words as these: "As I can't get Miss Terry, may I have you?"'

The day after the famous occasion she wrote a little note about it to G. B. S. which began in this, her unmistakably own, fashion: —

'Laid up — a cold — *Have* to communicate with you somehow, my dear. If only you had seen J. M. B. yesterday! He was *almost* as beautiful and adorable as my 5 months old kitten. If only you had been there to watch him! He seems to me to be so ill, the poor mite. How he kept up all the while! Haig is a pet, and the two together were — well I'm glad I was there to see two such boys! Their fun! I loved 'em, not so much of course as *you* — but there!'

This was signed 'Ever and ever yours, E. T.' It is the last letter we have in the correspondence between Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw which lasted for thirty years and is now, after some explicable hesitation, published for all the fond and the curious to read. What Shaw himself, in the connective tissue he has contributed to the book, describes infelicitously as 'a delicious flirtation' approached as near as it ever got to heat at that period in the middle nineties when Miss Terry, already a grandmother, was at the zenith of her partnership with Henry Irving, and Shaw was reviewing plays for Frank Harris's *Saturday Review* — performing cases of simple assault upon the dusty idols of the nineteenth century and receiving therefor a weekly wage of six pounds. The correspondence is the more entertaining to-day and certainly more independent of punditical annotation because of the circumstance that the two never actually met and touched hands until years after Mrs. Patrick Campbell (who has a budget of Shaw letters of her own she would like to sell) had moved bag and baggage into that place in Shaw's thoughts which had for so long been serenely occupied by Ellen Terry, and the 'delicious flirtation' had simmered down to an occasional exchange of information between two fond old-timers who happened to have business together in the theatre.

It so happens that, more than a year before *Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw: A Correspondence* was published, I had access to the Terry letters in manuscript, and I must confess now a regret that the editors have seen fit to moderate the scatterbrained incontinence of them by expunging nearly all the traces of characteristic underscoring with which every page was made exclamatory and distracting. Having thus heard one half the dialogue, and being an insatiable reader these many years of every Shavian word, I fairly pounced on the completed document and read it all through gluttonously. I am glad I did, even though it is not Shaw but Ellen Terry — wise, good, perceptive, humorous, and of loving-kindness all compact — who has, in this dialogue, the better-written part.

In a preface for Puritans (a quite needlessly apologetic preface for Puritans long since under the sod) Shaw seems apprehensive lest those unfamiliar with the emotional freemasonry of the back-stage world might regard

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these letters as scandalous. But I think the simplest reader would detect the counterfeit in the 'small change of his love-making.'

'Let those who may complain that it was all on paper remember,' the preface says, 'that only on paper has humanity yet achieved glory, beauty, truth, knowledge and abiding love.' But if this disembodied romance fails of a place on the shelf alongside *La Vita Nuova* it is because one cannot escape the impression that the same playwright who has written a score of *opera* without a single good love scene in the lot was, in these letters to Ellen Terry, using words coined by common men for an emotion he did not share with them. He might talk of 'seizing the nearest woman and squeezing the breath out of her stays.' He might sigh with regret at having merely written a play for Ellen Terry instead of dragging her bodily from the Lyceum stage and ravishing her a thousand times. But they would still seem the bogus passages of a man whose instinctive avoidance of flesh was not limited to his diet. They could never deceive so experienced an ear as that of Ellen Terry. When Shaw wrote her he was minded to marry (as he afterward did) an Irish millionairess with light green eyes who had been attracted by his 'Quintessence of Ibsenism,' she did feel obliged to register her own lack of sympathy with such detachment from biology. 'If *she* does not dote upon the quintessence of *you*, she'd better marry your book. I would n't marry a book.'

But she could relish her friendship with a 'book.' To that friendship we owe a volume which gives us a lovely, unstudied, engaging portrait of a great lady, even if it also presents the foremost sage of the British Empire rattling away upon the only subject in the world he knows nothing whatever about.

Alexander Woollcott

Jalna Revisited

***Finch's Fortune*, by Mazo de la Roche**
[Atlantic Monthly & Little, Brown, $2.50]

People who have read all of the Jalna books talk about Adeline, Augusta, Nicholas, Ernest, Renny, Alayne, Eden, and Piers precisely as they talk about the family next door. Women, especially (perhaps because women have better memories than men for a clan and its ramifications), remember the entire Whiteoak genealogy and can explain, for instance, that Renny is Finch's half brother and that Alayne married both Eden and Renny. The fact is, of course, that very few families next door are as amusing.

Readers often tell me that the Whiteoaks are an extraordinary family, but I cannot see why. I should say that they are all, with the exception perhaps of Eden, Wakefield, and Finch, quite ordinary folk. I mean this as a compliment to the books. It is much easier to make exceptional people interesting than ordinary people. What such readers mean, I suppose, is that the Whiteoaks are not like Americans — that is, like inhabitants of the United States. But it is the author's acute perception and gusto that make Renny, Nicholas, Piers, and their womenfolk fascinating, rather than any extraordinary quality in the characters themselves. They are really no more selfish than most of us: they are only more frank. They are probably no more materialistic and physically-minded: they are merely not ashamed of being so. They may be a little more pugnacious, but they inherit the blood and the traditions of the Courts, as well as their nose. Their hard-headed Anglo-Irish bluntness and honesty are their distinctive traits, and their Irishness also shows in their immense talkativeness, quarrelsomeness, and conviviality. 'Where there were Whiteoaks gathered, there was no danger of dullness.' Nothing could be more significant than the thoughts of Alayne in that final glorious scene in which Renny, badgered and browbeaten by the entire clan, silently goes to bed in old Adeline's bedstead. Alayne, you will remember, was an American, the daughter of a New England professor. 'Oh,' she thinks, 'their glorious lack of self-consciousness! Oh, that I could so grandly let myself go! That I could be so magnificently a fool!' Many an American reader must have breathed the same wish.

But their Irishness also shows occasionally in the outcropping of a Celtic poetry. Underlying the comedy of Finch's inheritance, systematically filched from him by all the others under the guise of family affection, is the idea that he is the best of the lot. 'You're the flower of the flock,' says Eden to him. He has a generosity, an imagination, above all a sensitiveness, lacking in the others. In the same conversation Eden tells the truth about his various relatives — that they have the power of intimidating imaginative folk because they have themselves no imagination. They are entirely content in their horsiness, their cocksureness, their family pride. But Finch is not.

The novel is comedy of the best, for the author, without sentimentality or extenuation, sets down every unlovely trait of her personages and yet manages to make one love them. For the Whiteoaks, however selfish and stiff-necked they may be, have no real malice. They express all their petty envies and jealousies without the least shame, but also with complete honesty. And the manner in which, though only half-consciously, they realize at the end that their ugly duckling, Finch, is really their superior is conveyed with admirable acuteness and humor. Finch himself, a puzzled and self-tormenting boy, a softy in their eyes, is really, as Eden perceives, the culmination of the dynasty. He has Eden's poetry without his selfishness, Renny's persistence without his stubbornness, and old Adeline's passion without her temper.

One could go on reading about the Whiteoaks almost forever.

R. M. Gay

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HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, 383 MADISON AVENUE, N. Y.

The BOOKSHELF

***Mexico*, by Stuart Chase**

[Macmillan, $3.00]

This brief and readable volume is one of the latest additions to the flow of books concerning our Southern neighbor which threatens to become a flood. When, four decades ago, I began first to take note of such books, — for personal reasons, — to buy, borrow, and read, they were a mere trickle.

The increase began under the Diaz 'reign,' 1876–1911. But 'the Revolution' — in the singular and with a capital — of 1911 to 1917 made a real bid for our attention. Had there been no other reason, the loud wails for 'protection' of some thirty or forty thousands of our citizens, caught in that tropic tornado, could not fail to be heard. Mexico put herself 'on the map.'

Mr. Chase is an analyst. He sees the Mexican *tal cual es*, the 'American' in Mexico no less. And he is for the Mexican, for Mexico. 'I like Mexico. I like its color, its violence, its raw tumbling mountains, green checkerboard valleys, dizzy trails, purple sky and stabbing sun. . . . I like the way Indians look, the way they walk, the polite "buenas tardes" they fling one on the trail; their dignity I like, their utter lack of pretense, their disregard of clocks, the tilt of their sombreros, and the fling of the sarape across the shoulder. . . . I do not like white Mexicans so well, nor the cities they live in, nor their taste in interior decoration.'

This credo will make it clear that Mr. Chase does not share the horror felt by Mr. Wallace Thompson concerning 'indianization.' In fact he bluntly (and properly) rates the gloomy forebodings on this head in the latter's book as 'the ravings of a disordered mind.' Building on Dr. Gruening, Mr. Redfield, Miss Brenner, Dr. Gamio, and others, he supplies from personal observation engaging analytical studies of Mexico's indigenous culture, especially of the village organization and life, the contrast between coöperation and individualism, between handicrafts and the machine, Indian and white. For the citizens of the United States living in Mexico yet refusing to be naturalized, or even to learn Spanish, despising the Mexicans, their government and all their ways, mourning still for 'the good old days of Diaz,' he has few kind words. One of the best passages in the book is that in which he gives a descriptive definition of the terms 'Mexican' and 'American' — as applied, I mean, to human beings.

The book is brief, not documented, but it conveys much information and is sprightly reading. One could pick a few minor flaws, but I refrain. With a single exception. The Revolution's debt to Carranza has never been appraised. Obregón's propaganda against his Chief, much needed to veil his own dishonor, still dominates the atmosphere. If Mr. Chase and Dr. Gruening will secure and examine the *proyecto* of a constitution submitted by Carranza, and mainly the fruitage of his own thinking, to the Convention of 1916–1917, they will discover in it all the creative elements in the instrument that was finally adopted, minus some of its most glaring defects.

Typographically this book is almost beyond reproach. The illustrations by Diego Rivera are, in their way, as illuminating as the text. But one could wish that a house of the standing of Macmillan would do the Spanish language the courtesy of preserving its accents. They are, incidentally, a crutch to the reader who knows little of the pronunciation of Spanish words.

George B. Winton

We have asked Marshall Best, a seasoned hand with fiction, to appraise a new prize novel and three others that will compete against it for autumn popularity.

Two books in this group of four very readable novels bring home the importance of an author's stopping before he says too much. If ***Brothers in the West*** ($2.50), the new Harper Prize novel by ***Robert Raynolds***, had ended fifteen pages earlier, it could be hailed without reservation as an admirable story. For up to that point, where it comes to a natural end, it is a full-blooded tale of adventure, a work of imagination enriched by lively observation. The brothers are two giants of the Western plains and mountains, twin Paul Bunyans having no beginning in time or space, who roam the land tossing off vigorous deeds along the way. Their lives are big with the spaces in which they move; and from their devotion to each other they draw a vitality which helps them to take all obstacles in their stride. They marry and rear children, always on the march; their caravan gathers up new followers until it becomes a sort of circus of Spanish beauties, Mexican peasants, outcasts, madmen, cow-punchers, and pioneer couples. After years of wandering, they find an almost fabulous home site in a vast plateau ringed with mountains, and there they build their demesne.

This legendary outline is filled brimful with actualities. The lesser characters are normal human beings living the life of the West in the early days; the events and emotions are concrete, the descriptions vivid and real. Only the brothers remain on the border line of reality, speaking and acting in a fashion of their own, heightened to a superhuman scale. Their story may be accepted with that 'absence of disbelief' accorded to legend — enjoyed for the zest with which it is written and the lavish splendor of its setting. All this, at any rate, up to the last fifteen pages, which are infinitely more disappointing than a mere bad ending to a good book. Their sentimentality suddenly makes it clear that the author's exaggerations and overtones were meant in all seriousness, and in the light of this knowledge the book becomes only an old-fashioned Western melodrama tricked out with fine writing and unconventional characters.

THE NEW BORZOI CATALOGUE

containing the complete descriptions of the Borzoi Books to be published during September, October and November is now ready. You are invited to write to Mr. Knopf for a free copy.

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The BOOKSHELF

In *Death of a Hero*, **Richard Aldington** gave vent to his bitterness about the type of mind that made the War. Now he carries his criticism forward in ***The Colonel's Daughter*** (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), a keen and clear-headed satire of the British mind to-day. Its laugh is chiefly at the expense of the smug small-town gentility, the patriots and 'Empire-Builders,' reactionaries both political and social; but its open-armed malice embraces likewise the petty tradesmen, the village working class, colonials, capitalists, æsthetes, and gilded youth — the habitual mockers as well as the habitually mocked. Georgina's father is a retired army officer whose life is contained in cricket scores, horses, and barrack-room reminiscences. His wife is a colorless domestic prude. True to this pattern, and poor besides, the homely daughter faces life in an England where there are seven women to every man. At twenty-six, her sixteen-year-old mind is still a slave to her parents' tastes and standards, as her person is to their daily whims.

Georgie is only the index to a whole hierarchy of blunderers and bigots. Often they are no more than caricatured, and many of their fatuities have been satirized before — but never so well collectively, and never so thoroughly or with such animation. The author leaves them no virtues — or rather leaves nothing to admire in their too obvious ones — and poor Georgie suffers with the rest. Yet he somehow contrives to let us like her and pity her fate.

In this perfect satire of points of view it is needless to read anything deeper than a criticism of the mental traits which have made life what it is for this group today. This is a good and sufficient reason for a brilliant book. Unfortunately Mr. Aldington felt impelled to go a step further. His epilogue attempts to interpret the story, and explain the meaning of his depressing picture. A more deflating pinprick for the gusto of his satire, and a more futile begging of the question, could hardly have been devised.

For light entertainment, nothing better need be asked than ***The Shortest Night***, by G. B. Stern (Knopf, $2.50), which adds to the small number of good mystery stories by authors already expert as 'straight' novelists. A villa on the Riviera shelters an amiable crew of young bohemians on holiday from London's intensities. They talk their brisk and whimsical jargon and live their erratic lives; and the tragedy that occurs one night of mistral only adds flavor to their visit. The interest is first in the characters and dialogue, secondarily in the plot; yet the mystery itself is adroitly unfolded. The ending has the right touch of extravaganza to laugh the whole story off and to sidetrack any lingering skepticism.

Sheila Kaye-Smith has written many novels, but her latest, ***Susan Spray*** (Harpers, $2.50), is sufficient evidence of her qualities as a novelist. Few books of such solid substance, such skill and charm and deep ironic undertones, are appearing in these times. With a fullness of portraiture which reckons with the hidden traits as well as the more apparent ones, it unfolds the character of a woman whose life was moulded to success by her power of self-deception. From a wretched childhood, steeped in the words of Scripture, Susan dreamed of Ezekiel's Temple and the waters of life that issued from under its threshold. As a girl scaring rooks in a Sussex cornfield, and scared herself by an approaching storm, she made herself believe that she saw the Lord in a thundercloud. The simple elders accepted her excuse for running away, and credited her with the gift of tongues. She became their preacher and planned to escape 'the common lot of women.' Gradually her calling became a means to an end, a satisfaction for her craving for power, which fed on its own success. Through a long series of triumphs and compromises, her ambition is at last fulfilled. Ezekiel's Temple is established on earth, with herself as master, a wealthy husband to provide for her worldly needs, and a band of the faithful to attend her. Each step of her life is prompted by ambition or vanity, yet she never suspects herself of insincerity; it is always the Call. *Susan Spray* is a novel of the older school in its methodical development and careful characterization.

MARSHALL A. BEST

THE LIFE OF LETTERS

***The Life and Letters of Sir Edmund Gosse*, by the Hon. Evan Charteris, K. C.**
[Harpers, $5.00]

***William Archer: Life, Work and Friendships*, by Lieut. Col. C. Archer**
[Yale University Press, $5.00]

ANY understanding of the life of Sir Edmund Gosse, who died in 1928, must assuredly presuppose a reading of that most remarkable human document, his own account of childhood and early youth, called *Father and Son*, first published anonymously in 1907. Its very existence has made the task of a biography of Gosse difficult rather than easy. But its existence also offers a key to the life of a man who, up to the day of death when almost eighty, was robustly concerned with the tides and currents of English literature.

Edmund Gosse was the son of Philip Gosse, eminent British zoölogist and religious fanatic. His childhood, lived in England, was one of utter isolation. 'The home was full of taboos. The ordinary literature of infancy was denied him.' At an early age, under the guidance of his father, he learned to use the microscope and 'in natural history he found a substitute for Robin Hood and Jack the Giant Killer.' He was early destined for the church, and was subjected from the beginning to a religious regimen so fantastic and unreasonable that it would surely have crippled in the small years a lesser

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The BOOKSHELF

will. It was the case of a starved soul imprisoned for the sins it might some day commit.

Although Edmund Gosse went to London at the age of seventeen in revolt against paternal discipline, as he himself has written, the letters on both sides which his biographer has here included show indeed that the breach between father and son was gradually closed. From the time of his marriage in 1875 until his father's death, there is little reference to the pit of hell. Gosse rose rapidly to fame. He began as a clerk in the cataloguing section of the British Museum at a salary of £90 a year. The Museum was 'a nest of singing birds.' Coventry Patmore had left in 1865. Richard Garnett was there, and Théophile Marzials, and John Payne. Doors opened; opportunity knocked and was admitted. Study and knowledge of the Scandinavian languages, supplemented by visits to Denmark, secured him soon the post of Translator to the Board of Trade. Poems and articles grew into books. Friendships widened. He met Stevenson, Swinburne (a difficult friendship to recommend to his father!), Austin Dobson, Georg Brandes, Hans Christian Andersen, Rossetti, Leslie Stephen, and many others. His letters, lengthy, friendly, shrewd, which form to a great extent the basis for Mr. Charteris's excellent biography, run the gamut of the bookmen of his day. As he grew older, younger men came to him; Drinkwater, Squire, Philip Guedalla, and Siegfried Sassoon are among these. Max Beerbohm, assisted by several of his best caricatures (including the superb one on the presentation of the Gosse bust), is there. Fifty years of English letters. This is a noble book; if not written with distinction, yet full of distinguished things.

Not so good a book, but of kindred interest, is the life of William Archer. It is unnecessary to compare the two men. Archer's great service to literature, as is commonly known, was his admirable translation of the plays of Henrik Ibsen. He wrote, edited, and translated much besides, but the burden of his fame will rest on this. His critical writing, like that of Beerbohm in the *Saturday Review*, is an index of the theatre he knew. His play, *The Green Goddess*, which seemed at best a curious climax to a life absorbed in the active contemplation of the stage, is by no means the measure of his full stature. Of humor, it is not perhaps realized that Bernard Shaw credited him with 'an unsleeping and incorrigible sense.' To Barrie, certainly, it did not appear so. 'My grand ambition now,' he wrote to Archer, 'is to make you laugh — just once.' The shaven (but not Shavian) member of that otherwise bearded trio (Archer, Walkley, and Shaw), he stood then, as he stands now, an independent and interesting figure. His life is here, but the letters which surround it are much the better part. Why not, if they include the following postal from G. B. S.?

'Stockholm. — I achieved the impossible — a meeting with Strindberg — to-day. He said "Archer is not in sympathy with me." I said "Archer was n't in sympathy with Ibsen either; but he could n't help translating him all the same, being accessible to poetry, though otherwise totally impenetrable." After some further conversation, consisting mainly of embarrassed silences and a pale smile or two by A. S. and floods of energetic eloquence in a fearful lingo, half French, half German, by G. B. S., A. S. took out his watch and said, in German: "At two o'clock I am going to be sick." The visitors accepted this delicate intimation, and withdrew.'

David McCord

There has recently been some amusing speculation about the relative size of the *intellectual* reading publics of different countries. Mr. Louis Lazarus estimates that there is a group of about forty thousand such readers in France; the English publishers, Gollancz and Constable & Co., give England half that number. In the United States the guesses have run from half a million 'who might buy, read, and appreciate' down to five thousand of 'those who are not a public at all, but think and read for themselves.' Publishers, naturally, would love to arrive at some dependable figures, but I doubt if they ever will, for the variables are too great. Three hundred and thirty-five thousand Americans bought copies of the trade edition of *All Quiet on the Western Front;* probably twice that number read the book. Remarque's sequel, *The Road Back*, which was exceptionally praised by the critics, has so far found less than sixty thousand buyers. Such fluctuations in interest are a common occurrence. That book publishing is at present a fairly limited trade in the United States can be adduced from the statement of a prominent bookseller who concluded that there are not more than fifty or seventy-five bookstores (not department stores) in the whole country enjoying an annual business of $100,000 or more. Books, it seems, are still a luxury, not a necessity. . . . But as I scan the lists of books that are promised for this fall it is easy to find a number which I should not like to get along without. Among the novels there are *The Waves*, by Virginia Woolf, *A Buried Treasure*, by Elizabeth Maddox Roberts, and *Finch's Fortune*, reviewed in this issue; among the poetry items I was caught by a *Beowulf* with Rockwell Kent illustrations; then I want to read Noel Coward's new play, *Post-Mortem*, and Francis Hackett's Life of Francis I. . . . Since so many notable titles are not to appear until the late autumn, we have postponed our quarterly selection of Readable Books till the November issue.

Edward Weeks

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Friedrich Ritter ('Adam and Eve in the Galapagos') is a genuine Robinson Crusoe of our time. Before embarking upon the strange adventures here described, he was a practising physician in Berlin. His flight from civilization is probably a result both of his philosophical studies at the University of Freiburg and of his horrible experiences in the German artillery corps during the World War. **Leslie Hotson** ('A Great Shakespeare Discovery') made his reputation as a literary detective extraordinary by getting at the truth of Marlowe's death (*Atlantic* for June 1925). He enlarged it by finding the long-lost Shelley Letters (*Atlantic* for January, February, and March 1930). Now, while still in his thirties, he achieves the acme of every scholar's ambition by bringing to light new and important facts about Shakespeare. We shall shortly publish in book form a more detailed account of his discovery, together with all the relevant documents in the case, and as this scholarly edition will be small, we should advise early application. **Florence Converse** ('Toast to Master Will') was for many fruitful years a member of the *Atlantic* staff. **Gertrude Carver** ('Early Holiday') lives at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. **A. Edward Newton** ('Books of One's Own') is an author of note, who for years has made a hobby of collecting first editions. His library contains one of the finest private collections in the world.

H. E. Wortham ('The Education of a Prince') is a well-known British biographer. His last book was a study of Mustapha Kemal; his next, to appear this fall, will be *Edward VII: Man and King*. **Captain William Outerson** ('Black Death') is a seasoned sailor, now retired, who relives the life of his seagoing days by spinning yarns for landlubbers. **Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.** ('Glimpses of Russia'), distinguished art critic, is Professor of Art and Archæology at Princeton University. **Simeon Strunsky** ('Jones, His Opinions and Politics') is a member of the editorial staff of the *New York Times*. **Edwin Rogers Embree** ('A Few Portraits in Sepia') has spent years in the study of Negro education and racial problems. He is president of the Julius Rosenwald Fund. **Arthur E. Lloyd Maunsell** ('Song of Mother Earth at Even') has contributed poems to the leading British reviews and has published two volumes of verse: *Between Two Worlds* and *Moods and Lyrics*. **Ruth Starbuck Wentworth** ('Nantucket's First Cup of Tea') was a thrifty and industrious housewife of Colonial New England. **George E. Putnam** ('The Hardened Arteries of Business') is an industrial economist who has traveled extensively both in old Russia and in new.

George Frederic Nieberg ('All in the Congressional Family') is a former newspaper man of fifteen years' experience, much of it acquired in Washington. Concerning nepotism in local politics the *New York Times* recently said editorially: 'It is now reported that Judge Seabury and the legislative committee are inquiring curiously about the extraordinary success of certain young men in doing business with the city. They are sons and nephews of Tammany magnates or of Democratic bosses in Brooklyn or of party leaders in the various Albany districts. . . . It may seem strange that these young men advance so quickly, but consider how the ordinary obstacles are smoothed away before them. Do they have to encounter that dreaded thing, "sales resistance"? On the contrary, the doors of all city offices fly open to them. Is it necessary for them to make long and detailed explanations of the superiority of the articles they have to sell to the city? Not at all. Their mere presence, and their identification as belonging to the right family, are guarantee enough. The method has long been known in New York.' Mr. Nieberg's survey demonstrates conclusively that the method is also well known on the wider stage of national politics, and that Republicans and Democrats alike show no disinclination to placing their relatives upon the government pay roll. **Mazo de la Roche** will soon see *Finch's Fortune* in book form, a sequel to *Jalna* and *Whiteoaks of Jalna*.

Mr. Fosdick is a careful man.

Editor, *Atlantic Monthly*
Dear Sir: —

In Mr. Fosdick's article in the August *Atlantic* he gives certain figures on which he bases his contentions as to the militant attitude of the United States in contravention of statements of three Presidents and three Secretaries of State.

Statement of Mr. Fosdick:

Present organized strength of the United States		728,000
Actual strength from official records:		
Regular Army	136,820	
National Guard	171,226	
Reserves	122,480	
Total Army	430,526	
United States Navy, including Marines and Reserves (Office Naval Intelligence, letter of August 11, 1931)	161,511	
Total Army, Navy, Marines, National Guard, and Reserves, including High School Cadets		592,037
Error in Mr. Fosdick's figures		135,963

This difference is equal to practically the entire strength of the Regular Army, of which but 83,431 enlisted men are in the Continental United States, the balance being in Hawaii, Canal Zone, Philippines, Alaska, Porto Rico, and China.

Mr. Fosdick alleges constant increase in our organized forces since 1914.

Enlisted strength, Regular Army, 1921	213,250
Actual enlisted strength, April 30, 1931	124,901
Reduction in enlisted strength	88,349

This reduction in enlisted strength of the Regular Army in the last eleven years is equal to the entire strength of the Regular Army in the Continental limits of the United States.

Mr. Fosdick says this year we are spending

For military and naval purposes	$842,000,000
For Navy	382,000,000
Difference (for Army)	$460,000,000
Army Appropriation Bill, current	446,565,735
Difference	$ 13,434,265

In the Army Appropriation Bill, specifically appropriated therefor and included in the $446,565,735 are the expenses for Civil Government and Upkeep of the Panama Canal, Flood Control of Mississippi and Other Rivers, Cemeteries, National Parks and Monuments, Rivers and Harbors, and other similar civil affairs operated by the Engineer Corps of the Army — $111,089,770.

Among the appropriations for military activities in the bill are certain items such as compilation of World War records, civil government of the Philippines, Yorktown Sesquicentennial, pay of retired officers and enlisted men (practically pensions), and other similar items which cannot be considered warlike preparation, totaling $22,037,097. This, added to Rivers and Harbors, etc., makes a total of $133,126,867. Adding to this the original discrepancy of $13,434,265, we get a total discrepancy of $146,561,132 between Mr. Fosdick's statement and the actual expenditures for this year for what can be considered strictly military upkeep.

Mr. Fosdick gives no authority for his figures — mine are taken from official reports of the Adjutant General's Office and letter from Office of Naval Intelligence as to present strength; *Chicago Daily News Almanac* of 1931 for strength in 1921, and Bulletin No. 18 War Department, March 10, 1931, for Army Appropriation Bill. Anyone can obtain these documents and check my figures.

Alex. M. Davis
Colonel, U. S. Army, Retired

Dear Colonel Davis: —

Such a letter as yours deserves a careful reply. This will account for our delay in answering yours of August 15.

You object primarily to Mr. Fosdick's figures relating to the present strength of the Army. These figures are taken directly from the message which President Hoover sent to Congress on December 3, 1929. If you will write to the Government Printing Office you can secure this document, and on page 4 you will find the facts precisely as stated. We assume the figures used by the Commander in Chief of the Army are accurate.

You further assert that our estimates of military costs include cost of flood control, rivers and harbors improvements, etc. In this you are mistaken. We refer you specifically to the report of the Secretary of War for 1930, and to the printed minutes of the hearings before Congressional Committees on Army and Navy appropriations. These documents can also be obtained on request from the Government Printing Office. The *Armaments Year Book* of the League of Nations for 1929 will also assist you in getting at the facts.

May we in conclusion ask you to give due consideration to the following sentence from President Hoover's message to Congress: 'While the remuneration paid to our soldiers and sailors is justly at a higher rate than that of any other country in the world, and while the cost of subsistence is higher, yet the total of our expenditures is in excess of those of the most highly militarized nations of the world.'

The Editors

Join the

Tower Health League

17
18
20
22
Self-Directed Body-Building Drills

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More than a million people have sent for copies of "Self-Directed Body-Building Drills" and Exercise Charts. Each week thousands of letters come to the Metropolitan Tower telling how proper exercise has brought better physical and mental health to the members of the Tower Health League—the biggest gymnasium class in the world. From the Metropolitan Tower special radio exercises are broadcast in fifteen minute periods every morning except Sundays and holidays. You may choose your own class each morning at whatever time is convenient, between 6:45 and 8:00 A. M.

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One Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free copy of "Self-Directed Body-Building Drills" containing diagrams and descriptions of the 32 exercises planned for the members of the Tower Health League.

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SIT up straight, take a deep breath and promise yourself three things—better health, better appearance and a greater capacity for success.

The chances are that you have more brains than brawn and, like many others, lack the physical tone needed for your work whatever it may be.

Perhaps you will say, "I get enough exercise and I haven't the slightest desire to have big, bulgy muscles." Bulgy muscles are not essential to good health. Occasional week-end games will not develop the physical tone that comes only from regulated daily exercise the year round.

The muscles you use each day are not the ones which need exercise. Those you do *not* use need it. If you will begin stretching them this autumn, you will soon enjoy a sense of mental and physical well-being and be better fit to meet changing seasons.

Will you try a few experiments in order to find out how many of your muscles are very much in need of exercise? Give yourself fifteen minutes of intelligent muscle stretching in your own room. Within twenty-four hours you will know which important muscles have been neglected.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Where vacuum cleaners and electric washing machines have replaced brooms and washboards, and automobiles have made long walks unusual, many a good muscle has gone soft. Muscles intended to be used in chopping wood, pumping water, digging, planting, rowing and swimming are likely to be forgotten by those who burn gas or fuel oil, turn faucets, have no gardens and seat themselves comfortably in power boats or motor cars.

Wake up the little-used muscles which need exercise. Your heart is a muscle and the walls of your blood-vessels, stomach and intestines are largely muscle. If your diaphragm—a muscle—is not exercised, your lungs can do only part of their work and the abdominal organs will become sluggish because they lack the stimulating massage which an active diaphragm gives.

No one who has any organic weakness should exercise without the advice of a competent physician. Misdirected or too violent exercise may be harmful. Proper and intelligently directed exercise promotes health for young and old and enables them to get more joy out of life.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ~ ~ **ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.**

Wild asses enough at home.

Dear Atlantic, —

Heartiest thanks to you for publishing the able article, 'Our Foreign Policy in the Looking-Glass,' by Raymond B. Fosdick. It is good for us to look the truth in the face, even though it cover our national pride with shame.

But how did it come to pass that as one finishes this record of our insincerity and sham complacency the first words that greet the eye are in the title of the next article, 'Hunting the Wild Ass'? Why should any American ever go so far as 'the great salt desert of Central Persia' to find 'the stamping ground of the wild ass'?

JOSEPH B. LYMAN
Sandwich, Massachusetts

Prohibition versus regulation.

Dear Atlantic, —

Dr. Francis G. Peabody's criticism of the Eighteenth Amendment in your August number is of peculiar interest, coming as it does from a temperance advocate of such distinction as Dr. Peabody. He has accentuated with thorough understanding the principle that law to be effective must follow, not precede, the march of public opinion. His illustration of the sailor who holds the turn is most apt.

Nevertheless, he appears to accept the principle of prohibition in regard to intoxicants and cites in justification of it a number of laws, such as traffic laws, which are not really prohibitory but rather regulatory in character. He falls into the common error of confusing prohibition with regulation, when, as a matter of fact, they are at opposite poles.

He says, 'The only end to this controversy must be the abolition of all restriction.' He has put his finger on a fatal defect of the Eighteenth Amendment, yet he appears to regard retention of this Amendment as necessary because he fears that the alternative is no regulation at all. Dr. Peabody does not seem to realize that to prohibit is to deny the right to regulate; nor does he seem to appreciate that prohibition unenforced, because unsupported by the public conscience, amounts to an abdication by government of effective control either by the states or by the nation. Doubtless Dr. Peabody wants strict regulation, as do most of us, but this can be had only if the principle of prohibition is abandoned and the Eighteenth Amendment repealed.

Dr. Peabody's remedy, personal self-restraint, is the suggestion of a high-minded idealist, but is impracticable because it fails to recognize the teaching of history that coercion and persuasion can never go hand in hand. So long as the coercion of the Eighteenth Amendment and its enforcing law remains, the voice of persuasion will fall upon deaf ears.

JULIAN CODMAN
Boston, Massachusetts

Temperance education in Canada.

Dear Atlantic, —

I have read with great interest the article by Francis G. Peabody entitled 'Law and Self-Control.' It appeals to me very much. A sentence in the last paragraph, 'Education is the essential prerequisite of legislation,' encourages me to believe that you may be interested in an actual working programme of temperance instruction which has been carried out in the Province of Manitoba under my direction during the past five years. Our programme is called the Independent Temperance Education Coöperative, and it has been designed to function mainly through the public schools. Through the children we reach the homes in every community. Under the auspices of the regular school authorities we deliver addresses, distribute literature, and devise follow-up lessons by the teachers — all calculated to instruct the children in the evils of drink and the benefits of abstinence. For five years I have been supervising this programme as Director of Temperance Instruction for the schools of Manitoba, as an official of the Department of Education. The entire budget has been met by the Department. Not a cent of voluntary contribution has been sought or accepted.

In extending the programme into other provinces or into the States, we work, of course, under whatever auspices we can get, always aiming, however, to get the programme finally accepted by the government. In Canada we think that education is a necessary factor in carrying out a policy of governmental control, if that policy is to mean something more than just the sale of liquor by the government. In the States it would seem that a government which prohibits is under even greater obligation to teach youth the reasons for prohibition than with us, where the government merely 'permits.'

W. D. BAYLEY
Winnipeg, Manitoba

The universal scapegoat.

Dear Atlantic, —

My colleague in Columbia, Thomas T. Read, the mining engineer, has an article on 'Our Mediæval Minds' in your August number. As I read it I could not help wondering where Mr. Read got his mental picture of the mediæval mind, which, 'although it had come to know a great deal about the nature of the physical world, still believed in magic and therefore attributed to physical things qualities and powers we now know they cannot possess.' With what astonishment such a description of their mental processes would have been greeted by Augustine and Erigena and Aquinas and Bernard and Abelard and such magic-mongers!

To my mind this article is, despite its real worth in other respects, chiefly remarkable as an

Pointing a Moral

WITHOUT ADORNING THE TALE

WE can think of a great many flowery phrases to describe the way Fels-Naptha washes clothes. And they would all be true. But we prefer to tell the story in simple, unadorned language—and let the soap itself convince you of its merit.

Fels-Naptha washes clothes completely clean. It gets out even stubborn dirt and clinging grease. Because it does, clothes have that fresh look and that sweet smell that women prize so highly.

Fels-Naptha can do this because it is not "just soap." It is unusually good soap combined with *plenty* of naptha. Working briskly together, these two helpers swish through the clothes, loosening dirt and washing it away. They work gently, too, without harm to colors or fabrics.

You will appreciate that side of Fels-Naptha. And your laundress will appreciate the speed and ease with which Fels-Naptha works. It washes so quickly she doesn't have her hands in water long. Even water alone, you know, may make finger tips shrivel.

Fels-Naptha requires no coaxing. It does a beautiful washing job in any temperature of water, in washing machine or tub.

Put all these virtues together and you have the moral of our story: There is *extra* help in Fels-Naptha—*extra* help that makes it a splendid washing value. We hope you order some from your grocer today!

Special Offer—Whether Fels-Naptha has been used in your home for years, or whether you have just decided to use it yourself or have your maid try it, we'll be glad to send a Fels-Naptha Chipper and a sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. Many women who do their own housework prefer to chip Fels-Naptha into washing machine, tub or basin, and find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, anyone can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as they are needed. Mail coupon, with four cents in stamps to help cover postage, and we'll send you the chipper and sample bar without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

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FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. Q.A. 10-31
Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and the sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap offered in this advertisement. I enclose four cents in stamps to help cover postage.

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City __________ *State* __________

Please print your name and address completely example of a contemporary tendency to lay all blame for things people do not happen to like, in human thought or action, on the shoulders of the thinkers of the Middle Ages, although in fact these things may have originated with Plato, Aristotle, John Dewey, Mary Baker Eddy, Thomas Jefferson, Moses, or Jim the Oysterman. I suppose that this is inevitable as long as our educators train people to believe that history and thought took a holiday from 500 to 1500 A.D. *Terra incognita est terra fantastica!*

BERNARD IDDINGS BELL
St. Stephen's College, Columbia University
New York City

[*We take it that Mr. Read was thinking of the mediæval mind in terms of the ideas current among the common people. In this connection Aquinas and Erigena were as far in advance of their day as Einstein and Sir James Jeans are in advance of ours.* — THE EDITORS]

China still in the Middle Ages.

Dear Atlantic, —

Perhaps this extract from a letter from China may serve as a footnote to Mr. Read's able article:

'It's rather surprising to run so often across the Middle Ages in China. I had thought of them as belonging to Europe and Walter Scott; but several times I have seen men carrying hooded hawks through the streets of Pekin, and in Nankin people were weaving things on hand looms — silks, velvets, brocades — of the most intricate patterns. It took one straight back to the Middle Ages, the (so-called) golden age of craftsmanship. . . . Having observed the thing in actual process, it seems to me that, however excellent the fabric produced, the worker is no better and not so well off as in our era of machines. He works from a set pattern from which he never deviates in the smallest degree, and which, from doing it over and over again, he has assimilated to such a point that he has himself become a machine. He works alone in his little house, so he has none of the society which makes mill life rather jolly, and very often his bed stands beside his loom. We of the Machine Age — the wicked, inhuman Machine Age — call that "sweating" and try to put a stop to it.'

M. A. ABBOTT
Concord, Massachusetts

'Beating the Rules.'

Dear Atlantic, —

In 'Sportsmanship in the Rough' Mr. Alfred F. Loomis makes a real contribution to a very complicated question — if in nothing more than in casting doubt upon our usual definitions of 'amateur' and 'professional.'

The difficulty with rules in sports arises from failure to appraise two opposite requirements. In order for a sporting competition to be popular, each contestant must be assured of an opportunity to win. Consequently the rules have the burden of reducing the contestants to a basis of equality. Once this has been done, interest in equality ceases; each contestant is then interested only in the inequalities which may make it possible for him to win. This gives rise to a new game, which might be called 'Beating the Rules.' If the rules represent the best effort of all the contestants to define a basis of equality, and any sportsman finds a way within those rules of acquiring an advantage, he is entitled to the benefits thereof.

Mr. Loomis's suggestion that we drop the term 'amateur' for all sports that take place before a public gathering is well worth further thought — not, however, because the amateurism of the players is open to question, but because the distinction is one of false importance. If any distinction is called for, it should be that between a closed game for beginners, played purely for enjoyment and with no thought of making comparison with similar play elsewhere, and an open game for more experienced contestants, where everyone frankly competes to be top man and rules serve merely to ensure comparable conditions.

BRUNO BECKHARD
Flushing, Long Island

A reformer reformed.

Dear Atlantic, —

Oliver McKee's article on the direct primary (August *Atlantic*) seems to be the most complete, accurate, and dispassionate diagnosis of a distressing and menacing situation that has yet been written. And in no other publication would it have carried such conviction as in the *Atlantic*. Having had something to do with establishing the direct primary, the writer has observed the resulting dangerous dilution of official responsibility and has been regretfully forced to the conclusion that he lent aid and comfort to the poisoners of wells.

The complaisance with which the party organization has effaced itself and lighted the candles upon its own coffin may be of some significance, but if a party honestly cares to protect itself against demagogic interlopers and unworthy bearers of its banner it would seem that it might do so by resuming its function of platform building. This function has been unnecessarily and too easily relinquished, and party individuality and backbone have disappeared along with it. A sharp definition of what a party stands for is the only safe assurance of party perpetuity. Surely a party has not only the right but the obligation to specify the issues which a candidate shall support if he solicits votes in the party's name.

With such a definition made in advance of the primaries, the self-nominator seeking a place on the ticket would have to declare his agreement with the platform in order to come before the people as a Republican, Democrat, or whatever. Otherwise he would have to take chances on

For an "Individuality" ... not an "Anybody!"

This engagement ring—*by Cartier, Inc., New York City*—is one of an extensive collection ranging in price from $30,000 to $100. The photograph shows an engagement ring considered as unique in quality and size —the **MOST EXPENSIVE** engagement ring in the world. The simplicity of the setting, characteristic of Cartier, enhances the whiteness and brilliancy of the stone.

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Pebeco is the **MOST EXPENSIVE** tooth paste in the world—to make, but not to buy.

It costs more to make because 40% is an expensive ingredient not found in other tooth pastes—an ingredient put there for the good that science has proved it will do your teeth.

Do not look for a sweet taste...or a foamy lather...but for a characteristic tang that signifies it is doing its work. This is Pebeco's distinctive signature.

You have to *think* to like Pebeco—but, remember, irrelevant candy-like tastes or extravagant claims in advertising cannot benefit your teeth—*it is what is in the tooth paste that counts.*

Do your own thinking about what dentifrice to use...ask your retailer for PEBECO

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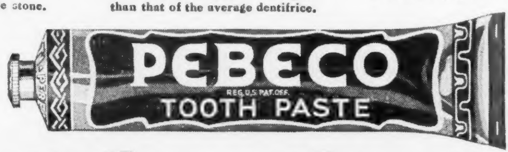

The Toothpaste for Thinking People

weakening his position by ignoring or flatly rejecting the platform, which he would hardly do, since primary contenders are on their own, and when it comes to the political form sheet they incline to a rabbit-like timidity.

Through the direct primary system of self-nomination, party designations have become so cheap and common that they mean little or nothing except in connection with the Presidency. The winner of a nomination is accorded free rein in prescribing the platform, and the twaddle and tripe emanating from this source tend to estrange the public still further from any regard whatever for a party name. The degree to which voters do not attend the polls may be regarded as a close index of the number of them possessing an intelligence that can be insulted.

Parties can exert a real influence if they so desire. If they do not somehow do it, they are open to the suspicion that certain strong factors within them prefer to have things as they are and that the party designation has become a mere camouflage. Meantime the most tragic and truthful pictures of our national legislature seem, to the writer at least, to be those drawn by Mr. McKee and Will Rogers.

W. A. Frisbie
Minneapolis, Minnesota

On the threshold of thirty.

Dear Atlantic, —

I have read and reread the article 'Halfway' in the June issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and I become increasingly indignant — in fact, Irishly irate. I believe the man is mentally unhealthy! I just celebrated my thirtieth birthday and I feel as though I were just beginning life. I can't see why he should n't feel the same. Evidently he also is conscious of at last understanding life, but instead of being jubilant over the fact, as I am, he seems to bemoan. Apparently he is in the possession of youth and vigor, ambition and a future, a background of comforts and culture, and the dawning perspective and comprehension of his new adulthood. Why should n't these blessings bring him a sense of power and dreams of things to accomplish, instead of a sense of senility? Is he going to make a wake of the time's slow pacing through the next thirty years? Surely he knows that time is not a matter of tickings of a man-made mechanism, but of experience. Why, any of us can live a century of agony in five minutes, or an ecstasy of just a breath of time may burn up weeks or months.

I am fully conscious of the world's attitude toward the age of thirty. None more so than I, for I am a woman, and the world is much harsher to the woman of thirty than to the man of the same age. But in the world's attitude I resent only two things: an expectancy of dignity to which the world thinks it is entitled, and the disgusting belief that, being a single woman, I am yearning for a man, any man! This rather fetters natural behavior with any member of the world's male delectables. But I have learned to go my way grinning and unregarding.

I believe that adulthood brings as radical a mental and psychological change as adolescence. I know that life to me in the last years has been very much like looking through the kaleidoscopes of my childhood. All the pretty, separate pieces are at last falling into a pattern; I see humanity, history, nature, art, science, humor, and emotion as a whole which is lovable, good, and going somewhere under wise guidance.

Greatest of all privileges, I am free. The last illusion is gone. I have faced Truth in every issue of life, flinching or unflinching, and shall never fear it again. I know that love is the greatest thing, but I know that steady love of humanity, not of its constantly changing components, is the desideratum, not the mad instincts and the agonized misunderstandings of youth. I have no religion. I want none. My faith in the destiny of this life which we all help infinitesimally to develop is too big for expression at this stage of my own growth. I am not moral, as the world explains that term. I have a creed of my own personal conduct. I wish to be as direct and clean as a wind on the sea; I wish to understand this pageant of which I am a part, to know how to keep in step, and to discipline myself to do so. I wish to be loyal to the very best of everything and to seek deeply into the heart and soul of everything before I decide what its best is. I wish to be busy, because there is so much to sense and enjoy and appreciate before I die that any wasted time is cruelty to myself. I wish to make the most of the new aptitudes, this new and greater facility for acquiring skills and knowledge, which have come with this new intellectual and spiritual growth. I wish to remember always that I am human and never become instead a culturist, a doer, or a student.

I am poor; I hem and rehem my dresses as skirts go up or down, and bleach them white when the colors fade. But I am rich; I am thirty, and free and understanding of life. Pity the poor man who is thirty, but thinking sixty.

There, I feel better!

Brenda Glass
Fernandina, Florida

Prize contest announcement.

In the Contributors' Column for June the *Atlantic* announced a contest with an offer of cash prizes for the best lists of six new books which contestants would like to see written. The contest closed on August 24. Hundreds of entries have been received. Several weeks will be required to read them and give all the suggestions the careful consideration which they deserve. The prize winners will be published in these columns next month. — The Editors

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You will be interested in this plan and want further information. Please communicate with your nearest John Hancock representative or write for a descriptive booklet.

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Please send me your booklet, "Income for the Family."

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The FINANCIAL COUNSELOR

DODGING READJUSTMENT FACTS

by C. T. REVERE

IF certain usually reliable indices are to be accepted at approximately their face value, it would seem that one is justified in taking the view that we have reached the bottom of the depression, unless fresh complications result from some unexpectedly disturbing international developments. This, of course, is a broad statement and is subject to a few qualifications represented largely by certain phases of liquidation in commodities that probably have not worked out their supply-and-demand problems. It also should take into consideration the discounting of unfavorable earnings and prospects by a number of corporations which are suffering disproportionately from trade maladjustment. With these exceptions, therefore, it would appear that we are warranted in assuming that we have reached the bottom and that the problem ahead of us is largely one of determining the beginning and extent of the upward turn.

Recovery undoubtedly has been delayed by unwillingness to face courageously the steps necessary to bring about a healthier situation. This is true in the case of nations and industrial groups, as well as of individuals. Dislocation will persist until facts are recognized and inequalities ironed out.

An important factor at this time is public, or mass, psychology. As usual, there is a general tendency to seek for an 'alibi' instead of confessing our own shortcomings. A typical example of this is represented by the charge that 'capitalism is on trial.' One does not have to hold a brief for capitalism to point out the fundamental fallacy of this pat phrase. Practically every constructive proposal advanced by economists and industrial leaders has encountered the opposition of politics in one form or another. Tariff revision to meet new conditions and readjustment of inter-governmental debts, it might be pointed out, are sanctioned by the leading economic thought of the country, confessedly capitalistic. Political expediency stands in the way of these remedial steps. On the other hand, politics, not capitalism, has given us the staggering bonus burden, the Federal Farm Board, and other bureaucratic agencies which have disrupted business and placed a crushing load upon the taxpayers of the country. Railroad and industrial leaders find their efforts continually hampered by the restrictions of commissions and bureaus.

In other words, capitalism should not be blamed until it is given a reasonably free hand. Some day we may come to the inevitable conclusion that it is our political system, not capitalism, that is on trial.

A striking illustration of the cleavage between economic thought and political expedency is furnished by our attitude toward the wage question. Our political leaders are opposed strongly to wage reduction. It would be interesting to have this position explained. Non-contractual wages have been cut in the most drastic fashion. These are the wages represented in the prices of commodities, and they have affected producers and distributors in every line. Wage returns have been cut because they were all involved in the prices of declining commodities which responded to the working of supply-and-demand forces.

In the case of contractual wages, where the issue is squarely between employer and employee, these also have been cut in the salary division, and in all but the most strongly organized groups, the chief examples being the building trades and the railroads. The very fact that these wage scales have been left untouched has prevented a general reduction in rents, a most important item in the cost of living, and also has stood in the way of a reduction in freight charges, thus affecting every producing group in the country, particularly agriculture and manufacturing.

The inconsistency of the political attitude toward the wage problem is gradually dawning on the public mind. The writer quotes from a letter written by a Southern cotton grower: —

'The Farm Board proposal to plough up every third row of cotton is certainly no more foolish than the present insistence on the maintenance of high industrial wages, when commodities have declined in value from 50 to 75 per cent. How can our political leaders figure that a farmer selling wheat at 25 to 35 cents per bushel, and cotton at 5 to 6 cents per pound, should pay skilled laborers in the steel industry, building trades, and railroads wages of 8 to 16 dollars per day, when a farmer cannot even earn 25 cents per day on the present prices of commodities?'

Leading the Way Back

CUSTOMERS in the area served by the Associated System purchased 19,489 automatic refrigerators during a recent six weeks' refrigerator sales campaign. About half of these sales were made by dealers who were assisted by a plan of cooperation established by the Associated New Business Department.

Stability from Domestic Use

Growing domestic use of electricity from sale of appliances increases the natural stability of the industry. During 1930, use of electricity in homes accounted for 33½% of the total revenues compared to 28% in 1921.

This trend of the electric industry is of interest to those seeking sound investments with growth possibilities. The achievement of dealers in cooperation with employees of the Associated System in the face of conditions generally unfavorable to business expansion shows that the utilities are an important influence in leading the way back to business recovery.

To invest in Associated securities, write

Associated Gas and Electric System
61 Broadway New York

Investors' Library

THE search for information on the part of individual investors is one of the encouraging signs of the times.

The *Atlantic Monthly*, in connection with its Financial Advertising Department, wishes to encourage this by the publication of the following list of booklets, which, it is believed, should prove useful to those readers who are concerned over the problems of the investment of their surplus funds.

It is recommended that readers write directly to the investment houses, making request for such booklets as seem most likely to be useful, or for such information as the booklets may suggest. Our banker friends will be glad to be of service to *Atlantic Monthly* readers.

"What is the Class A Stock?" A booklet containing a brief analysis of the company with specific facts regarding the Class A Stock. Especially helpful to investors in Public Utility Securities. Offered by the Associated Gas & Electric Co., 61 Broadway, New York City.

"Looking Ahead Financially." A helpful booklet on a very interesting subject — visualizing the factor of age in the financial affairs of men and women, and intended to help investors to build out of current income an accumulation of property to provide permanent income. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Company, 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois.

"Investment Review." A booklet giving current information on the selection of securities for investment is offered by Hornblower & Weeks, 60 Congress Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

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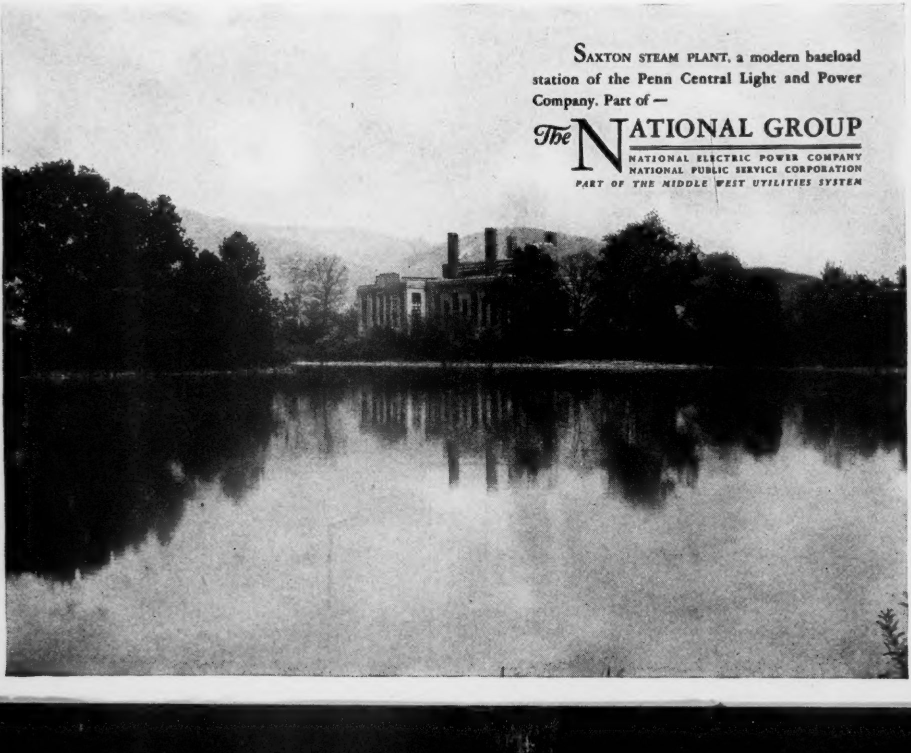
There is no fundamental objection to a lowering of the wage scales in these groups, as a fair reduction still would leave real wages higher than they were when the commodity index was higher. There is no reason in civic morals why any group should be immune from the pangs of general readjustment.

The situation, however, is not without its hopeful side. Public sentiment shows a willingness to face some of these incontrovertible facts, and the disposition to do so may be gradually communicated to the political mind. There is a veering in public sentiment toward the wisdom of a change in the tariff policy of the United States and the advisability of a reduction, and possible cancellation, of political debts, as well as evidence of a growing opposition to governmental panaceas as a cure for economic ills.

Another development is well worth watching. That is the clear indication of a demand for consumption goods — commodities needed by the people themselves. We find evidence of this in woolen manufacturing, the boot-and-shoe industry, and the revival in various textile groups. In all probability, cotton manufacturing would be on a decidedly active scale were it not for the fear that the large crop this season — forecast by the Crop Reporting Board at 15,584,000 bales — might depress raw material prices substantially, and thus affect the market for the finished product.

In previous serious depressions, recovery has been manifest first in the increased purchase of the prime essentials of life. People begin to buy things because they need them more than they need money, because they have run out of them, and because replenishment is imperative. Demand for these necessities is the first harbinger of recovery. It is a phenomenon that starts the wheels of industry. Later on, the development takes the form of purchases of equipment to turn out more goods. This has not yet made its appearance.

At present, no one is willing to risk even the shred of a reputation by predicting when we shall be out of this depression. It should be kept in mind, however, that hundreds of millions of people all over the world are making their individual readjustments that lay the basis for recovery. Of one thing we may be certain, if seasoned experience is a guide: We shall be past the worst stages and well on the way toward better times before most of us have learned that we have even turned the corner.



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